THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

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THE DRAFT ARMY OF BOOKS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

It is difficult to imagine a soldier in a dug-out "somewhere in France," reading Milton's *Comus;* it is incomprehensible to believe that a private, trying to rest in the dank depths of a trench, should be able to lose himself in the pages of Darwin's *The Origin of Species.* But such instances of the fighting man's craving to read have come to my attention. I see the picture of a sent y pacing his lone round and chanting bits of verse that help to recall brighter and happier times; I conjure up some private in Mesopotamia tearing into four or five sections a magazine that has fallen into his hands, that his comrades may have the same chances as he to read. Nor does it take too much imagination to reason why soldiers, crossing the desert and being parched in mind as well as in thirst, should send home wild appeals for books, books and still more books.

Out of such a necessity arose the widespread campaign that has been conducted in England for reading matter to send to the British army at the different fronts. It was an appeal that instantly struck a responsive cord in the hearts of all the British authors, and news comes to us of Miss Beatrice Harraden and Miss Elizabeth Robins working night and day in a hospital, noting down the wants of the wounded soldiers on whose hands time hangs heavily; of Mr. Ernest Rhys inventing methods of forcing the public to come across with contributions; of Mr. Dent, the publisher, giving copiously of his *Everyman* series. There is an army in Flanders to be catered to; there are cries from Egypt and Palestine. And it is not for the cheap book they are asking. There is a record somewhere of a regiment commander in Gallipoli begging for the Encyclopedia Brittanica. Do you not recall Hugh in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* writing to his father that while Park wants Metchnikoff's *Nature of Man* he hankers after Spencer's *The Faerie Queene?* One need show no surprise as to what the soldier reads. He is, after all, trying, in the midst of the hideousness of war, to recall that there is still beauty in the world. He believes that a line or two of Shakespeare will be able to calm shattered nerves. There are records, since August, 1914, of many a fighting man who has had time to go through a volume of Keats and Wordsworth, where in the ordinary routine of life he would never have had the time. You can find, among the trench-diggers around Constantinople and Palestine, men who have discovered relics of a past age, and who have thus become fired with a longing to dip into archæology. How often does one meet with requests from New Zealanders for bush-

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ranger stories? even as the soldier from Indiana reads Riley and Tarkington, how many of the Indian troops long for a volume of their mystic philosophy?

This is catering under new and stressful conditions. But the Library Commission in England in each and every case has so organised the work that no request is left unheeded. Then there is the added strain of caring for the mental wants of the wounded—men too weak to hold a book, too relaxed to concentrate on a long story. To these are given scrap-books filled with pictures and short stories and jokes—large scrap-books of only sixteen or twenty-four pages, with enough on a page to last the patient until the nurse in her rounds comes back and turns the page for him. This scrap-book campaign has given many a British girl the opportunity of doing her bit.

Since our declaration of war, we, in America, have been confronted by a problem somewhat different from that in England. We learned, while our men were at the Mexican Border, that they craved magazines, and these were supplied through the agencies of the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus. But since we have drafted an army, the Government has realised its paternal responsibility to these men, suddenly drawn away from their ordinary pursuits. And so the President appointed a Commission on Training Camp Activities, to look after the welfare of the soldier in his spare time. The camp reading fell within their province just as surely as did camp athletics, camp movies or camp theatres. It was found that the farmer, now turned into a soldier, still wanted to keep in touch with the latest methods of intensive farming; that the teacher, now in the cavalry, demanded educational nourishment for his mind; that the majority of the men, untutored in a foreign tongue, wished to study French and to know something about French geography. So the Commission asked the American Library Association to tackle the problem—a big problem indeed when one considers the scope. For whoever undertook the work would have to care for sixteen cantonments, each containing over thirty-five thousand men, to say nothing of the other camps and naval and aero-training stations.

These are the days of slogans. The pocket-book of the average citizen is worn out by the countless "drives" and "calls." The A. L. A. raised the cry, "A Million Dollars, for a Million Books, for a Million Soldiers." So energetically was the campaign conducted that when it ended there were over a million and a half dollars to be spent, and the Carnegie Corporation—ever to the fore where a library is to be built—donated $320,000 for housing the books in thirty-two buildings.

Give an American librarian a problem like this to solve, and he is happy. But the soldier's reading is not alone a mixture of book selection and decimal classification. This was discovered as soon as Dr. Herbert Putnam of the Library of Congress got his associates together in a sort of Book War Cabinet. Here, they rightly argued, is just where the public can help us. We will issue an appeal for people to give books out of their own homes. We will have a book week in every town. You can see right away what a temptation this was for a general house-cleaning! Tons of novels and nondescript reading-matter poured in—some of it splendidly fit, but some of it shocking! The library board should have taken warning from the experience of England. A similar appeal was made to the British public, and the response brought such books as *Advice to Mothers* and the out-of-date telephone directory! Nevertheless, from this mixture of material, literally dumped into the library bin, some wheat was separated from the chaff. There was the "discard" sent to the factory to be ground into pulp for paper in a day when paper is scarce; there was the mountain-high pile of semi-damaged books, suitable for contagious hospital wards; and finally there were the slightly used books, quickly selected, dex-

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terously stamped with the A. L. A. War Commission's bookplate, and then assigned to empty boxes waiting to be packed for the different cantonments and for the transports to go overseas.

And while the books were flowing in, the cantonments were being built,—which meant that, at the same time the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. halls, the barracks, the theatres, and the hostess houses were being erected, the libraries were likewise rising up as part of the sixteen lumber cities Uncle Sam was organising. This is the time when everyone in service wears a uniform. The librarian assigned to his camp has an insignia on his sleeve as significant as that of the commanding general. He is the custodian of from ten to twenty thousand books, as truly as the general is the custodian of forty thousand men selected from out the citizen body to fight for democracy. Acting upon the advice of the Library Commission, he has drafted his books into the service, a manual of instructions being handed to him, consisting of a list of titles found to be approximately in accord with the tastes of soldiers, and of male citizens who heretofore have been accustomed to buy books at the stores.

One has found, since the soldiers have assembled at the different cantonments, that, though they have a man's duty to perform, when off-guard they are merely boys. Some of them are seen jumping rope, playing tug-of-war; while others, in their bunks, have lost themselves in Henty's numerous historical stories. The librarians are right, therefore, in believing that it is not only the mess-boy, but the younger drafted soldier, who wants to read football and baseball stories by Barbour, Heyliger, and Stratemeyer. It may be that some of these men turn to the simple book because it is difficult for them to read. Statistics show that in the draft army there is a goodly percentage of illiteracy. But I believe,—and I have followed the trend of juvenile literature for many years,—that this tendency on the part of the soldier to read boys' books is only another evidence of the fact that juvenile literature, since it has come under the influence of out-door sports and modern inventions, has in it a degree of expertness which appeals to *no* age and to *all* interest. However that may be, there are soldiers now in our drafted army who are reading the same sport books and are pouring over the same manuals descriptive of ships, wireless, and aeroplanes, used by the grammar and high-school boy.

It may be argued that after a day of intensive training the soldier is only too glad to hear the "lights out" of the camp. But that is not generally so. He craves recreation. One of these recreations is reading. It will be found six months from now that military taste is not so different from that of the average citizen. But this war has raised certain questions for the librarian to solve. Never before in the history of modern warfare has the individual soldier been brought so closely in contact with the actual scientific accessories of the army: he wants to read up on these. Never before has the soldier been so constantly subjected to nervous strain, from the sky above or the earth beneath, as now: this has not made him want to forget by steeping his mind in mediocrity, but has made him want to cling to things of permanent worth. Never before in modern military history has inactivity in the trenches played so important a part in defensive warfare: the soldier, therefore, must have some semblance of home life, even behind the first line trenches. All of these considerations are certain to have an influence, even indirect, on his taste. The French soldier resented the degraded type of amusement sent him by the Parisian theatrical manager. Fire had somehow purified his taste.

At a glance it will be seen that the same book policy agreed upon for the soldiers at the front will not do for the men assembled at the different cantonments for six months' instruction. In the latter camps there must be more of the permanence of the home. For

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the cantonment is a city, and if there is a central library with a reading room accommodating two hundred and fifty readers, there must likewise be branch libraries for the barracks. The librarians will probably modify their ideas as they proceed with the work. In the manual of instruction given to every camp librarian, the Commission of the A. L. A. has written its belief that the nearer a soldier gets to the front, the farther off the war book should be kept from him. But that is not so on this side of the water. I looked into many of the packing boxes filled with books about to be distributed to the camps—and these books were not gifts, but represented purchases made on the strength of requests. What did I find? Bernhardi and Treitschke, Empey and Hugh Gibson, war maps and war history—a technical array of books. The soldier knows what he wants, and the splendid spirit in the different camps shows me that he is going to get it if Uncle Sam has his way. In one place I was told that the newly drafted Sammie often waits in line for three hours before the victrola until his turn comes and he can play the record he covets. In another place I saw a man waiting patiently for a magazine being read by someone else. Such scenes are common occurrences.

It is hardly time to judge what the camp libraries mean to the drafted man. When statistics are compiled, the diversity of taste will be about the same as that in any library under normal conditions. One librarian writes me: "The last four requests to-day were for Ian Hay's *All In It,* George Meredith's *Richard Feverel,* a book on the repairing of locomotives, and the poems of Robert Burns." Any branch library in New York City would show the same diversity. In England they have found that side by side with the man eagerly devouring the novels of Nat Gould—an author little known in this country, —there will be another reading Bunyan, Shelley or Conrad. All the world over, men are of the same variety and inconsistency. A pamphlet recently issued by one of Dr. Herbert Putnam's assistants, Mr. Theodore W. Koch, will be of inestimable interest. It is entitled *Books in Camp, Trench and Hospital.* It is semi-technical in character, and because of that will, I fear, have but a limited circulation. But it is filled with human interest—just the evidence needed to impress the public with the importance of the library to the soldier. Veterans of former wars will argue that they were not taught to sing, as the drafted men are now being taught by the official song leaders. When the time came they just sang. They had no books to keep them amused. This latter fact, the Government now argues, is the reason there were so many desertions from the army in the Civil War. Mr. Koch brings back from England a host of stories which lead to the conclusion that this chautauqua movement on the part of all governments tends toward sanity, and keeps the soldier mentally alert, against the time when he shall return home to his normal pursuits. But where one soldier reads *Pickwick Papers* and another ponders over Plutarch's *Lives,* Mr. Koch found abroad many instances of soldiers cleaning their guns with parts of *Swiss Family Robinson,* or lighting their pipes with leaves from the *Meditations of St. Ignatius.* One is sure to meet such incongruous instances, just as one finds human divergence in a city block. For Kitchener's army and our draft forces are not soldiers in the professional sense. They consist of citizens brought into service for one purpose.

The American Library Association has its overseas duty also. In view of the stringencies of transportation, it requires some planning to house boxes of books in the transports. But books are implements of war these days. It is now found advisable to give to each man as he goes up the gang-plank in the first stages of his trip to France some book that he may read aboard ship and pass along to his neighbour when he is through. When the ship reaches a port

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on the French coast, the books are left aboard, and are gathered by officials of the Y. M. C. A., who proceed to forward them to the trenches, where they do additional service.

The cry is still for books. The soldier can use as many as the public and the publisher will give. Think over what you like best, what you have most enjoyed, and send it "Somewhere in France," or to the cantonment library nearest you. A librarian told me that he thought the newspapers through the country, which made it a rule to review the latest books, should print on the fly-leaf of each book sent from the office, "To be returned to the A. L. A. for Government service." There are khaki bibles as well as khaki men; Red Cross poetry as well as Red Cross nurses. Side by side, in the stronghold, shrapnel and Browning; "Jack Johnsons" and Samuel Johnson. Such mental high-explosives as Treitschke and Nietzsche and Bernhardi we handle with care. They must be discounted along with the present German Government.

THE PEACEMAKER—AUGUST, 1914

BY HENRY BRYAN BINNS

THE nightmare that was once Napoleonism
Stalks now the harvest-ready, unharvested
Fields at high noon, to blast them with his red
Laughter, loosing a final cataclysm.

We boasted him a dream, while he was whetting
His belly's hunger, for he never ceased
Behind the years to gloat on the fair feast
Preparing—all the births of our begetting!

Is there no spear with which to slay this Slayer
Of nations, this Dragon of massacre, this
Viceroy on earth of the Monarch of the Abyss?
Is there no Champion against Life's Betrayer?

There is a hand that yet shall stay the slaughter,
A brand that yet shall smite to the death Love's Cheat!
Ringing across the world the hills repeat
Liberty's challenge, that the mountains taught her.

And she shall not withhold her hand for sorrow,
Or pity, or prudence that counts up the cost:
Either the day is Freedom's, or we have lost
Peace, and the Spectre walks again to-morrow.

She shall make peace, but never with oppression:
Hallowed her pitiless sword that it may clean
The whole earth utterly of the obscene
Presence that holds the folk in his possession.

O, she shall make an end of war for ever:
Victress, she shall make peace, a radiant-browed
Splendour of fear-defiant Faith, endowed
With all the heart of passionate endeavour.

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THE WOMEN OF GERMANY

AN ARGUMENT FOR MY NOVEL "THE WHITE MORNING"

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

I HAVE been asked by the Editor of THE BOOKMAN to state my authority for writing *The White Morning;* in other words, for daring to believe that a revolution conceived and engineered by women is possible in Germany.

Before giving my own reasons, stripped of what glamour of fiction I have been able to surround the story, I should like to say that when I began to put the idea into form I thought it was entirely my own. But while it is always pleasant to offer this sort of incense to one's vanity, I should have been more than glad to quote to my editor and publisher some reliable male authority; a man's opinion, on all momentous subjects, by force of tradition, far outweighing any theory or guess that a woman, no matter what her intimate personal experience, may advance.

Imagine then my delight, when the story was half finished, to read an article by A. Curtis Roth, in the *Saturday Evening Post,* in which he stated unequivocally that it was among the possibilities that the women of Germany, driven to desperation by suffering, and privation, and disillusion, would arise suddenly and overturn the dynasty. Mr. Roth, who was American vice-consul at Plauen, Saxony, until we entered the war, has written some of the most enlightening and brilliant articles that have appeared on the internal conditions of any of the belligerent countries since August, 1914. He remained at his post until the last moment and then left Germany a physical wreck from malnutrition. In spite of the fact that he was an officer in the consular service of a neutral country, with ample means at his command, and standing in close personal relations with the authorities, he could not get enough to eat; and what he was forced to swallow—lest he starve—completely broke down his digestion.

On the other hand, he never ceased to observe; and having made friends of all classes of Germans, and been given facilities for observation and study of conditions enjoyed by few Americans in the Teutonic Empire at the time, he noted every phase and change, both subtle and manifest, through which these afflicted people passed during the first three years of the war. They are in far worse case now.

Later (in November), I read an article by a German, J. Koettgen, in the New York *Chronicle,* which was even more explicit.

Herr Koettgen is one of the agents in this country of Hermann Fernau, an eminent intellectual of Germany, who escaped into Switzerland, and wages relentless war upon the dynasty and the military caste of Prussia; which he holds categorically responsible for the world war. There is a price on Fernau's head. He dares not walk abroad without a bodyguard, and cannon are concealed among the oleanders that surround his house. Not only has he written two books, *Because I am a German,* and *The Coming Democracy,* which, if circulated in Germany, would prick thousands of dazed, despairing brains into immediate rebellion, but he is the head of those German Radical Democrats who have united in an organisation called "Friends of German Democracy."

Their avowed object, through the medium of a bi-weekly journal, *Die Freie Zeitung,* and other propaganda, is to plant sound democratic ideas and ideals in the minds of German prisoners in the Entente countries, and to recruit

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the saner exiles everywhere. These publications reach men and women of German blood whose grandfathers fled from military tyranny after their abortive revolution in 1848, and, with their descendants, have enjoyed freedom and independence in the United States ever since. The best of them are expected to exert pressure upon their friends and relatives in Germany. There are already branches of this epochal organisation in the larger American cities.

Herr Koettgen (who has written a book called *The Hausfrau and Democracy,* by the way) walked into the office of the *Chronicle* some time in November and presented a letter to the editor, Mr. Fletcher. In the course of the heated conversation that ensued, Herr Koettgen exclaimed with bitter scorn: "Oh, so you think yourself as fiercely anti-German as a man may be? Well, let me tell you that you are not capable of one-tenth the passionate hatred I feel for a dynasty and a caste that have made me so ashamed of being a German that I could eat the dust."

In Herr Koettgen's article occur the following paragraphs:

> At the first glance German women hardly appear likely material for the coming Revolution which will turn Germany into a modern country. But many incidents point to the fact that German women are growing with their increasing task. They are beginning to replace their men not only economically but politically. Most of the public demonstrations in Germany during this war have been led and arranged by women. The very first demonstration in 1915 consisted of women. As Mr. Gerard tells us in his book, they had no very definite idea of what they wanted; only they wanted their men back. But since that time their political education has made rapid progress. . . . With their men in the field and their former leaders (Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, Louise Zietz) in prison, German women are learning to act for themselves. Their demonstrations point to it, as do also letters written by German women to their men who are now prisoners of war in France and England. In one of these letters, which escaped the watchful eye of the censor, a German *hausfrau* described how she made the officials of Muenster sit up by her energetic and persistent demands.
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> A girl upon one occasion said to Herr Koettgen: "Only women and children were employed in our factory. We had more than one strike. Two women would go round to every woman and girl in the shop and tell them: 'We have asked for twenty or thirty pfennigs more. To-morrow we are going on strike. She who does not come out will have the thrashing of her life.' We were all frightened and stayed away, for they really meant it."
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> Herr Koettgen continues:
>
> > Novel circumstances are reawakening in the meek German *hausfrau* some of that combative spirit which characterised the Teuton women in the time of Tacitus, when they often fought alongside of their men in the wagon camp. . . . German women will show their men the way to freedom. Doing more than their share of the nation's work, they insist upon being heard, and their growing influence is one of the greatest dangers to German autocracy in its present predicament. As politicians German women have the advantage of not having gone through the soul-destroying, brutalising school of Prussian militarism, and of not being burdened with the rigmarole of theory which formed the content of German politics before the war. They can be trusted to make a bee-line for the real obstacle to peace and liberty—to eradicate the autocratic militaristic régime which enslaved the German people in order to enslave the world.

Now that the way has been cleared by two men of affairs who have never condescended to write fiction, I will give my own reasons for belief in the German women, and also for the general plan of *The White Morning.*

I had an apartment for seven years in Munich and spent six or eight months alternately in that delightful city and travelling in Europe, passing a month or two in England, or returning for an

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equal length of time to my own country. During that long residence in Germany, I naturally met many of its inhabitants, and of as many classes as possible. German women do not tell you the history of their lives the first time you meet them, not by any means; they are naturally secretive and the reverse of frank. But they are human, and when you have won their confidence they will tell you surprising things. The confidences I received were for the most part from girls, and one and all assured me they never should marry. Having grown up under one House Tyrant, for whom they were not responsible, why in heaven's name should they deliberately annex another? Far, far better bear with the one whose worst at least they knew (and who could not live forever) than marry some man who might be loathsome as well as tyrannical, and who, unless there happened to be a war, might outlive them.

The idea in my novel of the four Niebuhr girls and their initial rebellion was suggested to me by a family of Prussian junkerdom that I met at a watering place in Denmark. The baroness was a charming woman who used a moderate invalidism in a smiling imperturbable fashion to insure herself a certain immunity from the demands of her autocratic lord. The girls were lively, intelligent, splendidly educated. They were in love with society and court functions, but deeply rebellious at the attitude of the German male, and determined never to marry. That is to say, the three younger girls; the oldest had married a tame puppy, and anything less like a tyrant I never beheld. No American husband could be more subservient. But there was no question that he belonged to a small exceptional breed; while his wife, with all the dominating qualities of her father, was one of a rapidly increasing number of German women silently but firmly rebellious.

The Herr baron was a typical Prussian aristocrat and autocrat. The girls could hardly have had less liberty in a convent. When they came from their hotel to mine he escorted them over and often came in. Luckily he liked me or I never should have had the opportunity to know them as well as I did. Nor should I have been able to continue the acquaintance after the day I wickedly induced them to run away with me to Copenhagen, where we shopped, promenaded all the principal streets, then took ices on the terrace of one of the restaurants. When we returned he was storming up and down the platform of the station, and he fairly raved at the girls. "And you dared, you dared, to go to Copenhagen without permission, without your mother, without me!" The girls listened meekly, but whenever he wheeled laughed behind his military back. Then he turned on me, but I called him a tyrant and gave him my opinion of his nonsensical attitude in general. As I was not his daughter he gradually calmed down and seemed rather to relish the tirade. Finally they all came over to my hotel to tea.

"You see," said one of the girls to me afterward, "I have not exaggerated. Do you think I want another like that?" And, so far as I know, they have never married.

I did not draw any of my characters on these four delightful girls, but took the episode as a foundation for the incidents and characters that grew under my hand after I got round to the story.

The episode of Georg Zottmyer was also told me by a German girl whom I got to know very well in Munich, and who distantly suggested the character of Gisela (that is to say, in the very beginning. As Gisela developed she became more like her own legendary Brunhilda).*

This young woman was as independent in her life and in her ideas as any I ever met in England or the United States. But fortune had been kind to her. Her father died just after her education was finished, and as he left little money, she went to Brazil as governess in a wealthy family. She re-

*For this reason I asked the most beautiful woman I have ever seen of the heroic or goddess type to be photographed for the frontispiece of the book.—G. A.

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mained in South America for several years, gaining, of course, poise and experience. Then a relative died and left her a comfortable fortune. When I met her she was living in Munich from choice, like so many other Germans who were bored with routine and rigid class lines.

She was a beautiful young woman, with dark hair and eyes and a brilliant complexion, and dressed to perfection, although she wore no stays. This may have been a bit of vanity on her part, as the awful *reformkleid* was in vogue, and fat German women were displaying themselves in lumps and creases and billows, and sections that rolled like the untrammelled waves of the sea. Her own figure was so firmly moulded and so erect and supple that it was, for all her fashionable clothes, quite independent of the corset. She had charming manners, combined with an imperturbable serenity, and always seemed faintly amused. On the other hand, she displayed none of the offensive German conceit and arrogance.

We spent several days together at Partenkirchen, one of the most picturesque spots in the Bavarian Alps, and as we were both good walkers, and there was no one else in the hotel who interested us, we became quite intimate. She was one of the first to talk to me about the deep discontent and disgust of the German women, and she was frank in expressing her own contempt for the meek *hausfrau* type, and for the tyrannies, petty, coarse, often brutal, of the man in his home. Nothing, she was determined, would ever tempt her to marry, and she could name many others who were making an independent life for themselves, although, lacking fortune, often in secret. No matter how much she might fancy herself in love (and I imagine that she had had her enlightening experiences) she would not risk a lifelong clash of wills with a man who might turn out to be a mediæval despot.

It was then that she told me of the tentative proposal of one of her beaux (she had many), "Georg Zottmyer," which I have recorded almost literally in the scene between this passing character and Gisela in the Café Luitpolt. My object in doing so was to give as realistic an impression as possible of what the German woman is up against in dealings with her male. I knew Zottmyer personally, and he interested me the more (as one is interested in a bug under a microscope) because he had less excuse for his conceit and arrogance than most German men: he was brought up in California, where his father is a successful doctor. But that only seemed to have made him worse. He returned to Germany as soon as he was of age, more German than the Germans, and despising Americans.

I had often wondered what became of this highly interesting young woman, and when I began to write *The White Morning* she popped into my mind. I believe she could be a leader of some kind if she chose. Perhaps she is.

The cases could be multiplied indefinitely. The Erkels and Mimi Brandt are drawn, together with their conditions, almost photographically. "Heloise" finally married a Scot and went with him to his own country, but her sisters were dragging out their tragic lives when I left Munich.

A few days ago I met a highly intelligent American woman of German blood who, before the war, used to visit her relatives in Germany every year. I told her that I had written this story, and she agreed with me that it was on the cards the women would instigate a revolution. "Never," she said, "in any country have I known such discontent among women, heard so many bitter confidences. Their feelings against their fathers or husbands were the more intense and violent because they dared not speak out like English or American women."

There is no question that for about fifteen years before the war there was a thinking, secret, silent, watchful but outwardly passive revolt going on among the women of Germany. I do not think it had then reached the working women. It took the war to wake them up. But

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in that vast class which, in spite of racial industry, had a certain amount of leisure, owing to the almost total absence of poverty in the Teutonic Empire, and whose minds were educated and systematically trained, there was persistent reading, meditating upon the advance of women in other nations, quiet debating unsuspected of their masters; and they were growing in numbers and in an almost sinister determination every year. Of course there were plenty of *hausfraus* cowed to the door mat, and, like the proletariat, needing a war to wake them up; but there were several hundred thousand of the other sort.

Now, all these women need is a leader. The working women have their Rosa Luxemburgs, who think out loud in public and get themselves locked up; and, moreover, do not appeal to the other classes—for Germany is the most snobbish country in the world. If there were —or if there is—such a woman as Gisela Döring, who before the war had acquired a widespread intellectual influence over the awakening women of her race, and then, when they were approaching the breaking point, had gone quietly and systematically about making a revolution, there is no question in my mind as to the outcome.

Just consider for a moment what the German women have suffered during this war—a war that they were told was forced upon their country by the aggressive military acts of Russia and France, but which, owing to Germany's might, would hardly last three months. For nearly three years they have never known the sensation of appeased hunger, and, having always been immense eaters, have suffered the tortures of dyspepsia in addition to hunger. But, far worse, they have listened almost continuously to the wails of their children for satisfying food, children who are forever hungry and who often succumb. Karl Ackerman, whose accuracy no one has questioned, states in his book, *Germany, the Next Republic?*, that in 1916 sixty thousand children died of malnutrition in Berlin alone.

These women have lost their fathers, husbands, sons—well, that is the fortune of any war; but they are beginning to understand that they have lost them, not in a war of self-defence, but to gratify the insane ambitions and greed of a dynasty and a military caste that are out of date in the twentieth century. Their parents, when over sixty, have died from the same cause as the children. Their daughters, both unmarried and newly widowed, are "officially pregnant," or the mothers of brats the names of whose fathers they do not know. The young girls of Lille hardly have suffered more. The German victims are sent for, then sent home to bear another child for Germany.

Now, we know what the German men are. These women are the mothers and wives and sisters of the German men; in other words, they are Germans, body, and bone, and brain-cells, capable of precisely the same ruthless tactics when pushed too hard—if they have a leader. That, to my mind, is the whole point. Given that leader, they would effect a revolution precisely as I have described in my story. Nor would they run the risk of failure. The German race is not eight-tenths illiterates and two-tenths intellectuals, emotional firebrands, anarchists and sellers-out like the Russians. They are uniformly educated, uniformly disciplined. They will do nothing futile, nothing without the most secret and methodical preparation of which even the German mind is capable. It will be like turning over in bed in camp: they will all turn over together. They are damnably efficient.

It may be said, "But you may have spoiled their chances with your book. You not only have revealed them in their true character to their men, but all the details of their probable methods in working up and precipitating a revolution. You have, in other words, put the German authorities on their guard."

The answer to this is that no German of the dominant sex could be made to believe in anything so unprecedented as German women taking the law into their

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own hands, uniting, and overthrowing a dynasty. Nothing can penetrate a German official skull but what has been trained into it from birth. Unlike the women, the system has made the men of the ruling class into the sort of machine which is perfect in its way but admits of no modern improvements. That has been the secret of their strength and of their weakness, and will be the Allies' chief assistance in bringing about their final defeat. I am positive they go to sleep every night murmuring: "Two and two make four. Two and two make four."

The women could hold meetings under their very noses, so long as these were not in the street, lay their plans to the last fuse, and apply the match at the preconcerted moment from one end of Germany to the other, unhindered, unless betrayed. The angry and restless male socialists would not have a chance with the alert members of their own sex—who regard women with an even and contemptuous tolerance. Useful but harmless.

I made Gisela a junker by birth, because a rebel from the top, with qualities of leadership, would make a deeper impression in Germany than one of the many avowed extremists of humbler origin. On the other hand, it was necessary to drop the von, and take a middle-class name, or she would have failed to win confidence, in the beginning, as well as literary success, from opposite reasons. It is very difficult for an aristocratic German of artistic talents to obtain a hearing. Practically all the intellectuals belong to the middle-class, the aristocrats being absorbed by the army and navy. The arrogance and often brutal lack of consideration of the ruling caste, to say nothing of common politeness, have inspired universal jealousy and hatred, the more poignant as it must be silent. But even the silent may find their means of vengeance, as the noble discovers when he attempts recognition in the intellectual world. But if he were a propagandist, with the welfare of all Germany at heart, and won his influence under an assumed name, as Gisela Döring did, the revelation of his identity, together with proof of dissociation from his own class, would enhance his popularity immensely. Moreover, it would be incense to the vanity of classes that never are permitted to forget their inferior rank.

In this country there is a snobbish tendency to exalt and boom any writer who is known to belong to one of the old and wealthy families; and the more snobbish the writer the more infectious the disease. But then in this country, which has never suffered from militarism, there is a naïve tendency to worship success in any form. In Germany my heroine would have doomed herself to failure if she had signed her work Gisela von Niebuhr. But her early education, surroundings, position—to say nothing of her four years in the United States—were just what gave her the requisite advantages, and preserved her from many mistakes. She starts out with no prejudices against any caste, and an intense sympathy for all German women who lack even the compensation of being *hochwohlgeboren*.

No one knows what the future holds, or what unexpected event will suddenly end the war; but I should not have written *The White Morning* if I had not been firmly convinced that a Gisela might arise at any moment and deliver the world.

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART V

Rupert Brooke—a personality—the spirit of youth—his horror at old age—Henry James's tribute—his education—a genius—his poems of death—his affected cynicism—his nature poems—war sonnets—his supreme sacrifice—his charming humour—his masterpiece, "Grantchester."—James Elroy Flecker—the editorial work of Mr. Squire—no posthumous puffery—the case of Crashaw—life of Flecker—his fondness for revision—his friendship with Rupert Brooke—his skill as a translator—his austerity—art for art's sake—his "brightness"—love of Greek mythology—steady mental development—his definition of the aim of poetry.—Walter De La Mare—the poet of shadow—Hawthorne's tales—his persistence—his reflective mood—his descriptive style—his Shakespeare characters—his sketches from life.—D. H. Lawrence—his lack of discipline—his subjectivity—absence of reserve—a master of colour—his glaring excesses.—John Drinkwater—the west of England—his healthy spirit.—W. H. Davies—the tramp poet.

I

RUPERT BROOKE left the world in a chariot of fire. He was something more than either a man or a poet; he was and is a Personality. It was as a Personality that he dazzled his friends. He was overflowing with tremendous, contagious vitality. He was the incarnation of the spirit of youth, wearing the glamour and glory of youth like a shining garment. Despite our loss, it almost seems fitting that he did not live to that old age which he never understood, for which he had such little sympathy, and which he seems to have hated more than death. For he had the splendid insolence of youth. Youth commonly feels high-spirited in an unconscious, instinctive fashion, like a kitten or a puppy; but Rupert Brooke was as self-consciously young as a decrepit pensioner is self-consciously old. He rejoiced in the strength of his youth, and rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. He was so glad to be young, and to know every morning on rising from sleep that he was still young! His passionate love of beauty made him see in old age only ugliness; he could not foresee the joys of the mellow years. All he saw consisted of grey hairs, wrinkles, double chins, paunches. To him all old people were Struldbrugs. We smile at the insolence of youth, because we know it will pass with the beauty and strength that support it. Ogniben says, "Youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so of ourselves, without their aid; when they leave us . . . little by little, he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion; and when the octogenarian asks barely a sup of gruel and a fire of dry sticks, and thanks you as for his full allowance and right in the common good of life,—hoping nobody may murder him,—he who began by asking and expecting the whole of us to bow down in worship to him,—why, I say he is advanced."

Henry James—whose affectionate tribute in the preface to Brooke's *Letters* is impressive testimony—saw in the brilliant youth, besides the accident of genius, a perfect illustration of the highest type of Englishman, bred in the best

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English way, in the best traditions of English scholarship, and adorned with the good sense, fine temper, and healthy humour of the ideal Anglo-Saxon. He had indeed enjoyed every possible advantage; like Milton and Browning, had he been intended for a poet from the cradle, his bringing-up could not have been better adapted to the purpose. He was born at Rugby, August 3, 1887, where his father was one of the masters in the famous school. He won a poetry prize there in 1905. The next year he entered King's College, Cambridge, where his influence as an undergraduate was notable. He took honours in classics, went abroad to study in Munich, and returned to Grantchester, which he was later to celebrate in his best poem. He had travelled somewhat extensively on the Continent, and in 1913 went on a journey through the United States and Canada to the South Seas. I am glad he saw the Hawaiian Islands, for no one should die before beholding that paradise. At the outbreak of war, he enlisted, went to Antwerp, and later embarked on the expedition to the Dardanelles. He was bitten by a fly, and died of blood-poisoning on a French hospital ship, the day being Shakespeare's, April 23, 1915. He was buried on a Greek island.

Rupert Brooke lived to be nearly twenty-eight years old, a short life to show ability in most of the ways of the world, but long enough to test the quality of a poet, not merely in promise, but in performance. There is no doubt that he had the indefinable but unmistakable touch of genius. Only a portion of his slender production is of high rank, but it is enough to preserve his name. His *Letters,* which have been underestimated, prove that he had mental as well as poetical powers. Had he lived to middle age, it seems certain that his poetry would have been tightly packed with thought. He had an alert and inquisitive mind.

Many have seemed to think that the frequent allusions to death in his poetry are vaguely prophetic. They are, of course—with the exception of the war-poems—nothing of the kind, being merely symptomatic of youth. They form the most conventional side of his work. His cynicism toward the love of the sexes was a youthful affectation, strengthened by his reading. He was deeply read in the seventeenth-century poets, who delighted in imagining themselves passing from one woman to another—swearing "by love's sweetest part, variety." At all events, these poems, of which there are comparatively many, exhibit his least attractive side. The poem addressed to *The One Before the Last,* ends

> Oh! bitter thoughts I had in plenty,
> But here's the worst of it—
> I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty,
> You ever hurt a bit!

He was perhaps, too young to understand two great truths—that real love can exist in the midst of wild passion, and that the best part of it can and often does survive the early flames. Such poems as *Menelaus and Helen, Jealousy,* and others, profess a profound knowledge of life that is really a profound ignorance.

His pictures of nature, while often beautiful, lack the penetrative quality seen so constantly in Wordsworth and Browning; these greater poets saw nature not only with their eyes, but with their minds. Their representations glow with enduring beauty, but they leave in the spectator something even greater than beauty, something that is food for reflection and imagination, the source of quick-coming fancies. Compare the picture of the pines in Brooke's poem *Pine-Trees and the Sky: Evening,* with Browning's treatment of an identical theme in *Paracelsus,* remembering that Browning's lines were written when he was twenty-two years old. Brooke writes,

> Then from the sad west turning wearily,
> I saw the pines against the white north sky,
> Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
> Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.

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Browning writes,

The herded pines commune, and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss,
When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare
Like grates of hell.

Both in painting and in imagination the second passage is instantly seen to be superior.

The war sonnets of 1914 receive so much additional poignancy by the death of the author that it is difficult, and perhaps undesirable, to judge them as objective works of art. They are essentially noble and sincere, speaking from the depths of high-hearted self-sacrifice. He poured out his young life freely and generously, knowing what it meant to say good-bye to his fancy. There is always something eternally sublime—something that we rightly call divine—in the spendthrift giving of one's life-blood for a great cause. And Rupert Brooke was intensely aware of the value of what he unhesitatingly gave.

The two "fish" poems exhibit a playful, charming side to Brooke's imagination; but if I could have only one of his pieces, I should assuredly choose *Grantchester*. Nostalgia is the mother of much fine poetry; but seldom has the expression of it been mingled more exquisitely with humour and longing. By the rivers of Babylon he sat down and laughed when he remembered Zion. And his laughter at Babylon is so different from his laughter at Grantchester. A few felicitous adjectives sum up the significant difference between Germany and England. Writing in a Berlin café, he says:

Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads toward Haslingfield and Coton
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*. . . .
Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
Deep meadows yet, for to forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

II

When Hamlet died, he bequeathed his reputation to Horatio, the official custodian of his good name. He could not have made a better choice. Would that all poets who die young were equally fortunate in their posthumous editors! For there are some friends who conceive it to be their duty to print every scrap of written paper the bard left behind him, even if they have to act as scavengers to find the "remains"; and there are others who think affection and admiration for the dead are best shown by adopting the methods and the language of the press-agent. To my mind, the pious memoir of Tennyson is injured by the inclusion of a long list of "testimonials," which assure us that Alfred Tennyson really was a remarkable poet. Mr. J. C. Squire, under whose auspices the works of Flecker appear in one handsome volume, is an admirable editor. His introduction is a model of its kind, giving the necessary biographical information, explaining the chronology, the origin, the background of the poems, and showing how the poet revised his earlier work; the last paragraph ought to serve as an example to those who may be entrusted with a task of similar delicacy in the future. "My only object in writing this necessarily rather disjointed Introduction is to give some information that may interest the reader and be useful to the critic; and if a few personal opinions have slipped in they may conveniently be ignored. A vehement 'puff preliminary' is an insolence in a volume of this kind; it might pardonably be supposed to imply either doubts about the author or distrust of his readers."

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As a contrast to the above, it is interesting to recall the preface that an anonymous friend contributed to a volume of Crashaw's verse in the seventeenth century, which, in his own words, "I have impartially writ of this Learned young Gent." Fearing that readers might not appreciate his poetry at its true value, the friend writes, "It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface those under-headed Poets, Retainers to seven shares and a halfe; Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse, is to rime a poore sixpenny soule a Suburb sinner into hell; —May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats, and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian; &c. who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius, upon Bees, Dung, froggs, and Gnats, &c. and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels." Our prefatory friend set a pace that it is hopeless for modern champions to follow, and they might as well abandon the attempt.

James Elroy Flecker, the eldest child of the Rev. Dr. Flecker, who is Head Master of an English school, was born November 5, 1884, in London. He spent five years at Trinity College, Oxford, and later studied Oriental languages at Caius College, Cambridge. He went to Constantinople in 1910. In that same year signs of tuberculosis appeared, but after some months at an English sanatorium, he seemed to be absolutely well. In 1911 he was in Constantinople, Smyrna, and finally in Athens, where he was married to Miss Skiadaressi, a Greek. In March the dreaded illness returned, and the rest of his short life was spent in the vain endeavour to recover his health. He died in Switzerland, January 3, 1915, at the age of thirty. "I cannot help remembering," says Mr. Squire, "that I first heard the news over the telephone, and that the voice which spoke was Rupert Brooke's."

He had published four books of verse and four books of prose, leaving many poems, essays, short stories, and two plays, in manuscript. All his best poetry is now included in the *Collected Poems* (1916).

Flecker had the Tennysonian habit of continually revising; and in this volume we are permitted to see some of the interesting results of the process. I must say, however, that of the two versions of *Tenebris Interlucentem,* although the second is called a "drastic improvement," I prefer the earlier. Any poet might be proud of either.

Flecker liked the work of Mr. Yeats, of Mr. Housman, of Mr. De La Mare; and Rupert Brooke was an intimate friend, for the two young men were together at Cambridge. He wrote a sonnet on Francis Thompson, though he was never affected by Thompson's literary manner. Indeed, he is singularly free from the influence of any of the modern poets. His ideas and his style are his own; he thought deeply on the art of writing, and was given to eager and passionate discussion of it with those who had his confidence. His originality is all the more remarkable when we remember his fondness for translating verse from a variety of foreign languages, ancient and modern. He was an excellent translator. His skill in this art can only be inferred where we know nothing at first hand of the originals; but his version of Goethe's immortal lyric is proof of his powers. The only blemish—an unavoidable one—is "far" and "father" in the last two lines.

Knowest thou the land where bloom the lemon trees?
And darkly gleam the golden oranges?
A gentle wind blows down from that blue sky;
Calm stands the myrtle and the laurel high.

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Knowest thou the land? So far and fair!
Thou, whom I love, and I will wander there.

Knowest thou the house with all its rooms aglow,
And shining hall and columned portico?
The marble statues stand and look at me.
Alas, poor child, what have they done to thee?
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.
My Guardian, thou and I will wander there.

Knowest thou the mountain with its bridge of cloud?
The mule plods warily: the white mists crowd.
Coiled in their caves the brood of dragons sleep;
The torrent hurls the rock from steep to steep.
Knowest thou the land? So far and fair.
Father, away! Our road is over there!

Fletcher was more French than English in his dislike of romanticism, sentimentalism, intimate, and confessional poetry; and of course he was strenuously opposed to contemporary standards in so far as they put correct psychology above beauty. Much contemporary verse reads and sounds like undisciplined thinking out loud, where each poet feels it imperative to tell the reader in detail not only all his adventures, and passions, but even the most minute whimsies and caprices. When the result of this bosom-cleansing is real poetry, it justifies itself; but the method is the exact opposite of Flecker's. His real master was Keats, and in his own words, he wrote "with the single intention of creating beauty." Austerity and objectivity were his ideals.

Strangely enough, he was able to state in a new and more convincing way the doctrine of art for art's sake. "However, few poets have written with a clear theory of art for art's sake, it is by that theory alone that their work has been, or can be, judged;—and rightly so if we remember that art embraces all life and all humanity, and sees in the temporary and fleeting doctrines of conservative or revolutionary only the human grandeur or passion that inspires them."

Perhaps the best noun that describes Flecker's verse is *brightness*. He had a consumptive's longing for sunshine, and his sojourns on the Mediterranean shores illuminate his pages. The following poem is decidedly characteristic:

IN PHÆACIA

Had I that haze of streaming blue,
That sea below, the summer faced,
I'd work and weave a dress for you
And kneel to clasp it round your waist,
And broider with those burning bright
Threads of the Sun across the sea,
And bind it with the silver light
That wavers in the olive tree.

Had I the gold that like a river
Pours through our garden, eve by eve,
Our garden that goes on for ever
Out of the world, as we believe;
Had I that glory on the vine
That splendour soft on tower and town,
I'd forge a crown of that sunshine,
And break before your feet the crown.

Through the great pinewood I have been
An hour before the lustre dies,
Nor have such forest-colours seen
As those that glimmer in your eyes.
Ah, misty woodland, down whose deep
And twilight paths I love to stroll
To meadows quieter than sleep
And pools more secret than the soul!

Could I but steal that awful throne
Ablaze with dreams and songs and stars
Where sits Night, a man of stone,
On the frozen mountain spars
I'd cast him down, for he is old,
And set my Lady there to rule,
Gowned with silver, crowned with gold,
And in her eyes the forest pool.

It seems to me improbable that Flecker will be forgotten; he was a real poet. But a remark made of Tennyson is still more applicable to Flecker. "He was an artist before he was a poet." Even as a small boy, he had astonishing

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facility, but naturally wrote little worth preserval. The *Collected Poems* show an extraordinary command of his instrument. He had the orthodox virtues of the orthodox poet—rime and rhythm, cunning in words, skill in nature-painting, imagination. The richness of his colouring and the loveliness of his melodies make his verses a delight to the senses. His mind was plentifully stored with classical authors, and he saw nature alive with old gods and fairies. In one of his most charming poems, *Oak and Olive,* he declares,

When I go down the Gloucester lanes
My friends are deaf and blind:
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes
The Mænads leap behind,
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan,
Through Cranham's sober trees?
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill
With a nymph upon my knees,
And she as rosy as the dawn,
And naked as the breeze?

His poetry is composed of sensations rather than thoughts. What it lacks is intellectual content. A richly packed memory is not the same thing as original thinking, even when the memories are glorified by the artist's own imagination. Yet the death of this young man was a cruel loss to English literature, for his mental development would eventually have kept pace with his gift of song. His cheerful Paganism would, I think, have given place to something deeper and more fruitful. Before he went to Constantinople, he had, as it is a fashion for some modern Occidentals to have, a great admiration for Mohammedanism. A friend reports a rather naïve remark of his, "his intercourse with Mohammedans had led him to find more good in Christianity than he had previously suspected." I have sometimes wondered whether a prolonged residence among Mohammedans might not temper the enthusiasm of those who so loudly insist on the superiority of that faith to Christianity. Mr. Santayana speaks somewhere of "the unconquerable mind of the East." Well, my guess is that this unconquerable mind will some day be conquered by the Man of Nazareth, just as I think He will eventually—some centuries ahead—conquer even us.

Flecker died so soon after the opening of the Great War that it is vain to surmise what the effect of that struggle would have been upon his soul. That it would have shaken him to the depths—and perhaps given him the spiritual experience necessary for his further advance—seems not improbable. One of his letters on the subject contains the significant remark, "What a race of deep-eyed and thoughtful men we shall have in Europe—now that all those millions have been baptised in fire!"

The last stanza of his poem *A Sacred Dialogue* reads as follows:

Then the black cannons of the Lord
Shall wake crusading ghosts
And the Milky Way shall swing like a sword
When Jerusalem vomits its horde
On the Christmas Day preferred of the Lord,
The Christmas Day of the Hosts!

He appended a footnote in December, 1914, when he was dying: "Originally written for Christmas, 1912, and referring to the first Balkan War, this poem contains in the last speech of Christ words that ring like a prophecy of events that may occur very soon." As I am copying his Note, December, 1917, the English army is entering Jerusalem.

Flecker was essentially noble-minded; and without any trace of conceit, felt the responsibility of his talents. There is not an unworthy page in the *Collected Poems*. In a memorable passage, he stated the goal of poetry. "It is not the poet's business to save man's soul, but to make it worth saving."

III

Walter De La Mare, a close personal friend of Rupert Brooke, came of Huguenot, English and Scotch ancestry,

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and was born at Charlton, Kent, April 25, 1873. He was educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. Although known to-day exclusively as a poet, he has written much miscellaneous prose—critical articles for periodicals, short stories, and a few plays. His first poetry-book, *Songs of Childhood,* appeared in 1902; in 1906, *Poems;* in 1910, *The Return,* which won the Edmond de Polignac prize; *The Listeners,* which gave him a wide reputation, appeared in 1912; and *Peacock Pie* in 1917. When, in November, 1916, the Howland Memorial Prize at Yale University was formally awarded to the work of Rupert Brooke, it was officially received in New Haven by Walter De La Mare, who came from England for the purpose.

If Flecker's poems were written in a glare of light, Mr. De La Mare's shy Muse seems to live in shadow. It is not at all the shadow of grief, still less of bitterness, but rather the cool, grateful shade of retirement. I can find no words anywhere that so perfectly express to my mind the atmosphere of these poems as the language used by Hawthorne to explain the lack of excitement that readers would be sure to notice in his tales. "They have the pale tint of flowers that blossom in too retired a shade,—the coolness of a meditative habit, which diffuses itself through the feeling and observation of every sketch. Instead of passion there is sentiment; and, even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver. Whether from lack of power, or an uncontrollable reserve, the author's touches have often an effect of tameness. . . . The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages."

Hawthorne is naturally not popular to-day with readers whose sole acquaintance with the art of the short story is gleaned from the magazines that adorn the stalls at railway-stations; and to those whose taste in poetry begins and ends with melodrama, who prefer the hoarse cry of animal passion to the still, sad music of humanity, it would not be advisable to recommend a poem like *The Listeners,* where the people are ghosts and the sounds only echoes. Yet there are times when it would seem that everyone must weary of strident voices, of persons shouting to attract attention, of poets who capitalise both their moral and literary vices, of hawking advertisers of the latest verse-novelties; then a poem like *The Listeners* reminds us of Lindsay's little bird, whose simple melody is not defeated by the blatant horns.

> Far away the Rachel-Jane,
> Not defeated by the horns,
> Sings amid a hedge of thorns;—
> "Love and life,
> Eternal youth—
> Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
> Dew and glory,
> Love and truth,
> Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet."

There are living, to-day, greater and more important poets than Walter De La Mare; but this fact, which no one knows better than he, does not disturb him in the least. He cultivates his own garden, where real flowers bloom.

Decidedly a poet must have both courage and faith to hold himself so steadily aloof from the competition of the market-place; to work with such easy cheerfulness in his quiet corner; to remain so manifestly unaffected by the swift currents of contemporary verse. For fifteen years he has gone on producing his own favourite kind of poetry, dealing with children, with flowers, with autumn and winter, with ghosts of memory, with figures in literature, and has finally obtained a respectable audience without once raising his voice. He has written surprisingly little love poetry; the notes of passion, as we are accustomed to hear them, seldom sound

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from his lute; nor do we hear the agonising cries of doubt, remorse, or despair. There is nothing turbulent and nothing truculent; he has made no contribution to the literature of revolt. Yet many of his poems make an irresistible appeal to our more reflective moods; and once or twice, his fancy, always winsome and wistful, rises to a height of pure imagination, as in *The Listeners*—which I find myself returning to muse over again and again.

His studies of humanity—both from observation and from books—are descriptive rather than dramatic. I do not know a contemporary poet whose published works contain so few quotation marks. The dramatic monologue, which Emerson back in the 'forties prophesied would be the highest class of poetry in the immediate future (which prophecy was abundantly fulfilled), does not interest Mr. De La Mare; maybe he feels that it has been done so supremely well that he prefers to let it alone. His remarkable thirteen poems dealing with Shakespearean characters—where he attempts with considerable success to pluck out the heart of the mystery—are all descriptive. Perhaps the most original and beautiful of these is

MERCUTIO

Along an avenue of almond-trees
Came three girls chattering of their sweethearts three.
And lo! Mercutio, with Byronic ease,
Out of his philosophic eye cast all
A mere flow'r'd twig of thought, whereat....
Three hearts fell still as when an air dies out
And Venus falters lonely o'er the sea.
But when within the further mist of bloom
His step and form were hid, the smooth child Ann
Said, "La, and what eyes he had!" and Lucy said,
"How sad a gentleman!" and Katharine,
"I wonder, now, what mischief he was at."
And these three also April hid away,
Leaving the spring faint with Mercutio.

There are immense tracts of Shakespeare which Walter De La Mare never could even have remotely imitated; but I know of no poet to-day who could approach the wonderful Queen Mab speech more successfully than he.

The same method of interpretative description that he employs in dealing with Shakespearean characters he uses repeatedly in making portraits from life. One of the most vivid and delightful of these is

OLD SUSAN

When Susan's work was done she'd sit,
With one fat guttering candle lit,
And window opened wide to win
The sweet night air to enter in;
There, with a thumb to keep her place
She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,
Her mild eyes gliding very slow
Across the letters to and fro,
While wagged the guttering candle flame
In the wind that through the window came.
And sometimes in the silence she
Would mumble a sentence audibly,
Or shake her head as if to say,
"You silly souls, to act this way!"
And never a sound from night I'd hear,
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
Another page; and rapt and stern,
Through her great glasses bent on me
She'd glance into reality;
And shake her round old silvery head,
With—"You!—I thought you was in bed!"—
Only to tilt her book again,
And rooted in Romance remain.

I am afraid that Rupert Brooke could not possibly have written a poem like *Old Susan;* he would have made her ridiculous and contemptible; he would have accentuated physical defects so that she would have been a repugnant, even an offensive figure. But Mr. De La Mare has the power—possessed in the supreme degree by J. M. Barrie—of taking just such a person as Old Susan, living in a world of romance, and making us smile with no trace of contempt and with no descent to pity. One who can do this really loves his fellow-men.

Poems like *Old Susan* prepare us for one of the most happy exhibitions of Mr. De La Mare's talent—his verses

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written for and about children. Every household ought to have that delightful quarto, delightfully and abundantly illustrated, called *Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes. With Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson.* There is a picture for each poem, and the combination demands and will obtain an unconditional surrender.

If the poetry of James Flecker and Walter De La Mare live after them, it will not be because of sensational qualities, in matter or in manner. Fancy is bred either in the heart or in the head —and the best poetry should touch either one or the other or both. Mr. De La Mare owes his present eminence simply to merit—his endeavour has been to write just as well as he possibly could. His limit has been downward, not upward. He may occasionally strike over the heads of his audience, for his aim is never low.

IV

The poetry of D. H. Lawrence (born 1885) erupts from the terrible twenties. In spite of his school experience, he has never sent his mind to school; he hates discipline. He has an undeniable literary gift, which has met—as it ought to—with glad recognition. He has strength, he has fervour, he has passion. But while his strength is sometimes the happy and graceful play of rippling muscles, it is often mere contortion. If Mr. De La Mare may seem too delicate, too restrained, Mr. Lawrence cares comparatively little for delicacy; and the word restraint is not in his bright lexicon. In other words, he is aggressively "modern." He is one of the most skillful manipulators of free verse —he can drive four horses abreast, and somehow or other reach the goal.

He sees his own turbulent heart reflected stormily in every natural spectacle. He observes flowers in an anti-Wordsworthian way. He mentions with appreciation roses, lilies, snapdragons, but to him they are all passion-flowers. And yet—if he only knew it—his finest work is in a subdued mood. He is a master of colouring—and I like his quieter work as a painter better than his feverish, hectic cries of desire. Despite his dialect poems, he is more successful at description than at drama. I imagine Miss Harriet Monroe may think so too; it seems to me she has done well in selecting his verses, to give three out of the five from his colour-pieces, of which perhaps the best is

SERVICE OF ALL THE DEAD

Between the avenue of cypresses,
All in their scarlet capes and surplices
Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,
The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery
The round dark heads of men crowd silently;
And black-scarfed faces of women-folk wistfully
Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
With sunken head and forgotten, folded hands;
And at the foot of a grave a mother kneels
With pale shut face, nor neither hears nor feels

The coming of the chaunting choristers
Between the avenue of cypresses,
The silence of the many villagers,
The candle-flames beside the surplices.

(Remember the English pronunciation of "cemetery" is not the common American one.) He is surely better as a looker-on at life than when he tries to present the surging passions of an actor-in-chief. Then his art is full of sound and fury, and instead of being thrilled, we are, as Stevenson said of Whitman's poorer poems, somewhat indecorously amused. All poets, I suppose, are thrilled by their own work; they read it to themselves with shudders of rapture; but it is only when this *frisson* is felt by other than blood-relatives that they may feel some reasonable assurance of success. The London *Times* quite properly refuses to surrender to lines like these:

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And if I never see her again?
I think, if they told me so,
I could convulse the heavens with my horror.
I think I could alter the frame of things in my agony.
I think I could break the System with my heart.
I think, in my convulsion, the skies would break.

He should change his gear from high to low; he will never climb Parnassus on this speed, not even with his muffler so manifestly open.

The *Times* also quotes without appreciation from the same volume the following passage, where the woman, looking back, stirs a biblical reminiscence.

I have seen it, felt it in my mouth, my throat, my chest, my belly,
Burning of powerful salt, burning, eating through my defenceless nakedness,
I have been thrust into white sharp crystals,
Writhing, twisting, superpenetrated,
Ah, Lot's wife, Lot's wife!
The pillar of salt, the whirling, horrible column of salt, like a waterspout
That has enveloped me!

Most readers may not need a whole pillar, but they will surely take the above professions *cum grano salis*. It is all in King Cambyses's vein; and I would that we had Pistol to deliver it. I cite it here, not for the graceless task of showing Mr. Lawrence at his worst, but because such stuff is symptomatic of many of the very "new" poets, who wander, as Turgenev expressed it, "aimless but declamatory, over the face of our long-suffering mother earth."

V

John Drinkwater, born June 1, 1882, has had varied experiences both in business and in literature, and is at present connected with the management of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Actively engaged in commercial life, he has found time to publish a number of volumes of poems, plays in verse, critical works in prose, and a long string of magazine articles. He has wisely collected in one volume—though I regret the omission of *Malvern Lyrics*—the best of his poems that had previously appeared in four separate works, containing the cream of his production from 1908 to 1914. His preface to this little book, published in 1917, is excellent in its manly modesty. "Apart from the Cromwell poem itself, the present selection contains all that I am anxious to preserve from those volumes, and there is nothing before 1908 which I should wish to be reprinted now or at any time." One of the earlier books had been dedicated to John Masefield, to whom in the present preface the author pays an affectionate compliment—"John Masefield, who has given a poet's praise to work that I hope he likes half as well as I like his."

The first poem, *Symbols,* prepares the reader for what is to follow, though it is somewhat lacking in the technique that is characteristic of most of Mr. Drinkwater's verse.

I saw history in a poet's song,
In a river-reach and a gallows-hill,
In a bridal bed, and a secret wrong,
In a crown of thorns: in a daffodil.

I imagined measureless time in a day,
And starry space in a wagon-road,
And the treasure of all good harvests lay
In the single seed that the sower sowed.

My garden-wind had driven and havened again
All ships that ever had gone to sea,
And I saw the glory of all dead men
In the shadow that went by the side of me.

The West of England looms large in contemporary poetry. A. E. Housman, John Masefield, W. W. Gibson, J. E. Flecker have done their best to celebrate its quiet beauty; and some of the finest work of Mr. Drinkwater is lovingly devoted to these rural scenes. We know how Professor Housman and John Masefield regard Bredon Hill—another tribute to this "calm acclivity, salubrious spot" is paid in Mr. Drinkwater's cheerful song, *At Grafton.* The spirit

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of his work in general is the spirit of health—take life as it is, and enjoy it. It is the open-air verse of broad, wind-swept English counties. Its surest claim to distinction lies in its excellent, finished workmanship—he is a sound craftsman. But he has not yet shown either sufficient originality or sufficient inspiration to rise from the better class of minor poets. His verse-drama, *The Storm,* which was produced in Birmingham in 1915, shows strong resemblances to the one-act plays of Mr. Gibson and is not otherwise impressive.

VI

William Henry Davies, the Welsh poet, exhibits in his half-dozen miniature volumes an extraordinary variety of subjects. Everything is grist. He was born of Welsh parentage in Monmouthshire, April 20, 1870. He became an American tramp, and practised this interesting profession six years; he made eight or nine trips to England on cattle-ships, working his passage; he walked about England selling pins and needles. He remarks that "he sometimes varied this life by singing hymns in the street." At the age of thirty-four he became a poet, and he insists—not without reason—that he has been one ever since. Readers may be at times reminded of the manner of John Davidson, but after all, Mr. Davies is as independent in his poetry as he used to be on the road.

Sometimes his verse is banal—as in the advice *To a Working Man.* But oftener his imagination plays on familiar scenes in town and country with a lambent flame, illuminating and glorifying common objects. He has the heart of the child, and tries to see life from a child's clear eyes.

THE TWO FLOCKS

Where are you going to now, white sheep,
  Walking the green hill-side;
To join that whiter flock on top,
  And share their pride?

Stay where you are, you silly sheep:
  When you arrive up there,
You'll find that whiter flock on top
  Clouds in the air!

Yet much of his poetry springs from his wide knowledge and experience of life. An original defence of the solitary existence is seen in *Death's Game,* although possibly the grapes are sour.

Death can but play one game with me—
  If I do live alone;
He cannot strike me a foul blow
  Through a beloved one.

To-day he takes my neighbour's wife,
  And leaves a little child
To lie upon his breast and cry
  Like the Night-wind, so wild.

And every hour its voice is heard—
  Tell me where is she gone!
Death cannot play that game with me—
  If I do live alone.

The feather-weight pocket-volumes of verse that this poet puts forth, each containing a crop of tiny poems—have an excellent virtue—they are really interesting, good companions for a day in the country. There is always sufficient momentum in page 28 to carry you on to page 29—something that cannot be said of all books.

Professor Phelps's next paper will deal with some of the Irish poets. The succeeding essays will be exclusively devoted to contemporary Americans.

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THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

PART I. THE METHOD OF PROPHECY

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

IT HAS been said that the test of science is prophecy. You are no astronomer unless you can forewarn us of an eclipse of the moon or a transit of Venus, and tell us precisely where to go to see it. And you are not a chemist unless you can say by anticipation just what kind of a crystallisation will take place at the jar of the beaker in your hand.

I am undertaking to foreshow things that are coming to pass in the world of men. This is a book* of prophecy. Yet I make haste to disavow any special inspiration. I have not been with God in the Mount nor spoken familiarly with angels or oracles. Indeed it is my opinion that the best of prophets—even those whose words have become scripture—have had, each in his own degree, only the kind of qualifications that I have. They foretold what would happen to men, because they understood what was happening and what had happened.

Their understanding of events was based upon an understanding of the nature of society in its health—which is a matter concerning which most men have no conception, since none have any experience. No man has ever lived in a society that was not abnormal, in the sense that its order was self-destructive, nurturing fondly in its bosom the fanged wolf.

It is impossible to understand public events unless one is able to measure their meaning against a sound criterion of social health. It is impossible to estimate the strength or weakness of a commonwealth unless one has first achieved a right conception of the way to make a commonwealth strong, to the limits of its latent strength.

This business of being a prophet begins therefore with the task of finding out what kind of a thing a human society would be if it were quite sane. I think that is the way Isaiah began and Amos and Micah and the rest. They may or may not have been wholly successful in their quest. It is sufficient to note that the value of their foreshowings was proportionate to the depth of their knowledge of the real nature of society. And this rule holds also for all the prophets who have not been canonised—for Marx and Buckle, for Metternich and Napoleon and Macaulay and the leader-writers in the New York and London newspapers.

If one knows the quality of social health one begins to understand the character and course of social diseases. And then it becomes possible to say, without doing violence to what is called the scientific spirit: Within such and such a time the fever in the nation will run to fatality, or else there will be a resurgence of the life-force and a new and recuperative era will begin. This is substantially the formula of scriptural prophecies. They do not say—as for example Marx and Haeckel do: Given the present facts, and we will tell you certainly what the future will be.

In this matter of social predictions the scriptural prophets are more scientific than most of the moderns; they have a sense of the truth that the fatality of passing events is balanced—and may at any moment be over-balanced—by a spiritual fatality, a gravitation toward health. That is why the old prophets stated their predictions in alternative terms—as a good physician does. The

*This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Ferguson, to appear in THE BOOKMAN, which the author will expand into a book for publication this coming April under the title *The Revolution Absolute*.—Editor's Note.

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doctor says: The patient will die at such a stage of the distemper, unless the *vis medicatrix* shall intervene before that stage is reached. Even so the old prophets were content to say: You shall arrive at perdition at a specified juncture —unless you repent.

It is however to be observed that a competent prophet, like a good physician, is sometimes made aware of the invincibility of health, even in the face of frightful disease. He can say with certitude: There is great strength here in reserve, the fever will only burn up morbid tissue, the recuperation may be slow and painful, but a new and abundant life is assured. That is the kind of prophecy to which, in all severity of study and understanding, I am able to invite your attention—in face of the fever of nations. I am going to give you reasons for assurance that a new civilisation, far happier than we have known or imagined, is in process of being born.

I begin by telling you how I know. I will explain to you in advance the method of this prophecy. This is a chapter on what the philosophers would call epistemology—the science of how one comes to know things.

Francis Bacon published in 1620 his *Novum Organum* to explain how one may best acquire a knowledge of the natural sequence of physical phenomena. The world has made no mistake in accepting his demonstration. Prodigies of intellectual and practical achievement have been accomplished by the method that Bacon defined. He is the father of modern physical science and of the vast modern development of technology. In him the spirit of the Italian Renaissance acclimated itself in Elizabethan England, and in due time sent forth to America and the four quarters of the world the gospel of earth-subduing realism that is the canon and inspiration of great business. It was through the incomparable work of Francis Bacon that the history of the universal mind turned, as a door turns upon its hinges. True it is that the balance of political and academic power still remains with those who have not been penetrated by the Baconian spirit; but that is only to say that the door which Francis Bacon opened upon a new kingdom of the mind has not yet been definitively closed upon the old order.

We must understand that up to the middle of the fifteenth century there had nowhere been any large-scale social effort to direct the higher powers of the mind toward the business of making people at home in the material world. And the movement in Southern Europe that is called the Renaissance would have spent itself in vain, and could not have diverted men's minds from the ancient Mediterranean abstractions and the cult of sacerdotal resignation, could not have committed the Western races to a career of buoyant action and achievement, if it had not found a secure footing in the mind of a first-rate prophet in Elizabethan England.

Bacon elaborated the intellectual technique whereby the modern world has acquired its earth-grip. He invented the mental machinery that has made possible the co-operation of myriads of minds in the working of the physical mechanism of a machine-age. Our modern working organisation with its instantaneous communications, its high technology, its corporate structure, its world-changing mastery of tools, comes straight from the *Novum Organum*.

I am going to show that it is precisely this modern working organisation, with its incalculable implications of misunderstood or unacknowledged political power, that has precipitated the world-crisis of our times. Thus it may be said, in a sense, that Francis Bacon made the Great War. Yet I insist that he should be exonerated from all blame. For the deeper truth is that the war is due to our own blamable failure to fulfil the work that Bacon began. The great conflict is at bottom a collision between the forces that Bacon set in motion, and certain other ancient and belated powers of

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the mind that have stubbornly refused to be touched by the modern spirit, and that now are giving disastrous battle at their last stand.

The edge of the conflict is an inherent contradiction between a modernised working system and a political and social structure that is not modern. It ought to be admitted that *The Advancement of Learning* and *The Novum Organum* do not reveal any clear prevision on the part of their author of the danger of such a contradiction. He attended to the work he had in hand, and began at the right beginning of it. He laid his emphasis upon the need of "restoring or cultivating a just and legitimate familiarity between the mind and things." He spoke with a strange voice of order and sense, to a world that was inveterate in intellectual confusion. He was lonely, and his task was heavy upon him. One may find in his own words some measure of the gravity and difficulty of the undertaking—such words as these:

> Francis of Verulam thought thus, and such is the method that he determined within himself, and which he thought it concerned the living and posterity to know. . . . Whilst men agree to admire and magnify the false powers of the mind and neglect or destroy those that might be rendered true, there is no other course left but with better assistance to begin the work anew, and raise or rebuild the sciences, arts and all human knowledge from a firm and solid basis. This may at first seem an infinite scheme unequal to human abilities, yet it will be found more sound and judicious than the course hitherto pursued, as tending to some issue; whereas all hitherto done with regard to the sciences is vertiginous or in the way of perpetual rotation. . . . Nor is he ignorant that he stands alone in an experiment almost too bold and astonishing to obtain credit, yet he thought it not right to desert either the cause or himself, but to enter boldly on the way and explore the only path that is pervious to the human mind. . . . Uncertain however whether these reflections would occur to another, and observing that he had never met any person disposed to apply his mind to similar thoughts, he determined to publish whatsoever he found time to perfect. Nor is this the haste of ambition; but anxiety, that if he should die there might remain behind him some outline and determination of the matter his mind had embraced, as well as some mark of his sincere and earnest affection to promote the happiness of mankind.

These are words of high emotion. Who can read them unmoved? Who shall reproach Francis Bacon for neglecting—say rather refraining with nicest calculation of costs and consequences—to point out the inevitable antagonism between inductive science and the Aristotelian abstractions that ruled the politics of his day and of ours? For my own part I am content with him and am deeply impressed with the dignity and validity of his warfare. The social problem was not his problem, and he did well to let it alone.

His intellectual valour and his discretion are alike remarkable. He took the social order as he found it and saluted king, lords, commons and the academic and ecclesiastical establishments with a deference that may seem obsequious, but was strategic. He quotes with significant relish the saying of the sage who would not dispute his best with the Emperor Adrian, because "It is reasonable to yield to a man who commands thirty legions."

It is related that Diogenes, when challenged to explain why it was that philosophers followed the rich while the rich did not follow philosophers, said it was because the philosophers knew what they needed and the rich did not. This acid answer was Baconian. Whatever one may think of Bacon's political morals there is no lack of the completest proof that he himself thought ill of them, and of the legal and social circumstances to which he had adapted them. When he was deposed from the High Chancellorship by the House of Lords for taking customary gifts from litigants, he re-

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marked concerning the judgment: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but that was the justest censure that was in Parliament these two hundred years."

Three centuries ago this wise, bright Francis Lord Verulam "rang the bell," as he said, "to call the wits together." They came; and during these long cycles it has happened that they have done their work of freeing the world from the sway of loose words and vain abstractions—mainly in the realms of chemistry, physics and kindred studies. In these realms they have given us the kind of knowledge that can be turned into life-sustaining power. But "the wits" have mostly stood, as Bacon stood, with their backs to the fictions and futilities of law and politics. They have let those sleeping dogs lie—or have left it to men of lesser faculty to disturb them.

Hence it has come to pass that modern science and practical art are unsocial—in the sense that industry and great business have broken loose from social conscience. On the other hand it should be set down in strictness of speech that there is as yet no such thing as social science—no ordered knowledge of the real nature of society or understanding of the reasons why nations rise and fall.

In law, politics and diplomacy we are fog-bound and rudderless on the bosom of a tumultuous sea—because in social affairs we are blinded by the brilliance of ancient words. In our manner of using such words as property, sovereignty, authority, liberty, they are devoid of realistic and definite signification.

Thus the spirit of science has conquered the integument and extremities of life, but not the blood currents or the pulsing heart of it. We understand astronomy, geography, the chemical elements, plants and the lower animals, but we do not understand human nature in its massive action. Some say that it is good, some that it is bad, and some that it changes quickly from good to bad or *vice versa;* but no living man can define with authority this goodness or badness, or offer a convincing exhibit of the causes that work the changes. We can make machines to weave tissues or cut isthmuses, machines to conquer great distance and obstruction; but we have no agreed and workable comprehension of the social mechanism, or of the dynamics of high-powered society. We can compass Orion and the nebulæ and chart the ways of protoplasm and bacteria, but neither Washington nor Wall Street has any sure and foreseeing knowledge about the psychology of money, or credit, or commercial panic, or war.

Now I protest it is not necessary or inevitable that the modern spirit, the passion for science and reality, should content itself with the mastery of the periphery of life, and submit to be endlessly excluded from the emotional centre of it. There is really no reason to suppose that knowledge can penetrate the things that matter least, but not those that matter most. The intrinsic laws of society are not unknowable. What is necessary is to ring the bell again and call the wits together. And that is what I propose to do.

It is necessary to finish the work that Francis Bacon with such bravery—and withal such careful reserves of prudence—has successfully begun. The scientific spirit must penetrate to the heart of the social problem.

Up to this moment social reformers have in general either used the methods of an antique philosophism or else have misapplied the Baconian method. We have had nothing but a pull and haul between utopians and statisticians. The utopians from Rousseau and Mazzini to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hillquit have tried to finish off a perfect state dedicated to social justice. The statisticians on the other hand—such as the English Fabians, including Bernard Shaw, and Americans of the type of Professor Ely and Mr. Gompers—have assumed that natural evolution will succour us, if duly assisted by figures, and by intestine fights for small but cumulative improvements. These have supposed themselves to be

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acting in a modern and scientific spirit; but I venture to say that Francis Bacon would not suppose so.

It is not scientific to assume that human affairs must improve by mere lapse of time. It is no more scientific to trust to time than to trust to space. And as for the gains made by the statistical study of specific social wrongs and disabilities, they are very nearly negligible. They generally cost as much as they come to.

The true social implication of the Baconian culture is not that men should be studied as things are studied, or bred as horses are bred—but quite the opposite of that. Bacon laboured to draw society out of its inveterate pre-occupation with itself, and to direct its will and mental energy to the mastery of the sub-human world. Thus the all-inclusive social question from the Baconian point of view is this: *How can the social constitution be made to achieve the highest possible power over the forces and materials of nature?*

How is society to be cleared of its morbid moralisms, its paralysing legalities, and mobilised for the advancement of the practical arts? That is the social problem, stated in Baconian terms. The war will force the most reluctant to give respectful attention to such a statement of the problem. For war is Baconian in its argument. It finds the world full of loose words and vain abstractions, but in the deepening intensity of its agony there is no room for rhetoricians.

If men are slow to perceive that the Baconian statement of the social problem is the true statement, it will be discovered to the surprise of many preachers that the reluctance proceeds primarily not from selfish attachment to gainful interests that must be sacrificed, but rather from a false culture of heart and mind that has blinded us to the truth that social virtue and social strength are the same thing, and that the social mastery of arts and arms involves all spiritual issues.

For my own part, the confidence I have in the prophecy of a vast and recuperative social change, rests upon a Baconian habit of mind fortified by peculiar disciplines. I am not disconcerted by the doubts of others, because I know that with their outlook I should share their doubts. The resistance of traditions to the great change I foresee—traditions legal, ecclesiastical, academic, commercial, political, populistic—seems invincible to those who look out upon the world from the standpoint of one or another fixed social or professional status. They do not fully feel, as I do, the force of the cancellation that these several traditions exercise upon one another. Therefore they do not perceive that the way to the renewal is wide open.

For twenty-five years or a little more I have had no absorbing preoccupation —save for frequent intervals of idleness and waste—but the problem of social mobilisation: How to escape from the deadlock and disaster toward which the world was running. I should have preferred farming or a technical specialty or the pursuit of money to play with, rather than any intellectual or clerical profession—if I had not seen the social problem in terms of sharp antithesis challenging a definitive solution, and so luring me on to try my wits upon it in professional establishments and institutions. Always the quest was for a conception of social health and power that I could feel to be clear and scientific—a working knowledge of the kind of society that would really work.

I did not occupy myself with reforms, and no reform has ever interested me. For I have been forewarned that no change in forms can save us from failure. We require nothing less than a new and modern conception of the source and sanction of law and order; and an institution of commanding energy and authority to impose this modern definition of Right upon the severed parts and faculties of our disordered life.

It is of course impossible to believe that any institution of commanding au-

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thority can be brought into existence merely because discreet men see the need of it. Their discretion should go deeper. They should understand that an organ necessary to sustain the life of a living body must in the nature of things be already in existence in some vestigial or prophetic shape. Accordingly I have spent a quarter of a century in making intimate acquaintance with the organs and functions that belong to what may be called the physiology of modern society. I have submitted to every professional discipline that seemed likely to help toward the discovery of the true emotional centre or vital plexus of modern communities—and to many other disciplines that are not called professional. I have absorbed myself by turns in the practice and routine of the law, the church, journalism, official life, finance, commerce, engineering, agriculture—caring for each as if it were all, and turning away from each not in distaste or flagrant disability—but because I was pressed on to finish the search I had undertaken.

And now I am through; I have found what I was looking for—as anybody else might have done, with like persistence.

In attempting to exhibit to others what I have discovered I am assisted by the moving argument of events, written in the head-lines of all the newspapers.

Part II in the group of three articles by Mr. Ferguson will appear next month under the title "The Epiphany of Power."

JERUSALEM RETAKEN

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

Above the pounding of the winter sea,
From far off on the bloody Continent,
Where men are crazed by war's wild agony,
I heard, as though a mighty instrument
Sighed with the winds' rebellious discontent,
The voices of the knights of four crusades,
Murmurous men's voices, in one shouting blent
With clank of armour and the clash of blades,
As though ten thousand spirits from the shades
Again were quickened, and were heartening them
Who, putting by a hundred peaceful trades,
In the world's adventure took Jerusalem.
"Brothers in arms, what boots it now our loss,
When from her towers floats the Christian cross?"

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A CHANGE OF MIND

In considering the foreign policies of our nation and of other nations when at war, it is quite natural that we should think in terms of a bargain, each nation striving to get what it can and to relinquish only what it must in the way of territory and indemnity. The whole of modern history has proceeded along these lines, every disturbance among nations being settled by a conference about a mahogany table to match wits in the old diplomatic game of bartering in the souls and property of men. It is so natural for us to expect this kind of an ending to the present war that some of our most brilliant writers, with very specious reasoning, deplore the utterances of British and American labour, of President Wilson and Lloyd George, on "war aims." If we win, say these writers, we will make Germany pay even unto the third and fourth generation; if the war is a draw we will have to accept drastic modifications in our demands; if we lose, it is we who will have to settle with our conquerors. To these thinkers there is only one possible set of war aims: what the victorious side can safely acquire of lands and monetary reparation. To them there is nothing else that counts, and, as we have said, this is a very natural and understandable view when it is remembered that the whole of modern history points to such a settlement as the logical conclusion of this war.

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But the world moves on and the precedents of history become the stepping-stones, not the guide-posts, of progress. To-day a great new force has come into the world with an arbitrary note in its voice—the force of the world's plain people, the voice of labour demanding a universal democracy. It is insistent, it will not be denied, and, as President Wilson has very justly observed, "the atmosphere of this world of the plain people is that which every government must breathe that wishes to live henceforth." As a result of this voice, this demand, President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, British labour and American labour have all drawn up statements of war aims, the President's the most far-reaching and at the same time the most specific, all of which are based on the universal application of the common law of humanity—"the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak." This means that this present war will not be settled in the old diplomatic, bargain-counter fashion—that the arbitrary disposition of the lives of millions in the interests of governments or of governing or other privileged classes is a thing of the past. We are done with secret diplomacy, done with class privilege and the exploitation of the weak. These statements of war aims mean that at the peace conference there will be no room for debating the terms on which peace will be made, but that the conference will occupy itself with the practical methods through which these terms will be applied,—and we shall fight on to victory until we are in a position to apply them.

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This change in the relationship of nations from a mutually jealous hostility, thinly veiled in times of peace and openly violent in times of war, as it has been in the past, to an unselfish demand for universal humanity and liberty requires a definite alteration in our methods of thinking, a specific readjustment in certain of our preconceptions. In thinking of national interests in the past our conceptions have been divided *vertically* according to group or national boundaries: thus the interests and welfare of America, it has been said, are dependent upon the development of the tin-plate industry, so it is necessary to establish a high protective tariff to shut

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out foreign competition; and if this protection has an unfavourable effect upon foreign industries, let them look to it, it is no concern of ours. So the welfare of each nation was thought to lie within its own borders, and where national interests came into open conflict, the only way to avoid war was conceived to be in a mutual compromise or sacrifice. From this system of ideas our minds must take the definite step to conceptions of national interests that leave out the vertical lines which have cut off our vision at our own geographical boundaries; we must broaden our outlook so as to envisage the whole world in our faith in democracy; we must think in terms of humanity instead of in terms of nations; we must realise that a disaster to one country, economic or elemental, is a disaster to all; we must not build up tariff walls that are detrimental alike to foreign industry and to our own consumers, and really serve only to benefit the privileged capitalists interested; we must in short look forward to a world so universally organised in the pursuit of bettering mankind's living conditions that peace will be its normal, lasting state. As we alter our minds to achieve this view of the coming world order, so shall we grasp the tremendous significance of President Wilson's recent address to Congress and the momentous character of the times in which we live.

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For President Wilson's "war aims" embody the latest clause in the charter of human liberty that, for the Anglo-Saxon race, took its inception in the Magna Charta in 1215. The sanctions of that great instrument have become the cultural usage of the English-speaking peoples: exemption from arbitrary arrest, trial by a jury of one's peers, justice to be neither sold, denied nor delayed, the protection of life, liberty and property from unlawful deprivation. Do these terms not sound like our war aims to-day? These principles for more than seven centuries have determined the social relations of individuals in English-speaking countries, but before to-day it has never been thought possible to apply them to the intercourse of nations—even the Monroe Doctrine, applying the ideals of democracy to the Western Hemisphere, was by necessity a warning and a threat to the nations of the Old World. It is hard to get over the belief that a country's progress and welfare depend upon the amount of territory it can acquire and hold and upon the degree of superiority, military and industrial, that it can achieve over its neighbours; and the preconceptions of national "unmorality" and "balance of power," assiduously fostered, as they were in Europe by the privileged classes, have also militated against the adoption of a basis of justice in international relationships. So it has been reserved for the democracy of the West, with its fresher, freer outlook, to cut through these psychological difficulties and to expand the principles of justice from individual into national terms; to apply the sanctions of freedom in vogue within its own borders universally to humankind; to recognise the certainty that to-day the human race is a unit, that peoples stand or fall together. This is what President Wilson has done in his messages—he has challenged the world with a sublime faith in the ideal of democracy—and that is why to-day the President of the United States is the acknowledged moral leader of the civilised world.

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We in America, the pioneer nation, have fought and are still fighting the primeval battle against the rigours of Nature, a battle that in the older societies of Europe had settled down into more stable lines of effort. With us the cruelty of the wilderness is more obvious, the struggle more determined, both the dangers and the rewards greater. And so we are learning in a hard school that the real enemy of man is not his fellow-man but the hostility of the natural world in which he finds himself. We know that war is a futility and a crime against the progress and happiness of the

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race, we believe that in a co-operation and mutual serviceability of all men on the face of the earth can we alone hope to achieve a universal happiness based on a consistent process of development—we aim therefore in the present war to eradicate predatory privilege, military and economic, and to unite men everywhere in the common pursuit of the art of well-living. It is a great task to which we have set our hands. The vast problems in the crusade against Prussian invasion call for the finest talent in organisation and military and industrial technology that the country can produce, the exigencies of our position demand an energy and a unity of effort hitherto unapprehended. President Wilson has mobilised the sentiment of the country into a singleness of purpose and strength of determination that a call to our idealism alone could achieve, and America stands solidly behind the man who has the vision, the knowledge and the courage to express its best hopes, its hitherto vague purposes. It remains to work—we still await the leaders pre-eminently fitted by training, experience and businesslike habits of mind to direct and co-ordinate effort, to mobilise the country's resources, to "produce the goods."

G. G. W.

Chronicle and Comment

Professor Sherman, Literary Critic

Professor Stuart P. Sherman is an idealist with iconoclastic tendencies toward the Younger Generation. That is why he has dedicated his new book, *On Contemporary Literature,* to Paul Elmore More. This collection of essays does not attempt any specific evaluation of the work of the writers discussed, for, according to Professor Sherman, truth is a personal and private matter, not to be measured by any common standard; and so it is only the saliences or exaggerations of thought or vision in the writings of his contemporaries that have afforded this critic a means of approach for his ofttimes trenchant pen. The "Barbaric Naturalism of Dreiser," for instance, is a by no means inept characterisation of an outstanding quality in this popular literary hero's artistry. It has always repelled us, and now, fortified by Professor Sherman's well-reasoned opinion, we venture to avow our aversion. Dreiser would make us all mere organs of instinct. It is the jungle-motive alone that actuates his characters; and "its unvarying victoriousness depends for its plausibility," says Professor Sherman, "directly upon the suppression of the evidence of other motives."

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Dreiser *en Passant*

This is true talk. Dreiser represents in literature the nadir of the movement to biologise human society—a movement that was the outcome of the discovery that man's physical endowment is the product of natural law. The biologisers have run amuck in attempting to carry over into human institutions and social conventions the "survival of the fittest" theory; just as Germany is running amuck now in its ruthless application of this one-sided conception to the relations of nations. We rebel; man has an instinctive insubordination, a divine quality if you will, that refuses to lie down and let the universe walk over him. The war is making us more and more conscious of this aspect of our nature. Dreiser's philosophy is as antiquated to-day as if he had lived before Darwin, however much we may respect his artistic power.

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Professor Sherman: His "Humanism"

It is all very well to take a fall out of H. G. Wells's Invisible King. William Archer has done it at some length in a book about which Professor Phelps has something to say elsewhere in this issue; Professor Sherman does it in his chapter on the "Utopian Naturalism of Wells," and even these columns have yielded to the lure of such easy prey—it is the fashion. We will not discuss Professor Sherman's comments on this unfortunate divinity—Mr. Wells made him and therefore let him pass for a god. It is where Arnold and Wells are compared that Professor Sherman reveals a bent that shows the bias of his doctrine. We venture to note this bias, even though Professor Sherman assures us that "truth is a personal and private matter"—so that critics, as critics, should not have doctrines, it would seem. Professor Sherman is, with Arnold, a "humanist"; he believes in the cultivation of the inner life of man, in the elaboration of mental and spiritual values and of moral standards quite independently of the external world—indeed, he maintains that there is an eternal conflict between the "law for things" and the "law for man." He would build up a world of principles whose criterion of validity would be merely their consistency with each other and their "harmony with the constitution and aim of the human organisation"—whatever that may be. There are two drawbacks to this theory: first, it provides no way for getting people to think and feel in a common language of hope or purpose, and therefore would lead to the confusion that attended the erection of that ancient tower of Babel; and second, that it furnishes no basis of common action for the maintenance of physical life or the raising of the standard of living. Without a modicum of common preconceptions and habituations it would be difficult to maintain a sufficiently cohesive organisation to overcome the difficulties of existence on a livable scale; the dispersive character of a society functioning upon such a philosophy should be obvious.

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On Totem Poles

Professor Sherman's philosophy is a very natural reaction to the exaggerated and distorted emphasis given of recent years to the cult of naturalism, and he properly excoriates this aspect of modern thought as it makes its appearance in the work of contemporary writers. Naturalism needs a vigorous denunciator and Professor Sherman is in some respects the man to do the work. On the other hand the way out is not to go back to the futile idealism that characterised the speculations of the era just preceding the modern industrial age. The discipline of the modern technology has irresistibly inculcated a matter-of-fact philosophy, a scientific spirit of inductive research. There has been a tumbling down of totem poles, which all of Professor Sherman's horses and men will be unable to put up again. Naturalism is simply a by-product of this iconoclasm—an unfortunate and mistaken product, which should not be confused with the great modern effort to master the difficulties of existence in a spirit of objective investigation, and to subdue our environment to the practical purposes of incarnate souls. And so the solution of the paradoxes of our life to-day is not a return to the vague principles and standardless moralities of the era of speculation, but rather a complete orientation to the business of making ourselves at home in the material world—with the understanding that the bread and wine problem involves all the spiritual issues. This is not a subservience to nature, not a biologising of human society; it means instead giving play to the *élan vital* in the greatest of all pursuits: the domination of the laws of nature and the harnessing of them for the benefit of man. Arnold's humanism, to which it would appear that Professor Sherman subscribes, is a false humanism in that it seeks an escape from the duress of life in futile speculations upon detached mo-

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ralities, principles and human "rights." Wells, on the other hand, appeals to the Younger Generation (to use Professor Sherman's suggestive capitals) by a fearless facing of the problems of life in the spirit of inductive, impersonal research —the modern spirit, engendered, if you will, by the discipline of modern technology. We wonder what a comparative census of the admirers and readers of Arnold and of Wells might reveal.

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And Wise Virgins

The true humanism, in distinction from that of the idea-mongers, is that which occupies itself in striving to make man at home in his world. It does not flee from life in an idle and ideal pursuit of Principle or Beauty, nor does it apply to human life the biologic laws of naturalism; it seeks principle and beauty in the conditions of living and strives to subdue the laws of nature to human service; its criterion of conduct is the right of a man to live his life in an environment of health and happiness, its preconception upon which a cohesive society can progress is a community of interest in the struggle against the inclemency of nature. And in this humanism there is a common standard of truth (even though Professor Sherman may insist upon his "personal and private" conception): this truth resides in the laws, qualities, stresses, forces of the universe —it is never uncertain, never a matter of vague speculation or of the raucous disputations of the schools. The highly diversified and articulated system of art and industry to which we have attained in the struggle with these forces compels those natural, normal standards of loyalty, honesty, mutual service and supreme faith—a system of truth that is intrinsic in the universe in which we live, and that has nothing exclusive or individual about it. It is the Right of Life as against the Right of either Things or Prejudice. It is coming, this age of humanism: Russia is trembling in its birth throes, England meditates—but she moves, France has been its apostle for a hundred years, the volcano is smouldering in Germany, America has its symptoms in strikes and in its President—but she, too, moves a halting step at a time, as in the Government's seizure of the railroads. The war is hammering the hard-crusted societies of the West into pliable forms, to-morrow they will re-shape themselves into new moulds and we shall find ourselves in another kind of world—let us, therefore, be of the company of the wise virgins and see that our lamps of understanding are duly filled.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

A Guest-Room Shelf

Christopher Morley, poet, troubadour of the Genialities of the Commonplace, contributor to THE BOOKMAN'S *Masque of Poets,* member of the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* gives some advice in the *New York Sun* for the selection of a guest-room shelf of books. While his choice is catholic in its appeal, it represents at the same time his own personal interests. It is interesting to compare his favourites

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WHILE THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS SPECULATING UPON THE FATE OF JOSEPH CONRAD, IN THOSE FIRST DAYS OF THE WAR, HE WAS IN POLAND, CUT OFF FROM ANY COMMUNICATION WITHOUT. IT WAS AT THIS TIME, IN OCTOBER, 1914, THAT THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN OF THE GREAT POLISH-ENGLISH AUTHOR

with those that each one of us would select for a similar purpose—have BOOKMAN readers any better list to suggest? This is Mr. Morley's letter:

You were choosing, let us suppose, some books to put on a guest-room shelf, for the entertainment of visitors to your house. Let us assume that many of your guests are of the male sex and have the habit of reading in bed. You keep a reading lamp by the bed, of course, and a bookshelf. What thirty volumes would you choose to fill that shelf? May I tell you my selection?

Treasure Island and *St. Ives,* by Stevenson. *Rudder Grange* and *The Late Mrs. Null,* by Stockton. *The New Arabian Nights* and *The Dynamiter,* by Stevenson. *A Study in Scarlet,* by Conan Doyle. *Margaret Ogilvy* and *My Lady Nicotine,* by Barrie. *The Moonstone* and *The Lady in White,* by Wilkie Collins. (Did you see Brander Matthews remarking in the *Times* the other day that "the breath of life has

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long ago departed from all the stories of Wilkie Collins"? Pooh, what rot!) *The Adventures of Captain Kettle,* by Cutcliffe Hyne. *Tales of Mean Streets,* by Arthur Morrison. *Casuals of the Sea* and *Aliens,* by William McFee. *Trivia,* by Pearsall Smith. *The Pastor's Wife,* by Arnim. *Strictly Business,* by O. Henry. *Typhoon* and *Youth,* by Joseph Conrad. *Captains Courageous* and *The Jungle Book,* by Kipling. *A Duet,* by Conan Doyle. *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler. The Letters of Mark Twain. The History of Tom Jones,* by Fielding. *Moonbeams From the Larger Lunacy,* by Leacock. *The Path to Rome,* by Hilaire Belloc. *The Adventures of a Younger Son,* by Trelawny. *The Bible.*

I find that for such strollers, wastrels and errant persons as frequent my house, this is a fairly well-selected guest-room library. I wonder if your readers will concur.

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Conrad in Poland

It is possible that in his next novel Joseph Conrad will relate his experiences in those months immediately following the outbreak of the war when he was isolated from the rest of the world in Poland. From little snatches of gossip and intimations which are picked up here and there it becomes more and more certain that Mr. Conrad's experiences in getting out of Poland were of the sort to make interesting reading. One phase of these experiences was described the other day to a friend by former Ambassador Penfield, who until recently represented the interests of the United States at the Austrian court. It will be remembered that Mr. Conrad and his family had gone to Poland shortly before the outbreak of the war to visit the scenes of his youth and spend a few weeks in leisurely travel in his native country. Then when the deluge broke and Mr. Conrad's friends found it impossible to communicate with him they began to feel anxiety. All the efforts of his bankers and his publishers to get into touch with him and to get to him with funds failed. In the effort

CAPTAIN JAMES L. HOUGHTELING, JR., AUTHOR OF "A DIARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION," A DAILY ACCOUNT OF THE UPRISING OF MARCH, 1917. CAPTAIN HOUGHTELING WILL SOON GO TO FRANCE, WHERE HE PLANS, ALSO, TO KEEP A DIARY

both Ambassador Page at London and Ambassador Penfield at Vienna were called upon, and finally the latter succeeded in reaching Mr. Conrad by a special messenger sent into Poland with money and papers which would insure his safe return at least to Vienna.

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Interned in Vienna

Thus one day, weeks later, was ushered into Ambassador Penfield's office the great Polish-English novelist. It so happens that Mr. Penfield had been for many years one of the legion of Conrad's admirers, and therefore his interest in being of service to the novelist was just that much greater, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two immediately. Unfortunately, however, for

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Mr. Conrad's sake, when the Ambassador asked for passports for the novelist and his family, the Austrian Government delayed giving a definite answer on the basis that Mr. Conrad was a subject of Great Britain. So the Conrad family, practically cut off from the rest of the world, was to all intents and purposes interned in Vienna. Every possible method of securing permission to leave the country was tried, when, finally, Mr. Conrad made friends with the chief police authority of the city, subscribing to his favourite charities and otherwise making himself pleasant. Mr. Penfield's advice had been from the very beginning of the negotiations, "When you get the word to go, start without consulting anyone else, no matter from what official the permission comes."

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Teuton Efficiency

The result, presumably, at least, was a pass from the friendly official, for the Conrads disappeared from Vienna, and it was many days before two letters were placed upon Mr. Penfield's desk, one of them upon the right-hand side and one upon the left-hand side. Seeing Conrad's well-known handwriting, the Ambassador opened the personal letter first. It read: "We are in sight of the chalk cliffs of England and within twenty minutes will be upon English soil." The letter concluded with warm thanks to Mr. Penfield for his efforts. Turning to the right-hand side of his desk he picked up the second letter, which was an official document from the Austrian Foreign Office, and which said that under no circumstances would Mr. Conrad or his family be allowed to leave the country during the war!

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"Conscript 2989"

The first story to come out of our new army camps is *Conscript 2989—His Diary,* which claims in its subtitle to be "the observations of a drafted man who did not want to go until he got there"—from which we infer that army life did not prove so much of a misfortune to him after all. This particular conscript was an artist with an excellent education and accustomed to the refinements of good living, and very naturally he regarded his new prospects with some reluctance. He had the same hopes and misgivings as thousands of other young men similarly placed, and when he went to his cantonment to begin training it was like entering another existence to which he was totally unaccustomed. His experiences, which he has well described, are those that are coming to young men in cantonments all over the country, and it is interesting and valuable that these events are beginning to find their reflection in descriptive literature. *Conscript 2989* is well worth reading.

"CONSCRIPT 2989"

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Arthur Guy Empey

Asked to give an account of himself, Arthur Guy Empey, author of *Over the Top,* of which nearly a quarter of a million copies have been printed, replied:

"Pretty hard thing you ask of me,

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that writing a sketch of my life, sort of a delicate matter in my opinion.

"Well, here goes:

"I was born in the eighties, closer to the bottom than the top. When I first opened my eyes, I breathed the air of the Rockies.

"It is with pride that I state that I am a pure, unadulterated American. My roving started at the early age of four. This was in Cheyenne, Wyoming. I took it into my head to explore the sand hills, and after a frantic twelve-hour search by my parents, was brought back to the fold.

"From Cheyenne my family went to Virginia; from Virginia to Canada, thence to New York.

"In New York I went through public school, then to high school. The most worthy thing I did in high school was to make left half-back on the football team. While in high school I took a notion to go to sea.

"I ran away and shipped as second cook on the tramp steamer *Cuzco,* a lime-juicer. She was bound for South America. At St. Lucia, British West Indies, I stowed away a little West Indian and called him 'Monday' (the day he came aboard).

"The cruise lasted six months and twenty days. During that time we put in at twenty-six different ports and I peeled eleven million barrels of 'spuds.'

"The skipper was a 'limejuicer,' the first mate a 'Blue Noser,' the chief engineer a Scotchman, while the crew was composed of Spaniards, Germans, Finns, Swedes, and Russians. The Bos'n was Irish and the cookie a Welshman. A nice polite bunch too. Believe me, I had my troubles.

"I landed in New York with a monkey, a parrot, and about eight dollars in silver.

"After resting for two weeks, I joined the 47th Regiment of Brooklyn and became Sergeant. From the 47th I went into the Navy and was lucky enough to be on the 'rookie battleship' *Missouri,*

MR. AND MRS. POST WHEELER IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR JAPANESE VILLA IN TOKYO. MRS. WHEELER IS BETTER KNOWN AS HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, WHOSE LAST BOOK, "THE LONG LANE'S TURNING," WAS ISSUED LAST FALL. MR. AND MRS. WHEELER HAVE JUST RETURNED TO THIS COUNTRY FOR A BRIEF STAY

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or 'Misery' as we called her, when she rammed the *Illinois* and nearly foundered her in Guatanamo Bay, Cuba. Then she went on the target range off Pensacola in the Gulf of Mexico, and had an explosion in her after-turret, which killed thirty-four men. I barely escaped with my life.

"From the Navy I enlisted in the 12th U. S. Cavalry and was promoted to the rank of Sergeant-Major. We gave exhibitions of rough riding at the Jamestown Exposition. After the 12th Cavalry, I joined the 11th U. S. Cavalry and did duty with them on the Mexican border during the trouble in 1911. Was discharged in San Antonio, Texas. Returning to New York, I started in business for myself. During my stay in New York I served three years as Sergeant of Mounted Scouts in the 4th Regiment of New Jersey. Upon expiration of my term of service, I joined the Mounted Scouts of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y. In 1915 I thought I would take a peep at France, so I shipped on the horse ship *La Gascogne* as assistant veterinarian, and after ducking the submarines we landed thirteen hundred horses for the French Artillery at Bordeaux, France. Returned on the *Rochambeau* to New York.

"One day while walking down Broadway I heard a German pass the remark about the Americans being too proud to fight, so I went to London and joined the British army, where I served as bomber and machine gunner until I was discharged on account of wounds received in the Battle of the Somme or 'Big Push.' These wounds were caused by the unauthorised entrance of three bullets into or through my anatomy,—one in left side of face, two through left shoulder. Then back to New York."

Since returning Sergeant Empey has been busy writing and lecturing. His latest book, *First Call,* was published in January.

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A Good Book on Rodin

The recent death of Auguste Rodin cast a shadow across the world, even in these tragic times. He was a universal figure, belonging to no age or country. In *Rodin: the Man and His Art,* compiled with an introduction by Judith Cladel, we

Photo by Lipschotz.

DAVID PINSKI, THE YIDDISH PLAYWRIGHT, WHOSE WORK IS DISCUSSED IN AN ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE, "NEW YORK'S YIDDISH WRITERS," BY DR. ISAAC GOLDBERG

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have the actual leaves from the note-books of the master sculptor, and his meditations on his art, on modelling, on flowers, on portraiture, on nature, and on the great works of the past, are expressed in lucid language and with the simplicity and veracity of profound experience and observation. Perhaps in no better way could the average reader gain a knowledge of the heroic mould in which this giant among men was cast than through this carefully compiled collection of Rodin's views. In it we hear the master chat, now in his atelier about some piece of antique sculpture that has come into his possession, or about a work he has in hand, now while he rambles in his garden or through the museums or the old streets of Paris. And through it all runs the golden strain of personality that aids the mind to grasp the lofty nature of the greatest of modern sculptors. Last month THE BOOKMAN presented a short sketch of Rodin by one of his friends in the literary world, M. Jules Bois.

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The Making of a Cartoonist

Louis Raemakers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, now in this country, whom the London *Times* has called "the only great genius brought out by the war," was unheard of before the war began. On August 1, 1914, he was living quietly with his family, contentedly painting the tulip-fields, waterways, cattle, and windmills of his native Holland. Four days later he drew the first cartoon, *Christendom After Twenty Centuries,* of a series that was to reveal him as a champion of civilisation and make his name a household word in every country. Raemakers personally investigated the Belgian horror, and though a hundred of his early cartoons bear witness to the burning impression made upon his mind, he has only once brought himself to speak publicly of this experience. It was at a dinner given the artist at the Savage Club, London, that, pointing to the portraits of Peary, Scott, Nansen, and Shackleton, Raemakers said: "I, too, have been an explorer, gentlemen. I have explored a hell, and it was terror unspeakable."

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Raemakers at Work

Raemakers is in his forty-eighth year. He is of medium height and build, with the fair beard and hair, light blue eyes and ruddy complexion of the typical Hollander. With his wife and three children he lives modestly in a suburb of London, thinking always and only of the war and planning pictures to aid the Allies' cause. He is a quick worker—scarcely one of his black and white drawings takes more than a couple of hours to execute—wielding his crayon in swift, vigorous lines. He scarcely changes a line once it is down, and never uses a model. As a mere material record of industry, Raemakers is probably unique in the world's history. Since the beginning of the war

SHOLOM ASCH, THE "MOST VIGOROUSLY EFFECTIVE" YIDDISH WRITER, ACCORDING TO DR. GOLDBERG'S ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

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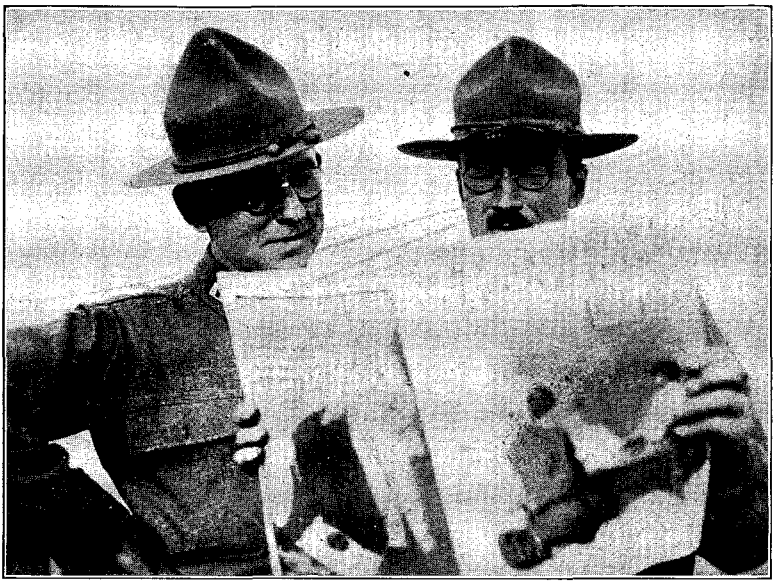

MAJOR STEWART EDWARD WHITE (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN PETER B. KYNE, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THESE TWO CALIFORNIA AUTHORS IN MILITARY SERVICE. CAPTAIN KYNE'S LAST NOVEL WAS "WEBSTER—MAN'S MAN"; MAJOR WHITE'S NEW BOOK, "SIMBA," WILL BE PUBLISHED IN MARCH

he has drawn over six hundred cartoons. There is not a single phase of the war, military, naval, or political, that has not formed a basis for his artistic comment, and the cream of his later work has been gathered between the covers of *Kultur in Cartoons,* with explanatory text by such well-known writers as Eden Phillpotts, Sidney Lee, Edmund Gosse.

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Lloyd George in Germany

In the late summer of 1908, at the end of the parliamentary session, Mr. Lloyd George traversed Germany from west to east and from north to south. It was a very systematic motor-tour. The object of the tour was to investigate the German system of National Insurance. Harold Spender, who was a member of the Lloyd George party, has written a highly interesting account of Lloyd George's experiences in Germany in his biography, *The Prime Minister,* soon to be published in this country. He says:

Bethmann-Hollweg was at that time "Home Secretary," a vigorous, amiable Minister of the official kind, sincerely keen on social reforms; a Junker of the better type. He treated Mr. Lloyd George with great courtesy. He returned from his holiday, and specially entertained him and his party in the famous restaurant at the Zoological Gardens at Berlin. He invited many eminent members of the German Civil Service to meet us. Every one was very gracious and polite—almost too polite for comfort. After dinner we went into a large reception room, and there we remained standing all the evening, talking and looking at one another. Toward the end of the evening we began to feel very fatigued. I ventured to ask one of the German officials whether it would be the correct thing to sit down. "Oh!" he said, "we have all been waiting for you to sit down! We, too, are very tired!"

In the middle of this rivalry in fatigue, they brought round great glasses of foaming beer in Prussian fashion. Mr. Lloyd George, who is almost a teetotaller, looked at the glasses with a scared expression. Then suddenly his face grew resolute. "We must show that Great Britain is not to be left behind!"

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The conversation drifted to King Edward's visit to the Russian Czar at Reval. That visit had caused a great ferment in Germany, and gave suspicions of British intentions. Bethmann-Hollweg voiced those suspicions in the frankest manner. "You are trying to encircle us!" he cried to Mr. Lloyd George. "You and France and Russia are attempting to strangle us!"

Mr. Lloyd George assured him of the friendliness of Great Britain toward all the great Powers; but for the moment he refused to be appeased. He thumped the table with his hand. "The Prussian Government has only to lift a finger," he cried, "and every living Prussian will die for the Fatherland!"

Mr. Lloyd George listened to all this with his characteristic calmness and good-humour. "But what about the other Germans?" he put in at this point.

A shadow passed over the face of the Prussian Minister.

"Oh! they?" he said with a gesture. "They, too, will come along!"

• • •

Our Contemporary Deplores the Lot of Fiction

Why is fiction regarded with a certain condescension? The novel is the test case for democratic literature. We cannot afford to pay its practitioners with cash merely, for cash discriminates in quantity and little more. Saul and David were judged by the numbers of their thousands slain; but the test was a crude one for them and cruder still for fiction. We cannot afford to patronise these novelists as our ancestors did before us. Not prizes of endowments or coterie worship, nor, certainly, more advertising, is what the American novelist requires, but a greater respect for his craft. The Elizabethan playwright was frequently despised of the learned world, and, if a favourite, not always respected of the vulgar. Strange that learned and vulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispraising the pre-eminently popular art of our own times! To Sir Francis Bacon, *Hamlet* was presumably only a play-actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not call it "only a novel"? The reasons for this deplorable attitude toward the novel are analysed in an article entitled *On a Certain Condescension Toward Fiction,* by Professor Henry Seidel Canby, announced for the February *Century*. The novel, according to Professor Canby, was given a bad name in its youth that has overshadowed its successful maturity.

• • •

A "David Harum" Exhibit

It is just twenty years since the book *David Harum* first saw the light. In that time more than a million copies have been sold and the book has apparently won a permanent position as one of the classics of American country life and humour. Recognising this, the Syracuse Public Library, proud of its association with the birthplace of the author, has for the past year been collecting material for a "David Harum" exhibit, which is now in place. This includes the first typewritten manuscript of the book, the manuscript which the publishing house of D. Appleton and Company used as "copy," portraits of Edward Noyes Westcott, a piece of manuscript music written with his own hand, copies of the different editions of the book, portraits of William H. Crane in the stage version of the story, both on the regular stage and in the movies, and scrap-books kept by Mrs. William H. Crane, Mr. Forbes Heermans, and Mrs. Victor Morawetz, the daughter of the author.

• • •

A Great Story

A new edition calls to mind a very wonderful book that should not be forgotten by admirers of the best in fiction and of what is at the same time unusual, unconventional. *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician,* by Edwin Lester Arnold, is unique in its conception, and in those illusive qualities of "atmosphere" and attitude toward life it is fascinating and compelling; above all it

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is a brilliant story, full of stirring incident and adventure, holding the reader spellbound to its fated conclusion. Our acquaintance with this book dates back many years and many times has it been read, each time with an added pleasure and heightened impression—we have long wanted an excuse to talk about it, and the enterprise of the Putnams in publishing a new edition affords us the opportunity at last. Phra began life as a Phœnician trader in the days when Rome was a thriving predatory village on the banks of the Tiber. On a venture to Britain, trading and raiding as opportunity afforded, he fell in with Boadicea, a queen of the natives, and deserted his comrades to lead a wild life with his savage beauty. Killed finally by the Druid priests, or nearly killed, he slept for many years—to wake in Roman Britain with all its splendour of Roman life and pomp of soldiery. Adventure, while the brilliant luxury of the Empire foretells destruction—and again Boadicea, for her life is forever woven with his throughout all his experiences and the many existences that follow through the course of Britain's history.

• • •

Phra's Adventures

It was a vast span of years, a cosmic vista that tortured the hero and his devoted mate—for she was never recognised until too late—and made of him a strange, weird figure, like the Ancient Mariner, pursuing his unknown pilgrimage down the centuries. From the comradeship of Roman centurions he woke again to fight by the side of Harold; he swore hatred of foreign tyrants in the wassail bowls of serfs, and bestrode Norman chargers in tilt-yards and battle-fields; he assisted in the momentous birth of a steam monster, the forerunner of the steam engine, he lived and fought desperately and loved desperately with the pent-up energy of generations, until in the days of good Queen Bess his real love triumphed and Boadicea called him for the last time to his well-earned rest. The author's father, Sir Edwin Arnold, wrote truly in his Introduction:

> While renewing in each existence the characteristic passions and sentiments which constitute Phra's individuality and preserve the unity of the narrative, the author seems to me to have adapted him to varying times and places with a *vraisemblance* and absence of effort which are extremely effective.

• • •

Busy Days for Michael Monahan

Michael Monahan journeyed down to town from the literary precincts of New Canaan, Connecticut, one day last month to sign his name five hundred times. The occasion was the matter of his autographing the limited edition of his new book, *New Adventures,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. These large octavo volumes printed on Alexandra deckle edge paper, bound in boards, quarter vellum, gilt top, only awaited the author's signature to go forth into the hands of the chosen of chosen people—Michael Monahan "fans." Two very strong small boys carried a couple of hundred of these tomes into a quiet room at the author's publishers, and Mr. Monahan took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, dipped first his pen and then his elbow into a pot of ink, and began. He was observed about the premises for several days. The celebrated twinkle, it is reported, waned in Mr. Monahan's eye with the passing of time, and there are those who declare that Mr. Monahan's active and sustained exercise in autographing reduced his weight appreciably.

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The Bookman's Acknowledgments

It appears at last that the mystery of that all-discerning eye with which we accredited Mr. Franklin P. Adams is solved. In his *Conning Tower* in the New York *Tribune,* Mr. Adams, better known as "F. P. A.," regularly pointed out certain typographical errors in THE BOOKMAN as it made its appearance each month. We always felt with Mr. Adams that doing

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so was a great service in helping to make THE BOOKMAN better in that most important respect of typography. The "proof-room eluders" were noted each month, and the series of errors listed, and we believe that THE BOOKMAN has profited by this faithful criticism. It appears now that our thanks must be divided between Mr. Adams and Miss Carolyn Wells. But we trust that neither of them will feel that our gratitude is in any way lessened by this division, but rather are we doubly under obligation. For it was Miss Wells who discovered the errors, and "F. P. A." who kindly allowed the space in his *Conning Tower* for their publication. The following letter from Miss Wells speaks for itself:

Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

Since both you and your contributors are lamenting the absence of "F. P. A." as a guide, philosopher and friend in the matter of your proof-reading, I feel the time has come to confess that it was I and not "F. P. A." who blithely noted your little peccadilloes. He kindly printed my lists in his column, but if there is any blame, it belongs on my shoulders; and if it be praise, I know "F. P. A." would wish me accredited. You see I am sensitive to typographical errors, and especially in THE BOOKMAN. I hated to see the little pitted specks in garnered fruit. Oh, well, I should not have mentioned this at all but for your pleasant acknowledgment of the assistance in maintaining your *morale*. In the name of "F. P. A." I salute you.

CAROLYN WELLS.

TO MYSELF

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

GIRL, I am tired of blowing hot and cold;
Of being that with that, and this with this;
A loosened leaf no bough would ever miss,
At the wind's whim betwixt the sky and mould.
Of wearing masks. Oh, I would rend them all,
Into the dust that by my door is blown;
Of my old secret bare me to the bone,
Myself at last, none other. I would call;—
"I had a lover once. This is the face
He lauded April-high and April-deep,
As fair a flower as hers of Camelot;
And yet he loved it but an April's space.
This is myself indeed. Now hear me weep.
I had a lover once, but he forgot."

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ALFRED DE MUSSET IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

ALFRED DE MUSSET once wrote a little poem in which he expressed a wish that, in due time, he might be buried beneath a weeping willow tree. I have forgotten the text of this poem; but I remember that it is inscribed upon the rather ugly monument that marks his grave in Père-Lachaise. Over this unpretentious tombstone there hangs—or used to hang—a lonely branch of willow,—the languid offshoot of a sapling planted by some pious hand. I remember being struck by the incongruity between the verses, carved in rock, and the sickly little tree that drooped forlornly over them.

This impression dates from twenty years ago; for, at the age of seventeen, I renounced the youthful habit of visiting the graves of the great. (It must have been about that time that I read R. L. S. on *Old Mortality*.) But now the thought occurs to me that the sculptured verses may be taken as a symbol of the permanent fame of de Musset as a poet, and the struggling willow branch may be regarded as a symbol of his slender but still-growing reputation as a dramatist. Perhaps some later traveller can tell me if the simile may be developed even further. That nearly leafless sapling which made me smile, a score of years ago, may now—for aught I know—be grown into a healthy and promising young tree. In that event, the fanciful comparison would be perfected; for the fame of de Musset as a playwright has steadily increased in recent years.

In the history of all the arts except the drama, the posthumous achievement of a noble reputation is not at all unusual. Many painters, many sculptors, neglected in their life-time and derided by their own contemporaries, have subsequently come to be regarded as men whose only failing was that they were doomed to work on earth before their time. So recent a painter as Jean François Millet lived in penury while he was making canvases that now are sold at auction for a hundred thousand dollars. The painter and the sculptor manufacture objects that are durable, and may appeal to the leisurely consideration of posterity. Their merit is finally evaluated by that small but perpetual minority composed of "those who know,"—a minority that may summon but a few votes in any single generation but that triumphs ultimately by an undisrupted repetition of its verdict throughout the tireless succession of the centuries.

The history of literature has been enriched by many similar instances of men who, scorned by their contemporaries, have been accepted as apostles by posterity. A notable example is afforded by the case of Keats. This man was absolutely honest; and when, upon his death-bed, he requested Joseph Severn to inscribe upon his tombstone the pathetic legend, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," he believed exactly what he said. His poems had been appreciated only by the inner circle of his friends; even by this inner circle he had been regarded mainly as a promising disciple of Leigh Hunt; and to the general public he had merely been made known as a butt for the sarcastic and heavy-handed ridicule of Lockhart and Wilson. His short life seemed a failure, and he died a disappointed man. Yet now—one hundred years after the publication of his faulty and faltering first volume—Keats is commonly regarded as one of the very greatest of all poets in the English language and one of the very few important apostles to the modern world.

It is only in the domain of the drama that these drastic reversals of an adverse

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contemporary verdict are so rare as to seem almost absolutely negligible. As a general rule [but rules, of course, are always open to exceptions] it may safely be asserted that a playwright who has failed to please his own contemporaries can scarely hope to attract the patronage of posterity. The reason is, of course, that the drama is a democratic art. It succeeds or fails by a *plebiscite* of the immediate, untutored public, instead of by a vote delivered by the small but self-perpetuant minority composed of "those who know." A book may keep itself alive, if only a single printed copy chances to avoid the iniquity of sheer oblivion and happens, in some future century, to fall into the hands of an appreciative critic; but it is very difficult, at any time, to persuade a theatre-manager to reproduce a play that failed to interest the theatre-going public in the very year when it was first produced. The exercise of any art—as R. L. S. has told us—is nothing but the playing of a game; and the game of the dramatist is to interest the public of his time, assembled in the theatre of his time, in the predetermined antics of the actors of his time. The playwright—because of the conditions of his craft—is required to appeal to the immediate many, instead of the ultimate few; and his efforts to interest a helter-skelter audience must stand or fall by the democratic verdict of the public toward which he has directed his immediate appeal.

Such representative great dramatists as Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, and Ibsen, succeeded amply in attracting the applause of their immediate contemporaries and thereby laid the basis for the favour that has been bestowed upon them by succeeding generations. Their plays are still produced by commercial-minded managers, because the fact has been established that there is a public willing to patronise them. On the other hand, there is nothing—in the general domain of art—more difficult to resurrect than a play that once has died in the presence of a gathered audience.

Volumes and volumes of testimony might easily be drawn upon to support the thesis that dramatic art cannot appeal to the verdict of posterity; but one exception to this reasonable rule of criticism is obtruded by the plays of Alfred de Musset. This author was regarded justly in his life-time as one of the supreme triumvirate that led the renascence of French poetry in the first half of the nineteenth century; but he received no recognition whatsoever as a writer for the stage. It is only since his death that de Musset has been at all respected as a dramatist.

His career, in relation to the theatre, is so exceptional that it calls for recapitulation, at this moment when one of the least known of his pieces is being successfully presented in New York, at Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. Alfred de Musset was born in Paris in 1810. His first play, *La Nuit Vénitienne,* was offered at the Odéon in 1830, the very year of Victor Hugo's epoch-making *Hernani.* It will be noted that de Musset was, at that time, less than twenty-one years old. This fledgeling effort was a failure; and the author, disgusted with the theatre, refused thereafter to write pieces for the stage. This petulant renunciation reminds us now of Dante's famous phrase, "the great refusal;" for there is no longer any doubt that de Musset, if he had chosen to take the theatre seriously, might easily have rivalled the popularity of Hugo with the contemporary public. He continued to compose in the dramatic form, because of a necessity of his nature; but, instead of offering his pieces for production, he printed them successively in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* While Hugo was writing clap-trap melodramas, disguised as literature by the flowing garment of his gorgeous verse, de Musset was writing, in neat and nimble prose, fantastic comedies conceived in an unprecedented mood of witty and romantic playfulness. These pieces, as they appeared in print, were regarded by contemporary readers merely as vacationary exercises by a writer whose more serious medium was verse. The reading public tolerated

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these relaxations of a noble mind; but it never occurred to any critic that de Musset's printed comedies might possibly be actable. The author did not care. He hated *Hernani,* and despised the *Antony* of old Dumas; and he had a happy time composing little pieces for a theatre that existed only in his own imagination.

It was in 1833 that de Musset became involved in that famous affair with George Sand which has been satirised so cleverly by Mr. Philip Moeller in one of the most amusing plays of the current season in New York. Their trip to Italy took place in December of that year, and lasted till April, 1834, when de Musset returned to Paris. His final rupture with the famous female novelist took place in 1835. It was precisely at this period—and, for the most part, during the Italian tour—that de Musset wrote nearly all the comedies composed for the theatre of his dreams. Even as a closet-dramatist [if a critic of the living theatre can stoop to use that hated, self-defeating word], de Musset's work was finished for all time when he was scarcely twenty-six years old. It is only fair, in any posthumous appraisement, to remember that the comedies of Alfred de Musset were written not only for a non-existent theatre but written also by a young man in his early twenties.

The poet lived till 1857, when he was forty-seven years of age; and, before he died, the theatre of his time began to find him out. His one-act play, *Caprice* [which was presented in New York two years ago by the Washington Square Players], was the first of all his comedies since *La Nuit Vénitienne* that was acted in his life-time. It was first presented, far away from France, in the French theatre of Petrograd; and its success was so striking that the piece was soon re-imported to Paris by Madame Allan. This was in November, 1847,—nearly fifteen years after *Caprice* had been composed. Within the next four seasons, the poet witnessed the production of half a dozen of his other plays in Paris; and, subsequent to his death, his career as a contributor to the current theatre was continued. *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*—which has remained in the repertory of the Comédie Française—was first produced in 1861. *Barberine*—which is being acted in New York this season by the company of Le Vieux Colombier—was not presented for the first time till 1882,—nearly half a century later than the period in which it was composed.

The biography of *Barberine* is unique in the history of the theatre. This piece was written, in his early twenties, by a man who had retired from the theatre before the date of his majority and was almost totally unknown to his contemporaries as a dramatist. It was acted for the first time fifty years after it was written and twenty-five years after the author had been laid away in his resting grave. Yet now, in 1918—when de Musset, to count the ticking of the clock exactly, is one hundred and eighteen years of age—*Barberine* is pleasing many English-speaking people in a city half the world away from Paris. To students of the theatre, the record of this fragile, unpretentious play is more remarkable, in many ways, than that of *Hamlet.* That sickly little willow-wand in Père-Lachaise need no longer weep and wither: a wind is blowing from the west to cause its leaves to overturn their silver sides in a ripple of delighted laughter.

Barberine is delicately entertaining; and the appeal that it makes to the æsthetic sensibilities is representative of the appeal that is inherent in all the comedies composed by Alfred de Musset. Disdaining the theatre of his time, this poet understood more clearly than the celebrated author of the *Preface to "Cromwell"* the meaning and the method of the comedies of Shakespeare. Alone among all modern playwrights, he has recaptured and restored the magic atmosphere of the Forest of Arden,—an atmosphere which marries to identity the usually antithetic moods of loveliness and wit. He flutes a little melody upon a slender reed; but this music wakens

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echoes from an organ which resounds with the diapason of eternity.

The story of *Barberine* is suggestive of any of the hundred tales of Boccaccio, which date from a period when narrative was naïve and had not yet become self-conscious and sophisticated. Count Ulric is married to a perfect wife. A dashing, attractive, and self-conceited youth—Astolphe de Rosenberg—makes a bet with Ulric that he can seduce the latter's wife while her husband is away from home; and the laying of this wager is witnessed by the Queen of Hungary. The Baron Rosenberg goes to the castle of Count Ulric, secures admittance as a guest, and tries his arts against the Countess Barberine; but he is unexpectedly repulsed by the clever Countess and locked up in a room to which both food and water are denied except upon condition that Rosenberg shall devote his entire time, without remission, to the woman's work of spinning. In this ridiculous predicament, the incarcerated Baron is discovered ultimately by Count Ulric and by the gracious Queen of Hungary.

This is a story of the sort that—according to our modern standards—may be described as a tale intended to be written in words of one syllable. But the author has embroidered it with many interesting corollaries and has told it with an art that is reminiscent of that sudden and surprising wisdom which comes occasionally from the mouths of babes. The whole play is so child-like, yet so utterly delightful, that it makes us fumble for a reason to explain the purpose of the manifest complexity of the majority of modern dramas.

Most of de Musset's plays provoke a similar response. Their merit is so simple and so obvious that it remained unrecognised for half a century. It was deemed impracticable to expect a gathered public to enjoy a sort of day-dream that a poet had narrated to himself in a mood of self-enjoyment. The tardy and almost accidental discovery of the fact that the fantastic comedies of Alfred de Musset are stageworthy, after all, is an incident unparalleled in the whole history of dramatic literature.

Barberine is most effectively presented on the fluent stage of Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier; and it is owing to the interpretative activity of M. Jacques Copeau that I find myself indebted—in company with many other interested auditors—for a re-awakened interest in the dramaturgy of Alfred de Musset. A professional attendant of the theatre is required to waste so many, many evenings sitting through a senseless repetition of mere trash that it seems good at last to be reminded of a man who wrote those lovely lines,—

> Poète, prends ton luth et me donne un baiser;
> La fleur de l'églantier sent ses bourgeons éclore. . . . .

It is a long way from Parnassus to Times Square; and "backward to retrace the way"—as Virgil said—is difficult indeed. . . . But it is one of the miracles of New York that it is possible to listen to George M. Cohan and Alfred de Musset on two successive evenings.

To conclude this journalistic commentary, I can do no better than to offer a paraphrase of a passage written by Gustave Lanson, Professor in the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris:—

"The theatre of de Musset is exquisite, and of the purest romantic essence; it is lyrical without adulteration; and all the images that the imagination of the poet is pleased to create,—images of incidents and images of characters,—are nothing other than the exact representation of different states of sensibility that he himself has experienced. No preoccupation foreign to the sentimental drama of his own existence obtrudes itself to modify or complicate his theatre. He does not spur himself to resurrect historic epochs; he offers us neither archæological visions, like Hugo, nor lectures on history, like Dumas. He uses times and places according to his fantasy, to suit the image of his action to the sad or joyous semblance of his dream. He shows us a geography of revery: it is his dream of Germany, of Italy, of the eighteenth cen-

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tury, of the Renaissance, that he imagines, turn by turn, as the medium most suited to the immediate mood or recent crisis of his sensibility. By this means he generates an atmosphere of ideality, in which his transitory self seems more complete and more at home. . . .

"Excepting *Les Nuits* [the greatest of his lyric poems] de Musset has done nothing superior to half a dozen of his comedies. In the first place, the dramatic form purifies the lyric inspiration by reducing it to objectivity. Particularly when the theme is always love, an unimpeded lyricism becomes too easily annoying or tedious. Furthermore, de Musset is endowed precisely with those qualities to which the dramatic form is particularly advantageous. His theatre is exquisite because of the fine notation of states of sentiment entirely original and utterly precise: the author analyses himself, under different names, with a penetrant acuteness. . . .

"Alfred de Musset is gifted with the sense of dialogue; he sees his interlocutors as distinct people, and he manifestly hears the tone of each voice, the accent and the mannerism which indicate the position and the quality of each of the characters that he is dealing with. It is scarcely possible to conduct a dialogue with certitude without having, in some degree, the psychologic sense: and de Musset has it more than any other member of the great romantic movement. . . .

"The fantastic comedies of de Musset, —exquisite but natural, eccentric but firmly centred, sentimental but satirical, —more poetic than the comedies of Marivaux, less profound than the comedies of Shakespeare,—constitute a unique achievement in French literature,—dowered with a grace unprecedented and inimitable."

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THE MASQUE OF POETS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

OVERSEAS

In memory of
Alan Seeger
Killed in battle, Belloy-en-Santerre,
July 4, 1916.

Across the vexed, insuperable sea,
Afar, we call to him—alas, in vain!
No voice of passionate sweetness answers me,
No gallant hand waves back to us again.
Across relentless barriers of foam
With useless tears our longing eyes we strain,
And useless arms stretch forth to lure him home.

He will not come to us! Afar, heart high,
He fared to find fulfilment of his dreams.
Athirst for romance, beaconing destiny,
He sought what to fair youth the fairest seems.
Singing he went—song ever on his lips—
Bright Phosphor of clear poesy, whose beams
Still shine on us even in his star's eclipse.

Across the blue, the unreturning sea,
Afar, we call to him—alas, I hear
No more a voice that chants of liberty,
No song thrill out the springtime of the year!
No clarion call from desolate Champagne
Where roll red, ebbing battle-tides, or where
The trampled vineland lapses to the Aisne.

Silent the Meuse save for the cannon's roar,
The bugle's note, the skyplanes' winnowing hum;
Silent the reaches of the scarred north shore;
Silent the shell-swept trenches of the Somme;
Silent for evermore the lonely air
Of all that lyric sweetness, hushed and dumb,
Muted upon a hillside of Santerre.

Hostage of our land's honour, by red ways,
There on that bloody slope, 'neath flame-lit skies,
With the brave few he yielded his brief days
Battling for freedom's menaced liberties.
Glimpsing, no more, horizons of romance,
Nor love's bright paths, he turned stern, dying eyes
Towards the fire-rimmed, "the brave frontiers of France."

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Oh, not for him, earth's tranquil, pleasant way!
That fervent pulse which beat to life's desire,
Leapt to the call of arms without dismay.
No conscript of blind fate! Blithe heart afire
With passionate zeal, he gave his latest breath
As some enraptured martyr mounts the pyre
And happily goes singing to his death.

Spirit of flame and tears and tenderness!
Singer and soldier, debonair and gay!
Fond worshipper of earth's dear loveliness
From Orizaba's snows to far Calais!
Pilgrim of dreams! Knight-errant without fears!
Alas, Death vanquished, should have turned away
And spared thee to Life's utmost days and years.

Useless, this vain complaining of thy will,
O Lord of Death! Earth-born we bear our part—
All thine inexorable laws fulfil,
By thine appointed ways from earth depart.
What boots it thee, cold Death, that mute, alone,
Those ardent lips, that once intrepid heart,
Sleep now quite passionless and overthrown?

But oh, to us left all unsatisfied,
What solace can there be for evermore?
The fair fruition of his hopes denied,
His last sigh breathed upon a distant shore!
How comfort us?—except, despite war's toll,
Song has saved perfect from art's ravished store
The imperishable essence of his soul!

A PILGRIMAGE

I put off my smoke-dimmed garment,
I put on white for grey;
For I would go on pilgrimage
At the opening of the day;

To a nameless saint, whose altar
Is hidden I know not where,
To be healed of the heavy sickness
My soul like a cloak must wear.

The dull brown road before me
Like a fluttering pennon ran;
And the tingling dust in my nostrils
Smelled sweeter than roses can.

The wayside shrines were many—
But which was the one I sought?
One was of ancient branches
With murmuring leaves inwrought;

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One a sun-dazzled wheat field
  Where the wind made a shadow road
That rippled and wavered and beckoned,
  And in streams unchannelled flowed.

One lay where the moonlight-colour
  Of oats, green-silvered, shone;
And one where the purpling clover
  Close to my feet had grown.

But the brown road fled before me,
  And would not let me stay
To kneel at the shrines of the wayside,
  To lift up my heart and pray.

So who was the saint, I know not,
  Who quiet healing wrought;
For the road that had turned like a fancy,
  Lay straight as an iron thought:

Led back to my house of labour,
  To my garment of smoke-dimmed grey,
And home from my pilgrimaging
  At the closing of the day.

But lo! It was girdled with sunshine
  (O where was the miracle shrine?)
And my garment shone as the rainbow,
  And my heart sang aloud, for a sign!

THE FLOCK AT EVENING

Down from the rocky western steep
  Where now the sunset crumbles low
The shepherd draws his sun-drowsed sheep
  Ringed in a rosy glow;
Along the dusty leaf-hung lane,
Now blurred in shade, now bright again,
They trail in splendour, aureoled
And mystical in clouded gold.

As insubstantial as a dream
  They huddle homeward by my door,—
From what Theocritean stream
  Or what Thessalian shore?
What ancient air surrounds them still,
As though from some Arcadian hill
They shuffled through the afterglow
Across the fields of long ago?

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Is this the flock that Bion kept
  From straying by his reed-soft tunes
While the long ilex shadow crept
  Through ancient afternoons?
In some still Arethusan wood,
Ages agone, have they not stood
Wondering, circle-wise and mute,
Round some remote Sicilian flute?

I think that they have gazed across
  The dazzle of Ionian seas
From the green capes of Tenedos
  Or sea-washed Cyclades,
And loitered through the twilight down
The hills that gird some Attic town
Still shining in the early gloam
Beside the murmur of the foam.

What dream is this? I know the croft,
  Deep in this dale, where they were born;
I know their wind-swept hills aloft
  Among the rustling corn;
Yet while they glimmer slowly by
A younger earth, a fairer sky
Seem round them and they move sublime
Among the dews of dawning time.

CONCERNING "THE MASQUE OF POETS"

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

WHEN *The Masque of Poets* was first conceived, it seemed to me that it might fulfil a purpose in American literature by serving to define the quality of the best contemporary poetry as poetry, rather than as the literary production of writers whose work was sought by the public because of the personalities which produced it. This series of poems has been gathered in order to restore in some measure to our day that Elizabethan spirit of comradeship and friendly rivalry which produced poetry because it had to sing rather than because it sought the applause of its personal admirers.

Many of us are inclined to believe falsely that poetry, and the spirit which produces it, is a more sophisticated art than it was in the days of the Elizabethans. But I think that America today reflects very much the same spirit of adventurous seeking that England knew more than three centuries ago, and that this spirit will not find its happiest fulfilment till it becomes less personal in its consciousness of a public, and more disinterested in its practice as an art.

That the American poets who have contributed to *The Masque of Poets* are disinterested, is proven by their desire to remain anonymous when these poems were first published. Elizabethan poets sang out of pure joy and good fellowship, and the finest American achievements of the last decade have been born of similar joy and good fellowship. I

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should like to see American poetry published anonymously in such anthologies as this and left for judgment to the public irrespective of authors' signatures. That the authors of these poems now disclose their parenthood is in order that the public may satisfy itself that good work can receive acknowledgment and interested recognition for its own sake, as these poems have been welcomed during their serial appearance in THE BOOKMAN.

In *The Masque of Poets* many schools and many ideals now meet for the first time on common ground, and diverse points of view only serve to reveal the essential unity of inspiration behind what we are all trying to do. Much discussion has raged during the past three years or more as to whether what America is producing is new poetry or old poetry. The best solution that I can find is that it is just poetry. Magic, passion, and truth are what poets have always sought, and what all poets who are now sincere are still seeking. Interests change, as fashions change, but the stuff of poetry is always the same, and the circle which begins with the Greek Anthology is completed in Imagism, as the circle which begins with Crabbe and Ebenezer Jones is completed in the social poetry of America to-day. What is new in American poetry is fresh experience of life, and I find this as richly expressed in the traditional poetry of Anna Hempstead Branch as in the supposedly radical poetry of Amy Lowell. These statements should be platitudes, but they are so universally denied nowadays, that I suppose I should claim them as canons of "the new criticism." Be this as it may, the reader of this anthology will find herein whatever is most authentic and genuinely felt in contemporary American poetry.

I do not claim completeness for this series of poems, but I do claim that it is representative. I regret the absence of several contributors whose contributions to the spiritual life of our day have been notable, but the war has had a numbing effect on many minds, and in other cases poets have recently published volumes containing every manuscript that they cared to print.

Five years from now it would be interesting to repeat this experiment, and I think the results would prove that very little change had taken place in the substance of our poetry, though the manner of its weaving might be different. As this series now stands, I commend it to the public who are adventurers all in life as our poets are adventurers in art.

It only remains now to disclose the authorship of these poems, that the reader may confirm his speculations and gratify his pride by the recognition of his own previous critical acumen.

The titles of the poems and the authors' names follow below in the order of their publication in THE BOOKMAN, beginning with the issue of February, 1917:

February	The Return of Jeanne D'Arc. Grace Hazard Conkling.
	Moment Musicale. Bliss Carman.
	Shore Grass. Amy Lowell.
	The Ring and the Castle. Amy Lowell.
March	Near Yarmouth. John Gould Fletcher.
	Rooms. John Gould Fletcher.
	Nocturne of Remembered Spring. Conrad Aiken.
April	Far Up In the Mystery Hills. Vincent O'Sullivan.
	Clouds. Lincoln Colcord.
	Drumnotes. Carl Sandburg.
	Rainy Day. Vincent O'Sullivan.
May	Genevieve and Alexandra. Edwin Arlington Robinson.
June	Our Guardian Angels and Their Children. Vachel Lindsay.
	Alexandra. Sarah N. Cleghorn.
	Defeat. William Alexander Percy.
	Smells. Christopher Morley.
July	There Lived a Lady In Milan. William Rose Benét.
	Laggard. Margaret Widdemer.
	At Midnight. Sara Teasdale.
	Duo. Olive Tilford Dargan.
August	Llewellyn, Prince of Cambria. Charles Wharton Stork.
	Exiles. Vincent O'Sullivan.
	In Late Spring. Charles L. O'Donnell.

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September An April Sequence. Edward J. O'Brien.
Afternoon. Fannie Stearns Gifford.
To Butterfly. William Alexander Percy.
The Last Nurture. George Sterling.
He Sings Because His Wife Has Gone Out of the House. Vincent O'Sullivan.

October Calypso. Amelia Josephine Burr.
Fatherland. Olive Tilford Dargan.
The Embers Speak. Thomas Walsh.

November Preludes. Alfred Kreymborg.
Prayer Before Summer. Arthur Davison Ficke.
The Wet Woods. William Stanley Braithwaite.
A Chronicle. William Stanley Braithwaite.

December The Name. Anna Hempstead Branch.
Animals. Alfred Kreymborg.
Twenty Stars to Match His Face. William Stanley Braithwaite.
Chloe to Amaryllis. Lizette Woodworth Reese.

January Factory-Girl. Maxwell Bodenheim.
East Side Moving Picture Theatre—Sunday. Maxwell Bodenheim.
I Come and Go. Witter Bynner.
An Old Inn by the Sea. Odell Shepard.
The Plume. Abbie Farwell Brown.

February Overseas. Abbie Carter Goodloe.
A Pilgrimage. Nancy Barr Mavity.
The Flock at Evening. Odell Shepard.

CONTEMPORARY POETRY

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917, by William Stanley Braithwaite, and Other Recent Volumes of Poetry.*

It is now five years since Mr. Braithwaite has published in book form his annual summary of magazine poetry, which originally appeared as an autumn article in the Boston *Transcript*. Each year he has added to the scope of the anthology until the present volume contains over a hundred poems, selected not only from the leading magazines but from the entire field of periodical literature. Indeed Mr. Braithwaite errs on the side of democracy, extending his field to the latest and smallest magazine, which in several cases has suspended publication before the issue of his anthology. Even more catholic is the method followed in listing, at the end of the volume, the name of every poet who has published verse in any magazine printed in America during the past year, together with a list of his selections. Although I have given my entire time since 1900 to the study of modern poetry, I confess that Mr. Braithwaite's list of the poets who published verse in the magazines in 1917 is somewhat disconcerting to me, since there are over four hundred names there of which I have never heard, and this despite the fact that I rise up early and sit up late and eat the bread of sorrow in attempting to keep pace with them. Just why, for example, Mr. Braithwaite should give us numerous citations of verse by the Pupils of the St. John's Technical High School of Winnipeg, Canada, does not appear. What are these pupils to

*Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917, by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Renascence and Other Poems, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Elegy in Autumn, by Clinton Scollard. New York: Frederick Fairchild Sherman.

Lyrics from a Library, by Clinton Scollard. Portland: Thomas Bird Mosher.

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us or we to them that we should be expected to read of their juvenile effusions in a list of American magazines?

It is undoubtedly an arduous labour to list every poem by every poet in every magazine in America, but it is purely a clerical labour. Mr. Braithwaite could well delegate it to a subordinate, and has probably done so. What we expect of a critic is not an alphabetical list of the work of nearly nine hundred people, but a list of the work of the saving minority of that nine hundred, whatever it may be. If one hundred, or two hundred, poets have done creditable work during the year—and America is in an excellent way if that number be found—surely the work of the critic is to disengage this group and not to submerge it in a welter of names. Democracy may be the hope of Society, but discrimination is the hope of Art, and the best service that could be rendered to-day to American poetry, judging from such publications as the last volume of *Others,* would be a campaign of suppression. The true values must be emphasised, what is fine and beautiful and individual must be disengaged from what is vulgar and cheap. The public can well be trusted to do this. Art's final test is always given by the people, the critic is merely a little in advance. He should be the discoverer, but if he fail in this office, the people will eventually pronounce the correct judgment.

Personally, therefore, I must differ from Mr. Braithwaite in the main argument of his Introduction to the present anthology. He says, "The year 1916 witnessed the development of the present growth in American poetry to the point where a critical reaction will be fatal to its further progress." If this be true, then the sooner this reaction comes, the better. If American poetry is not composed of sterner stuff, if it is merely Dead Sea fruit which will go to ashes at a touch, then it does not deserve to survive. I cannot, however, accept this view of things. Our poetry, where it merits the name, is too wholesome and sound, too robust, indeed, to be affected permanently by any adverse criticism. A sincere poet who values his art more than his self-love, will profit by such criticism and re-examine his work in the light of it; whereas the poet who feeds upon sugared encomiums is already on the way to fatty degeneration. We should be sorry, for illustration, if Mahlon Leonard Fisher should accept as his due the words with which Mr. Braithwaite characterises him: "Mr. Fisher is unapproached as a sonneteer in contemporary American verse. His austerity, his elaborately carven phrases, his 'organ tones,' are Shakespeare's, Milton's, Wordsworth's, Keats's gifts to this American poet." When words are exhausted, when a mortal is measured with the gods, what possible growth can there be left to that poet, if he be so unwise as to believe it? American poetry stands in much more danger of inflated praise than of balanced, judicious, even negative, criticism.

When Mr. Braithwaite says in his Introduction, "The future of American poetry depends seriously upon the present and future quality of criticism" and adds, "I have the greatest faith that the quality of that criticism will be creative,"—the statement must be judged entirely by what Mr. Braithwaite means by "creative." If by it he means laudatory, not to say fulsome, it is quite as far from being creative as if it swung to the other extreme. A reaction always follows undue praise as it follows undue blame. To be affirmative in the truest sense, and therefore creative, criticism must be a matter of insight, of penetration into the lasting values of art, and that the true may be disengaged from the false, it must reject with the same reverence with which it accepts. Criticism, too, is a matter of divination, an intuitive sense of beauty and reality, no matter in what new guise they may present themselves. Who is equal to these things? Few in a generation, since, as Professor Spingarn well says, criticism in its highest function becomes creative through recognition, through

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an instantaneous response to what is fine, thus making genius and taste practically identical.

But if one cannot agree with Mr. Braithwaite's thesis upon criticism, this in nowise detracts from the interest attaching to the anthology proper, nor from the value of it as an annual presentation of American poetry. It has, indeed, become a book of so much value that if one challenges Mr. Braithwaite's editorial methods in listing all the poets who get into print, it is because of one's wish that his anthology may hold the place of influence that it has gained. Mr. Braithwaite has given to poetry a devoted, single-minded, unselfish service which all must appreciate, however they may differ from his opinions.

One finds in the anthology many poems of indifferent merit, but it is of greater moment that he finds so many of merit. Happy indeed would be the anthologist with whom everyone agreed! It is doubtful if Palgrave himself attained to this felicity. One-fifth of the poems carry the significance of the book, but that would be the case in any selection covering a similar field.

As a general characteristic, one notes the tendency to long poems, which, as far as magazine publication is concerned, belongs entirely to the present poetic revival. A few years ago, editors would have been inflexible in excluding poems to which they now give unrestricted space. In theory this is excellent, but in practice it is proving a doubtful blessing. When it gives a true poet a chance to express some conception which he is able to sustain, everyone must welcome it, but when it gives one unsure of his theme a chance to wander through dreary pages in pursuit of it, one is not so certain of its value.

The present narrative style tends to laxity of technique and an expansive analysis that, once it is started, tends to go of its own momentum. Even Edgar Lee Masters, the incisive, the caustic, has caught the infection, and his later work is showing a Browningesque diffuseness. This is never without Mr. Master's own keenness of psychology, nor without a power of its own, but Mr. Masters is so wholly himself when he *is* himself, that one deplores the tendency on his part to be otherwise. He is represented in the anthology by several selections of which the strongest is a monologue of Shakespeare, *To-morrow Is My Birthday*. This is Edgar Lee Masters and none other, as far as the philosophy of the poem is concerned. Sex as the motive power of life, sex as the creative power of art, sex as the light of the soul,—all this is in the poem, which ranges from passages brutally frank and altogether masculine, to passages of luminous beauty. Mr. Masters is a virile force in American poetry and a provocative thinker. It is not necessary to agree with him, it is much more stimulating now and then to meet our poets in a mental encounter.

For contrast of theme one could not do better than to turn to the *Eye-Witness,* by Ridgely Torrence. Here, from the lips of a tramp, we have a song of the great Love in which alone lies the hope of humanity. Ridgely Torrence is a voice crying in the wilderness. In the face of all outward events, of all seeming to the contrary, he goes on declaring Love as the eternal principle and insisting upon its application to every need of life. His three Negro plays have this truth as their inner motive and it animates his entire work. In the *Eye-Witness,* three tramps who have halted at sunset on the edge of a little wood by a railroad track, are listening to a fourth as he tells of a vision of Christ which came to him one winter night as, homeless, he "went suffering through the snow."

I found he was a roamer and a journey man,
Looking for a lodging since the night began.

He went to the doors but he didn't have the pay.
He went to the windows, then he went away.

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Says, "We'll walk together and we'll both be fed."
Says, "I will give you the 'other' bread."

Oh, the bread he gave and without money!
O drink, O fire, O burning honey!

It went all through me like a shining storm:
I saw inside me, it was light and warm.

I saw deep under and I saw above,
I saw the stars weighed down with love.

* * * * *

I looked around, and as close as touch
Was everybody that suffered much.

They reached out, there was darkness only;
They could not see us, they were lonely.

I saw the hearts that deaths took hold of,
With the wounds bare that were not told of;

Hearts with things in them making gashes;
Hearts that were choked with their dreams' ashes.

Good men wasting and trapped in hells;
Hurt lads shivering with the fare-thee-wells.

I saw them as if something bound them;
I stood there, but my heart went round them.

I begged him not to let me see them wasted.
Says, "Tell them then what you have tasted."

Told him I was weak as a rained-on bee;
Told him I was lost. Says, "Lean on Me."

Something happened then I could not tell,
But I knew I had the water for every hell.

Any other thing it was no use bringing;
They needed what the stars were singing.

What the whole sky sang like waves of light,
The tune that it danced to, day and night.

Oh, I listened to the sky for the tune to come;
The song seemed easy but I stood there dumb.

The stars could feel me reaching through them;
They let down light and drew me to them.

I stood in the sky in a light like day,
Drinking in the word that all things say.

Where the worlds hang growing in clustered shapes
Dripping the music like wine from grapes.

With "Love, Love, Love," above the pain,
The vine-like song with its wine-like rain.

Through heaven under heaven the song takes root
Of the turning, burning, deathless fruit.

Naturally in this, one is reminded of *The Everlasting Mercy,* but in reality the two are quite different. Masefield's hero, in those wonderful closing passages, sings his own deliverance from sin; Torrence's hero thinks only of giving to others what has come to him, of enveloping all the stricken and suffering in love. It is a poem of deep insight and significant as an indication of the way in which Mr. Torrence is turning to the common life for inspiration.

Among the other poems which stand out particularly in the Anthology are Sara Teasdale's *Songs Out of Sorrow,* written in a different vein from her other work, but with the same lyric beauty; *Overtones,* by William Alexander Percy; Amy Lowell's *Bather,* a striking bit of colour, and her long polyphonic poem, *Guns as Keys: And the Great Gate Swings.* This is a series of brilliant pictures; is, indeed, a brilliant production—but is it poetry? *Quien sabe?*

In addition to these poems, Hermann Hagedorn's impassioned *Ode of Dedication;* Eunice Tietjen's *Most Sacred Mountain,* one of her keenly cut *Profiles from China;* Aline Kilmer's naïve *Ambition;* Joyce Kilmer's whimsical *Blue Valentine;* Louis Untermeyer's fine poem, *The Wave,*—these are a few of the selections in the Anthology which have given me particular pleasure. A

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list of the books of verse published in 1917 and of articles pertaining to poetry, adds greatly to the reference value of the book.

Last month in speaking of the work of Orrick Johns, I was reminded of *The Lyric Year,* and the fact that it not only paved the way for subsequent anthologies, but presented one poem of remarkable imagination—*Renascence,* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. By a coincidence, Mr. Braithwaite who, in his annual anthology, may be said to be carrying on the tradition of *The Lyric Year,* was one of the judges of the earlier volume. *Renascence* did not get the prize, but it would be unjust to lay too much stress upon this fact since prizes have an immemorial habit of going to the wrong people. Now, however, after six years in which Miss Millay, who was a school girl when she wrote the poem, has been at college, studying and developing,—appears *Renascence and Other Poems.*

One almost fears to re-examine a poem which, six years ago, seemed not only individual but unique, lest the rapid changes in form and theme through which we have been passing should have rendered it out of date and robbed it of vitality. One is relieved to find that this is not the case. While the poem has naturally its immaturities, it remains a remarkable production not only for a girl of nineteen, but for anyone. *Interim,* though written later, shows more of youth and has less certainty of touch than *Renascence.* This is largely due to its form. It is written in the diffuse, conversational style so much affected of late, a style that permits instant transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous. Between pathos and bathos there is but a letter, a hair's-breadth, which it is almost impossible not to cross in a soliloquy of this sort. Yet, immediately following some passage of love or loss that William Archer would call "domestic," may come one of stark poignancy which shows how deeply, after all, this young poet can feel.

If we emphasise Miss Millay's youth, it is because it is so obviously the cause of whatever limitations her poems yet show. *Interim* was written, if I remember correctly, only two years after *Renascence.* In *Suicide* the touch is much more sure, though in individual passages *Interim* rises higher. All of these poems reveal a gift whose potentialities impress themselves constantly upon the reader. This is just as it should be. A first book should be rich in foretokens, it should hint of something beyond its fulfilment, and no one can read Miss Millay's volume without recognising the authentic poet.

Aside from *Renascence* itself, the most successful poems in the book are certain lyrics such as *When the Year Grows Old,* and the group of sonnets at the end of the book. Here Miss Millay has both simplicity and magic. She is quite herself: promise and performance are one. Let us show the quality of her book by one of these sonnets:

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;
The old snows melt from every mountainside,
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;
But last year's bitter loving must remain
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide!

There are a hundred places where I fear
To go,—so with his memory they brim!
And entering with relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot nor shone his face
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him!

The late autumn brought so many new volumes that one can do little more than give them a passing word. Two from the pen of Clinton Scollard are among the group, of which one, *An Elegy*

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in Autumn, bears the double interest of having been written as a memorial to Frank Dempster Sherman, whose collected work Mr. Scollard has recently edited, with an appreciative Introduction. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Scollard began their work in poetry at about the same time and brought out one of their early volumes in collaboration. Sherman's work was constantly appearing in the 90's and while it was never work of broad significance, it had the true lyric quality and delicate artistry. In his middle years his work at Columbia University absorbed him so that he wrote little, but he was always at heart the singer, and the friendship which had grown up between the two poets through early association in their common art, was sustained to the last and is adequately celebrated by Mr. Scollard in the quiet beauty of the *Elegy in Autumn.*

The other offering by Mr. Scollard is the Mosher edition of his *Lyrics From a Library* issued, in the *Lyra Americana* Series with all the charm of book-making that Mr. Mosher commands. These lyrics, which range from the celebration of a forgotten cavalier like John Cleveland to a tribute to one of his contemporaries, show the scholar's passion and the poet's joy. Mr. Scollard is particularly happy in seizing the picturesque quality in a personality and making it the theme of one of his songs, so that in reading these lyrics one comes again into intimate touch not only with the noble and approved singers, but with the lovable and irresponsible folk who have given charm to poetry. Mr. Scollard has, too, the sensitive feeling for literature that discovers excellencies and penetrates to the intrinsic quality in the work of the one whom he celebrates. One stands in the little Temple-Close by the grave of Goldsmith, repeating the lines:

'Twas his unconscious part
To touch the human heart
With a fine feeling that is more than art,

or casts a line in Itchen stream with Izaak Walton, or gathers daffodils with Herrick. As we have room, however, for only one poem from the book, let it be, as befits war-time, these lines to a forgotten singer, Grenville Mellen:

Poet that livest in a single line,—
"Above the fight the lonely bugle grieves,"—
About thy grave on cloud-encompassed eves
The banded winds in consonance combine
To breathe forth battle-strains;—a fitting shrine
For such impassioned utterance!—the leaves
Falling the while, and sad autumnal sheaves
Against the sunset etched in weird design.

There is the pathos of all mourning airs,
And of the fading pageant of the year,
In unfulfilled ambition such as thine;
And yet thy brow one leaf of laurel wears;
Niggard of favour is the Muse austere,
Poet that livest in a single line!

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NEW YORK'S YIDDISH WRITERS

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

STRANGELY enough, it has long been a question to many, not alone whether the modern Jews have any literature, but whether Yiddish itself is a language. Many have been the prophecies which predicted the immediate extinction of the tongue, and yet, like the fabled Phoenix of old, it has risen new-born from its own ashes. Let prophets deal in futures—and it must be admitted that from certain signs familiar to students of linguistic evolution Yiddish would seem to be eventually doomed—the fact remains that to-day it is enjoying what amounts practically to a renaissance. And the question whether modern Jews have a literature is settled by a reading of the works themselves.

To Americans it is of added interest to learn that the latest phase of this renaissance has taken place almost entirely in New York, which, since the beginning of the European war, has fairly wrested from Warsaw the position of literary capital of the Jews. And thus, in a metropolis which contains nations within a nation, is born a literature within a literature.

The one thing that must strike even the superficial observer of Yiddish literature in New York is the fact that it rises almost wholly from the radical movements. Take up anything by Pinski, Asch, Raisin, Kobrin or Libin, for instance. You are immediately made aware of a revolutionary outlook upon life. There is an atmosphere of frustrated hope, crushing disillusionment, overwork that blunts the finer instincts, tenement life that saps the bodily strength. There is humour, too; a humour which is all too often the grin of the skull's teeth, yet which has its less ironic moments, and at its best can produce such a figure as the late Sholom Aleichem, long known and revered as the Yiddish Mark Twain.

This revolutionary strain is, of course, in line with the foundations of Yiddish literature, which from its beginning has been forced to be in large measure a literature of propaganda and of enlightenment. The great Isaac Leib Perez, who was one of the most significant of nineteenth century writers in any tongue, outside of his generally worthless dramas fused this propaganda element with the highest type of pure artistry. His successors rise to uncommon worth in just the proportion in which their art triumphs over their propaganda.

As to the drama, here we deal with an evolution more rapid and more complex. Yiddish drama, speaking from the standpoint of actual stage production, is but little over forty years old. It began in 1876, in Roumania, with Abraham Goldfaden, came to Russia two years later, was there stifled by official decree in 1883, and soon found its way to New York, where it has flourished ever since through various phases of achievement. Beginning in Roumania with the operettas of Goldfaden, in America the stage underwent a realistic reaction, at the head of which towered Jacob Gordin. Gordin, mainly concerned with the problem play, ransacked the world's library for subjects. He adapted Shakespeare, Ibsen, Goethe, Hebbel, Ostrovsky, and who not else, and the pendulum of realistic reaction swung often to the extreme of naturalism and grotesquerie. Gordin, like Goldfaden, left a tradition, but both were soon to be surpassed by a master who was to bring Yiddish drama into the light of universal literature. This David Pinski has but lately accomplished with his *The Treasure,* recently characterised by Professor Baker of Harvard as one of the greatest dramatic products of the twentieth century.

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Yet the Yiddish stage, despite the fact that it has produced its greatest dramatists only yesterday, as it were (both Goldfaden and Gordin, like Sholom Aleichem, died in New York) is already, despite its financial successes, next door to extinction. That same spreading of secular education, that same melting-pot influence which has taken its best clientèle away to the Gentile theatres, will perhaps one day withdraw from Yiddish literature, too, that intelligent public which alone can call forth and reward an author's worthiest efforts.

That such a literature, with all its internal and external drawbacks should in so short a time have produced a Perez, a Pinski, an Asch, is nothing less than remarkable. New York to-day holds a group of writers who, did they write in English, would easily stand beside the best we can show, and in several instances rise above.

At their head stand David Pinski and Sholom Asch. The first represents what is most artistic in his people's literary development; the second, that which is most vigorously effective. The first is the soul of modern Israel; the second its body. They are complementary personalities; each at times reveals in his work those elements which are more characteristic of the other; to know the modern Jew one must read both.

Pinski was born in Mohliv, Russia, forty-five years ago. Like so many youths of the day, he was destined to the career of a rabbi, and at the age of ten was a recognised Talmudist. Again like so many youths, he yearned for a broader life, and was early attracted to writing. It was not until he had reached his seventeenth year that he decided definitely to abandon Hebrew and Russian as literary media, and to write thenceforth in Yiddish. His early successes were achieved in the field of the short story; he has, in fact, been called by his nation's critics the discoverer of the Yiddish proletariat in fiction. Various vicissitudes brought him soon to Berlin, where he studied philosophy and literature, and made the acquaintance of Germany's foremost literary lights. It was here, under their influence, that he wrote his first significant drama, *Isaac Sheftel,* in 1899,—a powerful study of the soul of a Jewish worker, whose deep vision is so far beyond his stunted mental powers that he is at last driven to suicide. Here at the very outset of his dramatic career Pinski reveals the artistry that has only lately won him universal recognition. There is not a word of propaganda in the play, great as the temptation must have been to include anti-capitalist tirades. Isaac Sheftel rises into a world-wide symbol. He is man's better self in combat with the crass materialism of life; he is our intuition of greater glories baffled by the limitations of our present intelligence.

Pinski's reputation was now so widespread among the Jews that he was invited to become an editor upon a New York radical weekly. He accepted, not so much for the position, as for the fact that New York then possessed the only real Yiddish stage, and he felt that here was an opportunity to have *Isaac Sheftel* produced. But he reckoned without the managers; this gentry refused even to look at the manuscript, because, forsooth, it was written in three acts! And is it not the first commandment of the Yiddish theatre that all plays must be written in four? From that time on Pinski has gone his own way. All his plays, except *Isaac Sheftel,* have thus been written in New York. They are the logical offspring of his ideals, written with an artistry hitherto foreign to the Yiddish drama; at their best they leap across the borders of the pale and take their place beside what is most significant in universal drama.

Thus, his *Zwie Family,* finished in 1904 upon the day for which his "Ph.D." examination was set at Columbia University, is far more than a mere pogrom-drama, for which superficial readers have mistaken it. The figure of Moses Zwie, the old grandfather, last of the pious Jews, who sees in his son and his three grandsons the disintegration of the Jewish race, is likewise something

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more than a mere patriarch that has outlived his days. Old Zwie becomes a human symbol, a sort of Yiddish Brand, and the play depicts the world-struggle between the Old and the New. *The Zwie Family* was accepted for production at the Moscow Art Theatre by Stanislavksy, but was forbidden by the censor. What are human symbols to censors, when the mention of pogroms can place Russian officialdom—now happily overthrown—in an unenviable light? Societies for the production of the *Zwie Family* sprang into existence all over Russia, and the play had to be smuggled into the country, as its production was a criminal offence. It is interesting to know that Pinski never took his Ph.D. examination.

As playwright Pinski, even in his symbolic plays, belongs to the realistic school. He builds from character, and conventional situations, climaxes, and so forth, are meaningless to him unless they germinate from the inner soul of his men and women. Hence his *The Treasure,* written in 1906 and produced in a German version in 1910 by Max Reinhardt at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, is a masterly satire upon the power of wealth, real or imaginary, with a mystic epilogue that rises most naturally from the action that precedes. In general, his work may be divided into three manners: the plays inspired by proletarian and domestic problems, his sex dramas, and his biblical plays. Of the first, *Isaac Sheftel* is the chief representative; the one-act *Forgotten Souls* has been hailed by Professor Burton as a masterpiece; of the second, *Gabriel and the Women* (comparable in some respects to Shaw's *Candida* and Ibsen's *Lady of the Sea*) and *Mary Magdalene,* which is an entirely original and unconventional treatment of the theme, in which Mary symbolises woman's will to power. In respect of humour and passion, psychological insight and the suggestion of fascination, Pinski in this play surpasses both Paul Heyse and Maurice Maeterlinck's treatment of the same figure. The biblical plays are biblical in suggestion only; they deal with live men and women who are kin to us and our day. *The Wives of King David* is a beautiful series of one-act plays, five in all. *The Dumb Messiah,* one of a group of dramas founded upon the Messianic idea, is a masterpiece of colour, movement and poetic fire. Here, too, the figure of Menachem Penini, whose dream that he is the Messiah is finally wrecked, with the result that he jumps from a high cliff into the ocean, becomes a symbol of human disillusionment. It is almost incredible that a masterpiece of such deep appeal should have been written at high emotional pressure in four days.

Pinski, at his best, writes a Yiddish prose that is his own discovery: a limpid, crystalline, melodious line that rivals the flow of a Maeterlinck, a Yeats or a Dunsany. His latest piece, *Little Heroes,* a one-act playlet of the present war in which the oldest character is but fourteen and the youngest ten, is one of the most touching artistic products of the conflict. Its tender humanity would have warmed the heart of Dickens; those same angels who, in their lighter moments, have been said to sing Gilbert and Sullivan in the heavens, would read *Little Heroes* to the cherubim. Pinski is still a young man, and his best work may lie yet in the future.

Sholom Asch is some seven or eight years younger than Pinski. Unlike the latter, he has been a resident of New York only since the war, and was one of the arrivals that helped swing the Yiddish literary centre of gravity from Warsaw to New York. Again unlike Pinski, who is a Socialist and Jewish nationalist, Asch is an individualist. Russian by birth, he is by predilection cosmopolitan. At the age of twenty-four he started his literary career with flying colours, with his drama *Returned* and his *The Town,* a series of pictures of Jewish life which may, in some respects, be likened to Phillpotts's charming *Widecombe Fair.*

Asch has been hailed as the successor of Perez, but despite a positive flair for the melodramatic, the theatrical, the ef-

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fective, he has not cultivated, as yet, the vision and the art of the genius who fostered him. Asch, perhaps the most popular of living Yiddish writers, has done much to earn that popularity. He is at times inclined, however, to be guided by, rather than to guide, his readers. A writer of undoubted power, humour, pathos, he is so prolific, and his work is in such demand, that he shirks the sterner dictates of adequate planning and technical mastery. Yet more than one of his earlier short stories, which have earned him the sobriquet "the Yiddish Maupassant," is a masterpiece in its kind. At his best he is unsurpassed as a story-teller; one feels, and feels strongly, positively, that he is much better than he sometimes cares to write himself down. His intense *God of Vengeance,* produced in German by Max Reinhardt in 1910, at the Deutsches Theatre, is a drama that presents the terrible retribution visited upon parents who keep a brothel into which their own daughter is at last ensnared, despite the pious gifts with which they had hoped to buy their child's purity as a compensation for their evil life. The crushing power of the final scene, where the father thrusts his daughter into the cellar with the rest of his prostitutes, is as undeniable as it is revolting. *Jepthah's Daughter,* a symbolic play upon the theme of sex, is remarkable for its Dyonisiac frankness —a theme, moreover, which is treated by Yiddish writers with far greater freedom than would be permitted to their American confrères. The play has beauty, poetry and elemental power. It is surpassed, however, by the one-act *The Sinner,* where the symbolism, though a little less clear at first, is united to a plot where there is less insistence upon mere sex and more upon the age-old struggle between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The latter theme is one which has fascinated—and naturally, more than one of the Yiddish writers. Asch has treated it again in *With the Current* and *Our Faith.* He is not afraid to adopt an unorthodox standpoint. His latest play (excepting the recent dramatisation of his novel *Mottke the Scamp*) is *A String of Pearls,* in which the purity of the Yiddish race is framed against a background, neutral in tone, of the present war.

It is natural that Asch should have been accused of eroticism, yet it should be constantly borne in mind that the Yiddish public will listen to and read, without hiding it, much of what the American public would affect not to care for, only to read it surreptitiously. The racial sense of humour is so strong, so elemental, often so Rabelaisian, let us say, that what to outsiders would appear a question of morality is really nothing but a problem in humour. At other times the presentation of certain scenes is an artistic obligation which the author cannot shirk. Thus, in Asch's *Mottke the Scamp,* which ran serially in the columns of the New York *Forward,* the world's largest Yiddish daily, and was afterward published in book form, achieving an enormous sale, there are certain passages to which Comstockian readers would certainly object strongly in an English version. And yet, the story of Mottke's progress, or retrogression, from his birth in the cellar so common to Jewish fiction, to his final imprisonment for self-confessed murder, demands those scenes and is spoiled without them. American squeamishness and hyper-puritanism have much to profit from Yiddish fiction and Asch's healthy elementalism in particular.

Perhaps better even than *Mottke the Vagabond,* which is the title of the novel in its English translation, are Asch's two older novels *Meri* and *The Road to Self,* which present, in a wealth of colour, passion and frequent pages of consummate artistry, the epic of the revolutionary and Zionistic movement among the young Jews of Russia in the crucial days of 1905.

The works of Abraham Raisin, who was recently accorded a Jubilee at Carnegie Hall, in honour of his twenty-five years' service to Yiddish literature, run to twelve solid volumes of poems, tales and an occasional play. His style is so

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simple, so unaffected, that at first one is misled into believing there is little behind it. He has been compared, by his admirers, to Tchekov, for just this simplicity, this readiness to forsake the easier field of sharply marked climaxes for the story that often has no real ending—an unframed picture, as it were. None knows better than Raisin the soul of the wanderer; he is himself a Jewish Bohemian. The Jewish reader, moreover, is not so insistent as the American upon a rising climax in his tales, and many of Raisin's stories are in reality fine genre pictures: snap-shots from life, flashlights of character, related with a minimum of words and a maximum of effect. He appeals to people in their quieter, more contemplative moods, even as his work has itself blossomed from reflection rather than action. His poetry has at times so well spoken for his people that some of his verse is a national possession.

Although Perez Hirschbein left New York a few months ago for a circuitous journey to Russia, a few words should be said here for the conscientious artistry of this writer. He is about the same age as Asch. Although some of his work is spoiled by an overinsistence upon symbolism, which he imbibed from the French, and much of his drama is too poetic to endure before the footlights, he is a highly successful seeker after beauty and truth. The five volumes of his plays published in 1916, containing twenty-six of his dramatic works, and representing, incidentally,, some of the best bookmaking that has yet appeared with a Yiddish imprint, hold between their covers much that should be known in English.

None of the preceding writers has devoted much attention to Yiddish life in America; Pinski says that the psychological types which he prefers do not abound among the Jews on this side of the water; Asch does not yet know America well enough. It has been left to Leon Kobrin and Zalmon Libin to write the drama and comedy of the East Side. Libin, who early made a name for himself as a writer of powerful sketches, and has been called "the O. Henry of the East Side," knows the trials of the immigrant as few of his people do; he has lived through all he writes; he is, in fact, largely autobiographical. To read the tales of Kobrin and Libin, indeed, is to peruse the best Badaeker to the East Side that one could desire. Of the two Kobrin is the psychologist and Libin the anatomist, as it were. One sees the effect upon the immigrant's mind of his new environment—follows it in its various stages, chronicles it with minute detail; the other catches its more external, yet none the less essential aspects, and endears himself to his race by his faithful transcript of their daily trials. Of late, however, Libin has abandoned his natural field for the more lucrative writing of theatrical thrillers. Although he has been mentioned as the compromiser, on the stage, between the purely literary drama and popular trash, there is altogether too little literature in the compromise. Libin makes his living from his plays; he will live through his tales.

As dramatist Kobrin began by collaborating with Jacob Gordin. He has been identified with the fight of the better playwrights against managerial tyranny, and dramas like *Israel's Hope* and *Children of Nature* (which was lately produced with much success, in a Russian version, at the Moscow Art Theatre) rise far above the average pieces that draw East Side audiences.

Of those who are concerned exclusively with poetry, and whose work, from the very nature of the medium they employ, suffers most by translation, there lacks space to treat adequately. I should like to call attention to the neglect, in our tongue, of such a spirit as Yehoash (Sol Bloomgarden). Yiddish already has its school of "young" poets, too. The poetic consciousness of the race cannot help being strongly stimulated by the recent appearance, in two large, splendid volumes, of Bassin's anthology, entitled *Five Hundred Years of Yiddish Poetry*. For Yiddish poetry dates back to 1410.

The "young" literary group as a whole reveals that same restlessness and grop-

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ing as characterises the youthful Americans. Youth is youth, whatever the tongue. It is highly significant, too, that Noah Steinberg's volume of criticism of the "young" spirits is called *Young America*. For the new group of Yiddish writers writes not only in, but on and of America.

What the effect of the recent Russian revolution will be upon Yiddish literature in New York is hard to tell. At the end of the war there may be a literary exodus to the old country; the removal of restrictions against the Jews, and freedom to use their latent powers in a country which they have never ceased to love may betoken new things for Yiddish literature abroad. Perhaps Warsaw will yet be the capital of Jewish letters once again. With the brightening of hopes for Zion may come an era of Yiddish letters for which the present renaissance may be but a preparation. If America would understand its great population of Jews, nothing could lead to such an understanding better than a knowledge of New York's Yiddish writers.

ACTION AND THE STORY

SOME CURRENT INSTANCES*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

READERS of this department may have noticed that it uses the words "story" and "story-telling" oftener than "novel" or "fiction." To one reader, at least, this usage has seemed frivolous; he appears to have felt that the simpler terms have less dignity and meaning than the others. I feel quite the other way about it. A "fiction," strictly speaking, is something that is not fact—whether it is contrary to it or aside from it. It need not possess any distinguishable form or meaning; and indeed we have come to use the word as covering any sort of narrative that is not a literal record of fact. So with the word "novel": it was a good little word once upon a time, it meant something to Boccaccio, for instance; but what more is it now than a handy label, which we tack to any sort of extended prose narrative, any tract or treatise or "slice of life" product, that may choose to usurp the form of a story? We tack it also to the real stories: the point is that the story *is* the real thing. And I think there is little doubt in our minds, when we stop befuddling them with ambiguous terms, as to what a good story is. It *tells* something, in two senses: it has an action and it has a meaning. And these two things hang together, cannot be torn apart. Every good story bids us share an adventure—an adventure complete and intelligible, beginning somewhere and ending somewhere, whether in the world of facts ("realism") or in the world of dreams ("romance"); or, as is vastly more common, partly in one world and partly in the other. As for "ideas,"

*The Ivory Tower. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Sense of the Past. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Change of Air. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Enlightenment of Paulina. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Three's a Crowd: An Anglo-American Comedy. By William Caine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Sentiment. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Miss Million's Maid. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Ladies Must Live. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company.

Unconquered. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Shining Heights. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: John Lane Company.

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every good story-teller is, willy-nilly, an interpreter; and the goodness of his story depends chiefly on how nearly he succeeds in embodying that interpretation in the action—or, we may even say, on how nearly he succeeds in concealing it within the action. The greatest story-tellers, or, if you will, novelists, have felt the primary importance of the story as action. We have before us an illustration of how true this was in what may seem an unlikely quarter. The two unfinished posthumous novels of Henry James are far less interesting for their five-hundred-odd pages of text than for the hundred and fifty pages of "Notes" appended to them. In fact, what we have here in each instance is one fine long continuous or at least connected monologue (dictated, according to James's later habit) which lets us into the secret of the artist's larger process as a maker of stories. From beginning to end the one thing that impresses us is the unwearied ardour with which he strives for perfection of structure, for a close-knit dramatic action—for the story—as the one great object of his effort. It is the story he is after, the bone and sinew of the thing; and all that elaborate expression which marked and often obscured the finished product, was a matter of more or less unlucky predestination with him. It was a natural and easy, if in later years increasingly clumsy lingo that he spoke. He uses it in these notes, speaking to himself. Henry James's style was not an affectation, but a disease, a trivial but too visible complaint that made us blind to the true health that was in him. That was a delicious caricature Wells made of him in the *Boon* volume as Mr. Blandish, "going delicately through life," with murmurs of "Oh, no! oh, no! But *yes!* and *This is it!*" There is a good deal of that kind of ejaculation in these "Notes": the enlightening thing is that they have to do with major matters, matters of shape and balance and force and dramatic conciseness. Yes, conciseness. Instead of as a thin idea, spread out and padded and elaborated to the utmost, he sees his work always as an action crowded with meaning: "I seem to see already," he exults, "how my action, however tightly packed down, will strain my ten books, most blessedly, to cracking. That is exactly what I want, the tight packing and the beautifully audible cracking!"

Each of these stories, as happened, was planned and in some way begun a number of years before the present draft was undertaken. *The Ivory Tower* has a modern socio-psychological action, involving matters of property and social position, and mainly set in Newport, Lenox, and Fifth Avenue. James was at work on this when the war broke out, and paralysed his hand. For at one stroke it makes a mockery of the refined civilisation in which his fastidious intelligence had been at home. He could not go on with his tale of a modern world which was suddenly in pieces. This left him one resource—the world of dreams, of remote illusion and phantasm. This also was a world of his; and he presently took up the story which he planned to call *The Sense of the Past* and pushed on with it, full as always of enthusiasm and confidence, until his last illness put an end to it and him. It is a long story, rather consciously set in the mood and key of that earlier masterpiece *The Turn of the Screw.* The four books that were finished have all the niggling verbosity of James's "later manner;" there is a touch of pathos in his frequently expressed determination that there shall be no superfluous phrase, word, or letter in the narrative to hamper its flow or meaning. His "packed and calculated closeness" of design, he realises, demands a sure hand: "Keep this closeness up to the notch while admirably animating it, and I do what I should be simply sickened to death *not* to! Of course it means the absolutely exclusive *economic* existence and situation of every sentence and every letter—; but again what is that but the most desirable of beauties in *itself?*" Alas, poor Yorick! What he asked of his expres-

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sion, at all events, was that it keep out of the way of his action—his story. He may have asked in vain; but there is no question about his intention.

The other books that have interested me most this month seem to have very little in common, except this main thing; they are all (with a single exception) primarily stories, and good stories in their kind. Since I have started from Henry James, the easiest transition would be by way of Mrs. Gerould's *Change of Air*. Like those women story-tellers, Edith Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the two Americans, for whom alone (rather quaintly), James found it possible to say a good word, Mrs. Gerould belongs more to his "school" than to any other. Sophistication is the thing: our business, in this company, or at least our point of view, is always that of the Jacobite "better sort," the elect and the recondite. Subtlety is our hunt, and not a plain tale of men and things. So much the better for those of us who like variety. By action, of course, no critic means "something doing" every moment, in the visible or physical sense—"a thrill on every page." What he wants—what every reader wants, consciously or unconsciously, is the starting from somewhere and getting somewhere; and a mental or spiritual or even æsthetic action will do very well if it is sufficiently humanised. *A Change of Air* takes the form of a series of episodes springing from an initial situation. Fat, mystical, middle-aged Cordelia Wheaton determines to rid herself of her fortune and to retire for good to some seat of holiness in the Far East. Therefore, she summons all those not very well-off relatives and friends whom she has intended to remember in her will and gives them their windfalls on the spot, keeping a pittance for herself. This is a story of consequences, showing how each of the astonished beneficiaries is affected by his or her change of circumstance. Mrs. Gerould does not incline to the pretty view of things. Only two of these persons, whom we are to take as average citizens, stand the test. The final "showdown" comes when poor Cordelia loses all the tiny capital she has kept, and is thrown upon the hands of those she has befriended. All of them, save the two, are inclined to quibble and find excuses, whereupon, after they have had their chance to be decent, the faded bachelor, Walter Leaven, sends them about their business and undertakes to look out for Cordelia single-handed. To him we owe the story's rescue from bitter comedy to a finale of exquisite romance. Leaven has loved Cordelia once, in her youth and slenderness, and has never loved anyone else. Passion has died with his own youth; but even in the physical obesity and mental fogginess of her age, she somehow still contains romance for him—all the romance he has known. His care of her in her fading days, her mute response, are unmarred by surface sentimentalism. Great tenderness and beauty are in the final picture of his mind and heart, as he watches the dying woman: "It came to him, with a slow insistent rush of conviction, that he himself was still in Cordelia's debt. Nothing he had done for her in this season of slow dying could equal the beauty of her complete abandoning of herself to his care. . . . "And at the end a final offering presents itself, an abandonment on his part which shall in part discharge the debt." It is his figure, treading devotedly toward its goal of self-realisation through self-devotion, that makes a story out of what might otherwise have been a mere group of satirical episodes.

The Enlightenment of Paulina, also, is a story of the graver sort: its action is primarily spiritual, not physical, though the external "plot" is by no means lacking in interest. Least of all is it such a novel as the title would suggest—a love-story of the fluffy, saccharine, made-by-woman-about-woman-for-woman order. It is a story of character and destiny and deals (therefore, shall we say?) with both worlds—the world of fact and the world of dream. It begins with an altogether uncompromising portrait of

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Paulina in the selfishness and spiritual squalor of her young womanhood. Her relations with the dull husband she has married for his money, are described with rather more than the customary frankness of the modern novelist. She gives him nothing, and he goes to the dogs for her, and she sees him jailed with thankfulness and sets out to make a new fortune of some kind. For the moment, she chooses to visit a friend of her mother in the South, where she is welcomed as "Pauline Selden's child," and becomes a member of the typical little Southern community that goes by the name of Middleborough. It is a proud and complacent little town, but full of Southern charm and hospitality. Paulina's hosts, the Taliaferros, are of the chosen, and they are a delightful family in their own right. They know the truth about her husband, but agree that she shall pass for a widow. She thinks, however, that the one person in Middleborough who comes to mean everything to her, is in the secret. This is a clergyman named Fellows, a widower of long standing, and a man of warm human qualities as well as high spiritual endowment. Through association with him and the good Taliaferros, Paulina's selfish nature undergoes a change; and to the happy bloom of the new Paulina poor Fellows presently succumbs. Then the catastrophe: he declares his love; and Paulina, in the moment of her full response, discovers that he has not known her estate, has thought her a widow after all. So her old world, the world she has striven to make a setting for her personal happiness, tumbles about her ears. Not so with the new world of sound feeling and generous conduct, to the threshold of which friendship and love have led her. We leave her awkwardly but not hopelessly trying her half-fledged wings. A story of original flavour and of sincere and varied characterisation: to many readers the girl Clyde Taliaferro, who has her own road to find, will come near stealing the scene, for a time at least, from the titular heroine.

Three's a Crowd is also a story of original accent and varied substance. The author employs the familiar manner now discredited by sticklers for the rules of the game. It may be very wrong theoretically for a story-teller to permit his own personality and opinions to intrude; but the fact is, most of us do not feel that it is intrusion. The method that was good enough for Thackeray and Trollope and De Morgan continues to be good enough for their successors, when they are big enough to handle it. The author of *Three's a Crowd* is hardly (on the evidence of this story) a big writer, but he is big enough in personality to make us enjoy seeing the little world of his tale through his eyes. That, of course, is what we really do in any case: the point of etiquette turns simply on the question as to whether the novelist ought to make the fact as inconspicuous as possible. This story-teller does not think so. When he feels like breaking the even flow of his narrative to comment on the action, or to tell us, in an aside from the author's box, what is going to happen next, he is simply taking us into his confidence; and I, for one, feel that it is rather pleasant of him. Not the less so for his slily keeping up his sleeve nothing less than the main outcome of the action. His opening situation and his dry and satirical manner prepare us for one of those marriage-demolishing documents of which current fiction has to be so productive: e.g., the works of Messrs. Galsworthy and George. A little later we seem to be in for a fresh exhibit in the time-honoured case of man versus his mother-in-law. Then a very promising triangular problem seems to be shaping. Only toward the end do we become aware, beyond peradventure, that if this is any sort of document or exhibit, it is in favour of good, honest, wedded love, wrought, as it so commonly is, out of the most unlikely materials. The marriage between George Marsh, the very British painter, and Doll Brackett, the very American beauty and spoiled child, is, on general principles,

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preposterous. Marsh is an honest and "coming" young artist, bent upon doing his best work and living upon the decent but modest scale his income warrants, until there shall be a better income. Doll is the shockingly coddled daughter of a foolish mother, who dotes on her as a private possession upon which she may lavish her morbid fondness for beautiful toys—her "Doll-That-Has-Come-Alive." That is the character in which she values her daughter, and she has no intention that marriage shall snatch her doll away from her. She lets Doll have George, because Doll has asked for him. By giving her a large allowance, however, she maintains the bond between them, and gets in the thin end of the wedge that is to pry away George altogether in time—or so she thinks. For Mrs. Brackett soon hates him, and persuades poor Doll that *she* hates him; and what with the triangular gentleman at hand, and George's determination to remain solvent, and the mother-in-law's forthcoming insolvency, we have a pretty kettle of fish. As I say, it all "comes out right" in the end, and mighty glad we are. For the rejoicing of that old Adam in us which we call righteous indignation, this story-teller has the delightful Trollopean knack of subjecting his chief characters for a time to the malice and tyranny of a perfectly intolerable female, and then permitting them to give her what-for. Everything is done and said to Mrs. Brackett, before the end, that we have been wishing might be said and done.

The subtitle classifies this book as "an Anglo-American comedy," and as such we may accept it, taking the abused word comedy in no mean sense. It rings true and sweet beside the pseudo-romance and thin satire of Vincent O'Sullivan's *Sentiment*. I may be permitted to quote what I have said of this book elsewhere, as I think of no better way of saying it: "An English critic has given Mr. O'Sullivan place among 'the first twenty American novelists.' It appears that Mr. O'Sullivan was born in America, but his twenty years of English breeding have placed him definitely with a British group of sardonic realists, of whom Mr. John Cowper Powys and Mr. Louis Wilkinson are prominent members. Mockery is their forte, mockery of usages, of philosophies, of faiths—particularly, of course, the faith which is called love. In *The Good Girl,* Mr. O'Sullivan did present one pure unselfish passion, enshrined, as it were, amid the paltriness and frivolity and selfishness that marked all the other human relations registered in the book. It was, of course, an unhappy passion, a love, from its very purity, destined to be squandered if not altogether wasted in a world where, we gather, sex as a rule means either lust or boredom. In *Sentiment* we are vouchsafed no saving draught of honest feeling. We are to look on, with amused tolerance, at the ridiculous struggles of certain persons to invest their pursuit of selfish gratification with the colours and graces of sentiment. Unluckily the performance has nothing of the warmth and naturalness of comedy, none of these persons can be admired or liked, and for that reason there is small pleasure or profit in laughing at them. We find good fun, here and there, by the way, as in the portrait of the village authoress who 'had a story called *Annie's Overshoes* appearing at that moment in an American periodical; and she was wont to declare that she never read anything but contemporary literature from fear of injuring the large-hearted modern outlook which was recognised in her productions by publishers and critics.'" In short, the book has no sound action; it tells nothing about anybody or anything; it is the kind of whimsical skit that will pass readily enough for a "novel," but collapses outright if you try to take it as a story.

Two good bits of romantic comedy, frankly of the lighter sort, are *Miss Million's Maid* and *Ladies Must Live.* Berta Ruck, author of *In Another Girl's Shoes,* has a merry fancy, and a special touch for humourous social complications and amatory cross purposes. Each of her stories openly sets out from a whimsical

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situation; but when you have accepted the premise, events follow each other plausibly and in order. Plausibly, that is, for a reader who has yielded to the mood of whimsy: *Alice in Wonderland* means nothing to a mental clodhopper. Here is Beatrice Lovelace, in her early twenties, with aristocratic forbears, a ridiculous maiden aunt, and no means and less desire for keeping up the family dignity. There is a little kitchen wench in the household, called Million, a good-natured, vulgar little thing. Let her suddenly come in for literal millions, let her young mistress (bent on escape from the hopeless shabbiness and snobbery of her aunt's régime) volunteer to be the maid; and let the pair embark upon their new life in the most fashionable of London hostelries: what amazing things have the right to happen after that! All sorts of terrific and perfectly harmless adventures do ensue, involving two or three very nice young men for Miss Lovelace, and a suitable one for the splurging Million. The action properly keeps to its plane of comedy, and the people are as real as they need be for our romantic purpose. *Ladies Must Live,* with its more elaborate manner, is equally consistent within its sphere of romantic whimsy. It is all preposterous if the reader approaches it equipped with the cool monocle of reason. But he ought not to do that: the famous glasses of rose colour are his proper tool. A rich young damsel who foists herself upon a young man, for reasons of pure convenience, and insists upon being engaged to him against his will, is plainly a creature of fancy. But the author succeeds in getting us (in our amiable mood) to accept the hypothesis, and spins a very ingenious and amusing yarn out of this almost impalpable dream-stuff.

Two stories which may be rudely classified as British polite romance, war-flavoured, are *Unconquered* and *The Shining Heights,* by novelists of long-standing popularity in England. The Sir Mark Forsyth of *Unconquered* is a ladies' hero rather of the Mrs. Humphry Ward type: masterful, impatient, susceptible, and immensely ardent about the affair of his own happiness. His mother, though a very modern woman in most ways, adores and spoils him in a quite old-fashioned way. They are friends and comrades—in such a sense that the son feels quite free to be as rude as he likes to the mother when matters become uncomfortable for him. The good and sweet Sheila who loves him, and who is of much larger nature than he, puts up with whatever crumbs of condescending kindness he may find time to let fall; and when, in the end, he discovers the obvious, and turns away from the memory of the shallow enchantress who has jilted him, Sheila is dutifully waiting to be taken to his bosom. It is all extremely British. It is so evident that his being a baronet is one reason, sufficient in his creator's eyes, for the servility of his females. The contrast between Sir Mark as a typical Briton (old style) and Riatt, the amenable aviator of *Ladies Must Live* as a typical American (all styles) would be highly comic if it were just to the differing character of the two books. Sir Mark (who by the way is an artist as well as a baronet), after he has landed himself in a mess of false romance with the enchantress, is fortunately called to duty by the war. Lady Forsyth and Sheila follow him to France as nurses, and in due time he is discovered in a hospital and brought home damaged but safe. The conclusion is rather like that of Phyllis Bottome's recent story *The Second Fiddle.* In time Sir Mark discovers what, of course, we have been pretending not to be sure of from the outset —that Sheila is the girl for him. Being damaged physically, however, he cannot ask her to marry him, wherefore she presently achieves the horrid feat (these ladies are really Victorian, however modern their costume and manner) of popping the necessary question. Here again, if we accept the premises, the action carries on with vigour, the characters are consistent, and the outcome is all that can be desired. *The Shining*

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Heights is of somewhat more varied range. The central figure in this scene also is a dominant male, a dark, single-minded devotee, who is ready to face the contempt of the world, and to sacrifice any of his fellow-beings, including his wife, to attain his end. His end, however, is not a selfish one. We are to see him, a trained scientific worker, inheriting from his father a partly worked-out method of curing tuberculosis. The father has been a successful physician, but his theories and experiments have resulted in the ruin of his career through the enmity of his fellow-physicians. The son knows what he must face, even if he were in a position to carry through the experiments to a successful end. This seems unlikely; but at the moment when he is nearly "down and out," a rich girl whom he meets by chance and confides in, offers to marry him, as a mere means of partnership, since her money will give him his chance. Not long thereafter the war comes, and Harding, for the sake of his cause, escapes to America in order to escape service. After the war (for this action is so far antedated) he returns to England and opprobrium. Why he returns to England except for the convenience of the author is, to tell the truth, altogether unevident. Accepting that as our blind premise, we get on very well. Having perfected his formula, Harding and his wife take a long-deserted house on the Cornish coast and bring there a number of advanced "cases" who have put themselves into Harding's hands. But the whole neighbourhood is saturated with memories of the war: nearby is a settlement of cripples who have a bitter scorn of any man who has not paid his share of the price of England's safety. One neighbour in particular, a gentleman whose face has been terribly disfigured in battle, is directly offset against the despised but defiant Harding. He proceeds to fall helplessly in love with Harding's wife "in name only;" and for a time it seems that she is to respond. Harding's experiment apparently fails, and he makes off to the wilds of Africa, determined to take himself out of his wife's way. But it is he whom she loves; and it is to fall to the lot of the other man, in the end, to go after her husband: she follows, and in a disease-riddled nook of darkest Africa, that great and always satisfying moment arrives which I understand is known in theatrical circles as "the kiss curtain." It is a good story, a little drawn out, not a little melodramatic in spots, but a true thing of its romantic kind.

SNAP-SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS: LOTI

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

I, too, have seen the fishing fleet
Come home to Paimpol
And the wives and the mothers
Bravely prepared for the worst.
And I have been in the graveyard
Where are buried only women
And children and very old men;
And there I bowed to you,
Poet of the others,
The husbands and the sons
Who went down fighting like Frenchmen.

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THE BEST SIXTY-THREE AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1917

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THE sixty-three short stories, published in the American magazines during 1917, which I shall discuss in this article are chosen from a larger group of about one hundred and twenty-five stories, whose literary excellence justified me in including them in my annual "Roll of Honour." The stories which are included in this Roll of Honour have been chosen from the stories published in about sixty-five American periodicals during 1917. In selecting them, I have sought to accept the author's point of view and manner of treatment, and to measure simply his degree of success in accomplishing what he set out to achieve. But I must confess that it has been difficult to eliminate personal admiration completely in the further winnowing which has resulted in this selection of sixty-three stories. Below are set forth the particular qualities which have seemed to me to justify in each case the inclusion of a story in this list.

1. *The Excursion,* by Edwina Stanton Babcock (Pictorial Review), is, in my belief, one of the best five American short stories of the year. It is significant because of its faithful and imaginative rendering of American folk-life, because of its subtle characterisation, and the successful manner in which it reveals the essentially racy humour of the American countryside with the utmost economy of means. The characterisation is achieved almost entirely through dialogue, and the portraiture of the characters is rendered inimitably in a phrase or two. In this story, as well as in *The Band,* Miss Babcock has earned the right to a place beside Francis Buzzell as a regional story writer, fairly comparable to John Trevena's renderings of Dartmoor.

2. *The Brothers,* by Thomas Beer (Century Magazine), will remind the reader in some respects of Frederick Stuart Greene's story *The Black Pool,* published in *The Grim 13.* But apart from a superficial resemblance in the substance with which both writers deal, the two stories are more notable in their differences than in their resemblances. If *The Brothers* is less inevitable than *The Black Pool,* it is perhaps a more sophisticated work of art, and I am not sure but that its conclusion and the resolution of character that it involves is not more artistically convincing than the end of *The Black Pool.* It is certainly a memorable first story by a new writer and would of itself be enough to make a reputation. Mr. Beer is the most original new talent that *The Century Magazine* has discovered since Stacy Aumonier.

3. *Onnie,* by Thomas Beer (The Century Magazine), has a certain stark faithfulness to life which makes of somewhat obvious material an extremely vivid and freshly felt rendering of life. There is a certain quality of observation in the story which we are accustomed to think of as a Gallic rather than an American trait. I think that Mr. Beer has slightly broadened his canvas where greater restraint and less cautious use of suggestion would have better answered his purpose. But *Onnie* is a better story than *The Brothers,* to my mind, and Mr. Beer, by virtue of these two stories, is one of the two or three most interesting new talents of the year.

4. *Ironstone,* by Phyllis Bottome (Century Magazine). To those who have enjoyed in recent years the admirable social comedy and deft handling of English character to which Miss Bottome has accustomed us, *Ironstone* must have come as a surprise in its revelation of a new aspect in the author's talent, akin to the

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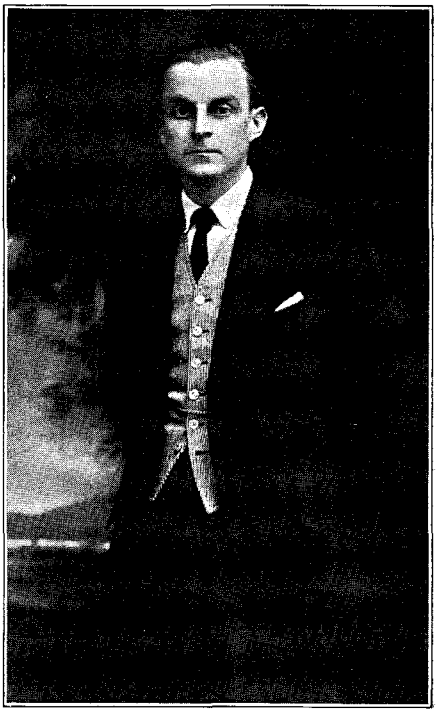
EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK AND HER LITTLE NEPHEW

kind of tale which is found at its best as a "middle" in the *London Nation.* It compresses the emotion of a Greek drama into a space of perhaps four thousand words. I find that the closing dialogue in this story is as certain in its march as the closing pages of *Riders to the Sea* and the *katharsis* is timeless in its final solution.

5. *From Hungary,* by "John Breck" (THE BOOKMAN), is, perhaps, not to be classified as a short story, but the academic limitations of the short story have never interested me greatly, and in its own field this short fiction sketch is memorable. Its secret is the secret of atmosphere rather than speech, but atmosphere here becomes human in its reality and the resultant effect is not unlike that of *When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old,* by Miss Girling, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago. "John Breck," or Elizabeth C. A. Smith, to disclose her pseudonym, has found complete embodiment for her conception in this story for the first time, and it is a promise for a vivid and interesting future.

6. *The Flying Teuton,* by Alice Brown (Harper's Magazine), is the best short story that has come out of this war as yet in either English or American magazines. Accepting the old legend of the *Flying Dutchman,* Miss Brown has imagined it re-embodied in a modern setting, and out of the ironies of this situation a most dramatic story results with a sure and true message for the American people. It is in my opinion one of the five best short stories of the year, and I am happy to say that it will soon be accessible to the public once more in book form.

7. *Closed Doors* and 8. *A Cup of Tea,* by Maxwell Struthers Burt (both in Scribner's Magazine). In these two stories and in *The Glory of the Wild Green Earth, John O'May,* and *Le Panache,* all of which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* during the past year, a place is made for the author among American short-story writers beside that of Mrs. Gerould, Wilbur Daniel Steele,



MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

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and H. G. Dwight. Two years ago I had the pleasure of reprinting his first short story, *The Water-Hole,* in *The Best Short Stories of 1915.* I thought at that time that Mr. Burt would eventually do fine things, but I never sus-

IRVIN S. COBB

pected that, in the short period of two years he would win for himself so important a place in contemporary American letters. Mr. Burt's technique is still a trifle over-sophisticated, but I suppose this is a fault on virtue's side. A collection of Mr. Burt's short stories in book form should be anxiously awaited by the American public.

9. *Lonely Places* and 10. *The Long Vacation,* by Francis Buzzell (Pictorial Review). The attentive reader of American fiction must have already noted two memorable stories by Francis Buzzell published in previous years, *Addie Erb and Her Girl Lottie* and *Ma's Pretties.* These two stories won for Mr. Buzzell an important position as an American folk-writer, and this position is amply sustained by the two fine stories which he has published during the past year. His imaginative realism weaves poignant beauty out of the simplest and most dusty elements in life, and it is my belief that it is along the lines of his method and that of Miss Babcock that America is most likely eventually to contribute something distinctively national to the world's literary culture.

11. *The Mistress,* by Fleta Campbell (Harper's Bazar), is a most highly polished and sharply outlined story of the war. It makes an art out of coldness in narration which serves to emphasise and bring out by contrast the human warmth of the story's substance.

12. *The Foundling,* by Gunnar Cederschiöld (Collier's Weekly). Readers who recall the fine series of stories by Alden Brooks published during the past two years in *Collier's Weekly* and *The Century Magazine* will find in *The Foundling* a story equally memorable as a ruthless portrayal of the effects of war. Whether one approves or disapproves in general of the ending is irrelevant in this case. This story must take its place as one of the best dozen stories of the war.

13. *Boys Will Be Boys,* 14. *The Family Tree,* and 15. *Quality Folks,* by Irvin S. Cobb (all in the Saturday Evening Post). It is seven years since Irvin Cobb published his first short story, *The Escape of Mr. Trimm,* in the *Saturday Evening Post.* During that short period he has passed from the position of an excellent journalist to that of America's most representative humourist, in the truer meaning of that word. Upon him the mantle of Mark Twain has descended, and with that mantle he has inherited the artistic virtues and the utter inability to criticise his own work that was so characteristic of Mr. Clemens. But the very gusto of his creative work has been shaping his style during the past two years to a point where he may now fairly claim to have mastered his material, and to have found the most effective human persuasiveness

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in its presentation. Our grandchildren will read these three stories, and thank God that there was a man named Cobb once born in Paducah, Kentucky.

16. *Laughter* (Harper's Magazine) and 17. *Our Dog* (Pictorial Review), by Charles Caldwell Dobie. The rapid rise of Mr. Dobie in less than two years from the date when his first short story was published challenges comparison with the similar career of Maxwell Struthers Burt. As Mr. Burt's art has its analogies with that of Mrs. Gerould, so Mr. Dobie's art has its analogies with that of Wilbur Daniel Steele. I am not certain that Mr. Dobie's talent is not essentially that of a novel writer, but certainly at least four of the short stories which he has published during the past year are notable artistic achievements in widely different moods. If tragedy prevails, it is purified by a fine spiritual idealism, which takes symbols and makes of them something more human than a mere allegory. If an American publisher were courageous enough to start publishing a series of volumes of short stories by contemporary American writers, he could not do better than to begin with a selection of Mr. Dobie's tales.

18. *A Little Nipper of Hide-an'-Seek Harbor,* by Norman Duncan (Pictorial Review). This story has a melancholy interest, because it was the last story sold by its author before his sudden death last year. But it would have been remembered for its own sake as the last and not the least important of the long series of Newfoundland sagas which Mr. Duncan has given us. It shows that Norman Duncan kept his artistic vigour to the last, and those who know Newfoundland can testify that such stories as these will always remain its most permanent literary record.

19. *The Emperor of Elam,* by H. G. Dwight (Century Magazine). Those who have read Mr. Dwight's volume of short stories entitled *Stamboul Nights* do not need to be told that Mr. Dwight is the one American short-story writer whom we may confidently set beside Joseph Conrad as a master in a

H. G. DWIGHT

similar literary field. American editors have been diffident about publishing his stories for reasons which cast more discredit on the American editor than on Mr. Dwight, and accordingly, it is a genuine pleasure to encounter *The Emperor of Elam,* and to chronicle the hardihood of the editor of the *Century Magazine.* The story is a modern odyssey of adventure, set as usual in the Turkish background with which Mr. Dwight is most familiar. In it atmosphere is realised completely for its own sake, and as a motive power urging the lives of his characters to their inevitable end.

20. *The Gay Old Dog,* by Edna Ferber (Metropolitan Magazine), is, in, my opinion, the big story which *The Eldest* was not. It is my belief that Edna Ferber is a novelist first and a short-story writer afterward, but in *The Gay Old Dog* she has accepted a theme which can best be handled in the short-story form and has made the most of it artistically, much as Fannie Hurst has done in all of her better stories. Miss Ferber has not sentimentalised her substance as she

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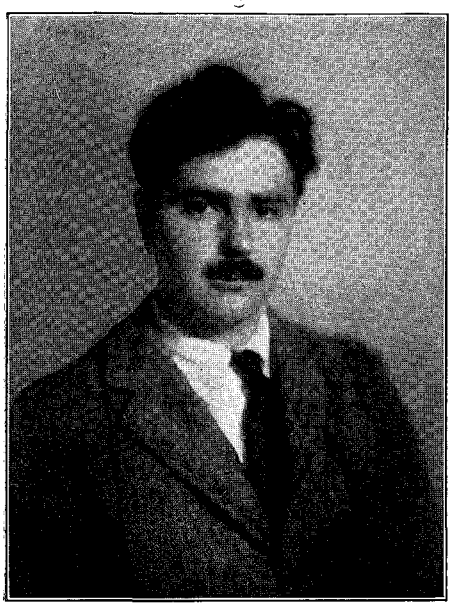

WALDO FRANK

does most often, but has let it remain at its own sentimental valuation.

21. *Bread-Crumbs,* by Waldo Frank (Seven Arts Magazine). I cannot help feeling that this is an extremely well-written and honestly conceived story, whose substance is essentially false, but the author has apparently persuaded himself of its truth and presents it almost convincingly to the reader. Be this as it may, Mr. Frank has not failed to make his two characters real for us, and the poignancy of their final revelation is certainly genuine. Mr. Frank, however, should save such material as this for longer fiction, as his method is essentially that of a novelist.

22. *Pearls Before Swine,* by Cornelia Throop Geer (Atlantic Monthly). With a quiet and somewhat reticent art, the author of this story has succeeded in deftly conveying to her readers a delicate pastoral scene of innocence reflecting the dreams of two little Irish children. It was a difficult feat to attempt, as few can safely reproduce the atmosphere of an alien race successfully, and even to Irish-Americans Ireland cannot be sufficiently realised for creative embodiment. I am told that a volume of Irish stories is promised from the pen of Miss Geer, and it should take its place with the better folk stories of modern Irish life. Miss Geer's method is the result of identification with, rather than condescension toward, her subject.

23. *East of Eden* (Harper's Magazine), 24. *The Hand of Jim Fane* (Harper's Magazine), 25. *The Knight's Move* (Atlantic Monthly), 26. *The Wax Doll* (Scribner's Magazine), and 27. *What They Seem* (Harper's Magazine), by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. In these five short stories, Mrs. Gerould amply sustains her claim to rank as one of the three most distinguished contemporary writers of the American short story. Preoccupied as she is with the subtle rendering of abnormal psychological situations, her work is in the great traditional line whose last completely adequate exponent was Henry James. One and all, these stories have the fascination of strange spiritual adventure, and the persuasiveness of her exposition conceals inimitably the closely woven craftsmanship of her work. Of these five stories, *The Knight's Move* and *East of Eden* surely represent a development in her art which it will be almost impossible for her to surpass.

28. *Dare's Gift,* by Ellen Glasgow (Harper's Magazine). I prefer to beg the question whether this is a short story or a very short novel. It certainly has the unity of a well-defined spiritual incident, and if one recalls its substance, it is only to view it as a completely rounded whole. As such it is surely as fine a study of the influence of place as Mrs. Wharton's *Kerfol* or Mrs. Pangborn's *Bixby's Bridge.* The brooding atmosphere of a house mindful of its past and reacting upon successive inmates morally, or perhaps immorally, has seldom been more faithfully rendered.

29. *The Hearing Ear* (Harper's Magazine) and 30. *A Jury of Her Peers* (Every Week), by Susan Glaspell. It is always interesting to study the achievement of a novelist who has won distinction deservedly in that field, when that

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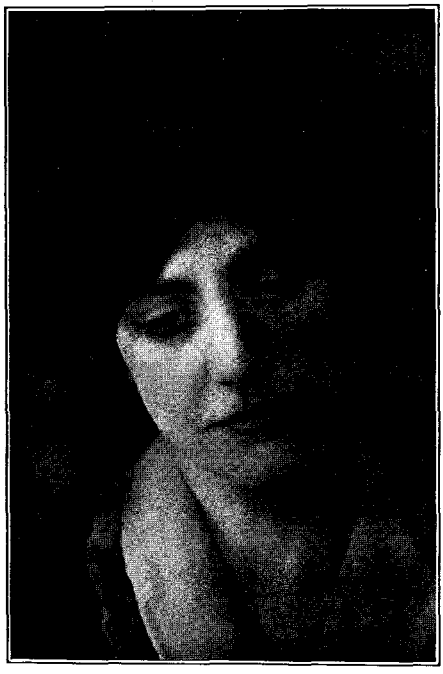
novelist attempts the very different technique of the short story. It is particularly interesting in the case of Susan Glaspell, because with these two stories she convinces the reader that her future really lies in the short story rather than in the novel. Few American writers have such a natural dramatic story sense, and to this Susan Glaspell has added an increasing reticence in the portrayal of her characters. In these two stories you will not find the slightest sentimentalisation of her subject-matter, nor is it keyed so tightly as some of her previous work. *A Jury of Her Peers* is one of the better folk stories of the year, sharing that distinction with *The Excursion,* by Miss Babcock, and the two stories by Francis Buzzell of which I have spoken above.

31. *His Father's Flag,* by Armistead C. Gordon (Scribner's Magazine). The many readers who have revelled in Mr. Gordon's admirable portraits of Virginia negro plantation life will be surprised and gratified at Mr. Gordon's venture in this story into a new field. This story has all the infectious emotional feeling of memory recalling glorious things, and I can only compare it for its spiritual fidelity toward a cause to the stories by Elsie Singmaster, which she has gathered into her volume about Gettysburg, and particularly to that fine story, *The Survivors.*

32. *The Bunker Mouse* and 33. *"Molly McGuire, Fourteen,"* by Frederick Stuart Greene (The Century Magazine). Captain Greene's story, *The Cat of the Cane-Brake,* attracted so much attention at the time of its publication in the *Metropolitan Magazine* a year ago that it is interesting to find him achieving high distinction in other imaginative fields. Captain Greene's natural gift of narrative is the result of a strong impulse toward creative expression, which moulds its form a little self-consciously, but convincingly, for the most part. I think that he is at his best in these two stories rather than in *The Cat of the Cane-Brake* and *The Black Pool,* because they are based upon a more direct apprehension and experience of life. *"Molly McGuire, Fourteen"* adds one more tradition to those of the Virginia Military Institute.

34. *Rainbow Pete,* by Richard Matthews Hallet (Pictorial Review), reveals the author in his most incorrigibly romantic mood. Mr. Hallet casts glamour over his creations, partly through his detached and pictorial perception of life, and partly through the magic of his words. He has been compared to Conrad, and in a lesser way he has much in common with the author of *Lord Jim,* but his artistic method is essentially different and quite as individual.

35. *Frazee,* by Lee Foster Hartman (Harper's Magazine). Mr. Hartman has been a good friend to other story writers for so long that we had begun to forget how fine an artist he can be himself. In *Frazee* he has taken a subject which would have fascinated Mrs. Gerould and has handled it with reserve and power. It is pitched in a quieter key than is usual in such a story, and the



SUSAN GLASPELL

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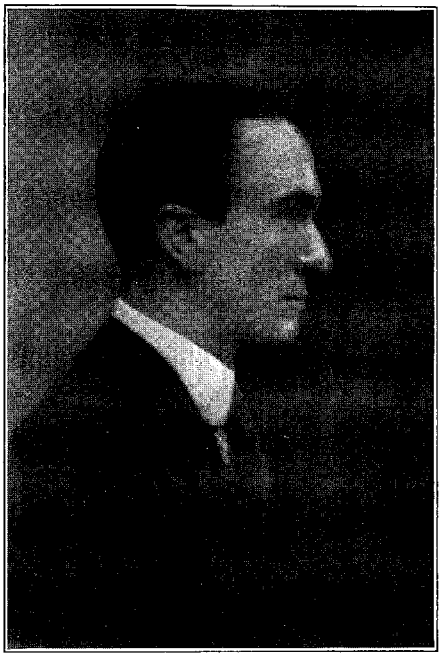

LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

result is that character merges with atmosphere almost imperceptibly. I regard the story as almost a model of construction for students of short-story writing.

36. *Four Days,* by Hetty Hemenway (Atlantic Monthly). This remarkable story of the spiritual effect of the war upon two young people was so widely commented upon, not only after its appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly,* but later, when it was republished in book form, that I shall only commend it to the reader here as an artistically woven study in war psychology.

37. *Get Ready the Wreaths,* by Fannie Hurst (Cosmopolitan Magazine). The artistic qualities in Miss Hurst's work which have commended themselves to such disinterested critics as Mr. Howells are revealed once more in this story, in which Miss Hurst accepts the shoddiness of background which characterises her literary types, and reveals the fine human current that runs beneath it all. I am not sure that Miss Hurst has not diluted her substan e a little too much during the past year, and in any case that danger is implicit in her method. But in *Get Ready the Wreaths,* the emotional validity of her substance is absolutely unimpeachable and her handling of the situation it presents is adequate and fine.

38. *Journey's End,* by Percy Adams Hutchison (Harper's Magazine). An attentive reader of American short stories during the past few years may have observed with interest at rare intervals the work of Mr. Hutchison. In it there was always a promise of an achievement not unlike that of Perceval Gibbon, but a certain looseness of texture prevented Mr. Hutchison from being completely persuasive. In *Journey's End,* however, it must be confessed that he has written a memorable sea story that is certainly equal at least to the better stories in Mr. Kipling's latest volume.

39. *The Strange-Looking Man,* by Fanny Kemble Johnson (The Pagan). I suppose that this story is to be regarded as a sketch rather than a short story, but in any case it is a vividly rendered picture of war's effects portrayed with subtle irony and quiet art. I associate it with *Chautonville,* by Will Levington Comfort, and *The Flying Teuton,* by Alice Brown, as one of the three stories with the most authentic spiritual message in American fiction that the war has produced.

40. *The Sea-Turn,* by E. Clement Jones (The Seven Arts). In this study of the spiritual reactions of a starved environment upon an imaginative mind, Mrs. Jones has added a convincing character portrait to American letters which ranks with the better short stories of J. D. Beresford in a similar *genre.* The story is in the same tradition as that of the younger English realists, but it is an essential contribution to our nationalism, and as such helps to point the way toward the future, in which a true national literature must find its only and inevitable realisation.

41. *The Caller in the Night,* by Burton Kline (The Stratford Journal). I believe that Mr. Kline has completely

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realised in this story a fine imaginative situation and has presented a folk story with a significant legendary quality. It is in the tradition of Hawthorne, but the substance with which Mr. Kline deals is the substance of his own people, and consequently that in which his creative impulse has found the freest scope. It may be compared to its own advantage with *The Lost Phoebe,* by Theodore Dreiser, which was equally memorable among the folk stories of 1916, and the comparison suggests that in both cases the author's training as a novelist has not been wholly to his disadvantage as a short-story teller.

42. *When Did You Write Your Mother Last?,* by Addison Lewis (Reedy's Mirror). This is the only story I have read in three years in which it seemed to me that I found the authentic voice of "O. Henry" speaking. Mr. Lewis has been publishing a series of

BURTON KLINE

ADDISON LEWIS

these "Tales While You Wait" in *Reedy's Mirror* during the past few months, and I should much prefer them to those of Jack Lait for the complete success with which he has achieved his aims. Imitation of "O. Henry" has been the curse of American story-telling for the past ten years, because "O. Henry" is practically inimitable. Mr. Lewis is not an imitator, but he may well prove before very long to be "O. Henry's" successor. In the words of Padna Dan and Micus Pat, "Here's the chance for some one to make a discovery."

43. *Widow La Rue,* by Edgar Lee Masters (Reedy's Mirror). This is the best short story in verse that the year has produced, and as literature it realises, in my belief, even greater imaginative fulfilment than *Spoon River Anthology.* I should have most certainly wished to include it in *The Best Short Stories of 1917* had it been in prose, and it adds one more unforgetable legend to our folk imagination.

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Photo by Bachrach

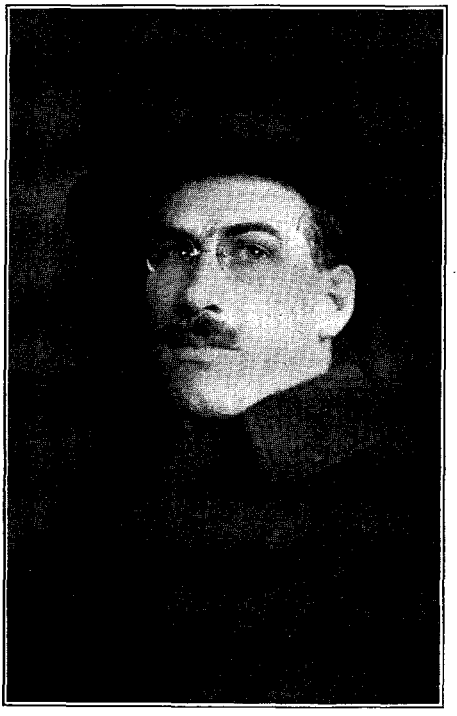
MARY SYNON

44. *The Understudy,* by Johnson Morton (Harper's Magazine), is an ironic character study developed with much *finesse* in the tradition of Henry James. Its defect is a certain conventional atmosphere which demands an artificial attitude on the part of the reader. Its admirable distinction is its faithful rendering of a personality not unlike the *Tante* of Anne Douglas Sedgwick, if a novel portrait and a short-story portrait may fittingly be compared. If the portraiture is unpleasant, it is at any rate rendered with incisive kindliness.

45. *The Heart of Life,* by Meredith Nicholson (Scribner's Magazine). Mr. Nicholson has treated an old theme freshly in *The Heart of Life* and discovered in it new values of contrasting character. Among his short stories it stands out as notably as *A Hoosier Chronicle* among his novels. It is in such work as this that Mr. Nicholson justifies his calling, and it is by them that he has most hope of remembrance in American literature.

46. *Murder?,* by Seumas O'Brien (Illustrated Sunday Magazine). With something of Hardy's stark rendering of atmosphere, Mr. O'Brien has portrayed a grim situation unforgetably. Woven out of the simplest elements, and with an entire lack of literary sophistication, his story is fairly comparable to the work of Daniel Corkery, whose volume, *A Munster Twilight,* has interested me more than any other volume of short stories published in America this year. The story is of particular interest because Mr. O'Brien's reputation as an artist has been based solely upon his work as a satirist and Irish fabulist.

47. *The Interval,* by Vincent O'Sullivan (Boston Evening Transcript). It is odd to reflect that a literary artist of Mr. O'Sullivan's distinction is not represented in American magazines during 1917 at all, and that it has been left to a daily newspaper to publish his work. In *The Interval* Mr. O'Sullivan has sought to suggest the spiritual effect of the war upon a certain type of mind. He has rendered with faithful subtleness the



WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

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newly aroused longing for religious belief or some form of concrete spiritual expression, that bereavement brings. This state has a pathos of its own that the author adequately realises in his story, and his irony in portraying it is Gallic in its quality.

48. *Bixby's Bridge,* by Georgia Wood Pangborn (Harper's Magazine). Mrs. Pangborn is well known for her artistic stories of the supernatural, and this will rank among the best of them. She shares with Algernon Blackwood that gift for making spiritual illusion real which is so rare in contemporary work. What is specially distinctive is her gift of selection, by which she brings out the most illusive psychological contacts.

49. *"A Certain Rich Man——,"* by Lawrence Perry (Scribner's Magazine). I find in this story an emotional quality keyed up as tightly, but as surely, as in the best short stories by Mary Synon. Remote as its substance may seem, superficially, it touches the very heart of the experience that the war has brought to us all, and reveals the naked stuff out of which our war psychology has emerged.

50. *The Portrait,* by Emery Pottle (The Touchstone). This study in Italian backgrounds is by another disciple of Henry James, who portrays with deft, sure touches the nostalgia of an American girl unhappily married to an Italian nobleman. It just fails of complete persuasiveness because it is a trifle overstrung, but, nevertheless, it is memorable for its artistic sincerity.

51. *The Path of Glory,* by Mary Brecht Pulver (Saturday Evening Post). This story of how distinction came to a poor family in the mountains through the death of their son in the French army is simply told with a quiet, unassuming earnestness that makes it very real. It marks a new phase of Mrs. Pulver's talent, and one which promises her a richer fulfilment in the future than her other stories have suggested. Time and time again I have been impressed this year by the folk quality that is manifest in our younger writers, and what is most encouraging is that, when they write of the poor and the lowly, there is less of that condescension toward their subject than has been characteristic of American folk-writing in the past.

52. *Miss Fothergill,* by Norval Richardson (Scribner's Magazine). The tradition, in English fiction, which is most signally marked by *Pride and Prejudice, Cranford,* and *Barchester Towers,* and which was pleasantly continued by the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and by Margaret Deland, is admirably embodied in the work of this writer, whose work should be better known. The quiet blending of humour and pathos in *Miss Fothergill* is unusual.

53. *The Scar That Tripled,* by William Gunn Shepherd (Metropolitan Magazine), is none the less truly a remarkable short story because it happens to be based on fact. *The Deserter* was the last fine short story written by the late Richard Harding Davis, and *The Scar That Tripled* is the engrossing narrative of the adventure which suggested that story. Personally, I regard it as superior to *The Deserter.*

54. *A Country Christmas,* by Grant Showerman (Century Magazine). Professor Showerman's country chronicles are now well known to American readers, and this is quite the best of them. These sketches rank with those of Hamlin Garland as a permanent and delightful record of a pioneer life that has passed away forever. Their deliberate homeliness and consistent reflection of a small boy's attitude toward life have no equal, to my knowledge.

55. *The Christmas Angel* (Pictorial Review) and 56. *The Flag of Eliphalet* (Boston Evening Transcript), by Elsie Singmaster, add two more portraits to the pleasant gallery of Elsie Singmaster's vivid creations. Although her vein is a narrow one, no one is more competent than she in its expression, and few surpass her in the faithful rendering of homely but none the less real spiritual circumstance.

57. *The End of the Road,* by Gordon Arthur Smith (Scribner's Magazine), is a sequel to *Feet of Gold,* and chronicles

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the further love adventures of Ferdinand Taillandy, and their tragic conclusion. In these two stories Mr. Smith has proven his literary kinship with Leonard Merrick, and these stories surely rank with the adventures of Tricotrin and Pitou.

58. *Ching, Ching, Chinaman* (Pictorial Review), 59. *Ked's Hand* (Harper's Magazine), 60. *White Hands* (Pictorial Review) and 61. *The Woman at Seven Brothers* (Harper's Magazine), by Wilbur Daniel Steele. With these four stories, together with *A Devil of a Fellow, Free,* and *A Point of Honor,* Mr. Steele assumes his rightful place with Katharine Fullerton Gerould and H. G. Dwight, as a leader in American fiction. *Ching, Ching, Chinaman, White Hands,* and *The Woman at Seven Brothers* are in my belief the three best short stories that were published in 1917 by an American author, and I may safely predict their literary permanence. Mr. Steele's extraordinary gift for presenting action and spiritual conflict pictorially is unrivalled, and his sense of human mystery has a rich tragic humour akin to that of Thomas Hardy, though his philosophy of life is infinitely more hopeful.

62. *None So Blind,* by Mary Synon (Harper's Magazine), is a study in tragic circumstance, the more powerful because it is so reticently handled. It is Miss Synon's first profound study in feminine psychology, and reveals an unusual sense of emotional values. Few backgrounds have been more subtly rendered in their influence upon character, and the action of the story is inevitable despite its character of surprise.

63. *The Scar,* by Elizabeth Stead Taber (The Seven Arts). The brutal realism of this story may repel the reader, but its power and convincing quality cannot be gainsaid. So many writers have followed John Fox's example in writing about the mountaineers of the Alleghanies, that it is gratifying to chronicle so exceptional a story as this. It is as inevitable in its ugliness as *The Cat of the Cane-Brake,* by Frederick Stuart Greene, and psychologically it is far more convincing.

TO A BIBLIOPHILE

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

You rule a narrow castle, nobly built
In mellowed calf and red morocco tiers
Of ancient volumes rich with sombre gilt;
Your Caxtons, Aldines, and your Elzevirs.
You have not doubted since your day began
That *man was made for books,* not books for man.

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ECHOES

I. GRAVEN IMAGES

IT WAS Aunt Katherine's nature to be churchly. Besides she was fond of the rector. He had watery blue eyes and a lisp. You could not help feeling that he was dubious about the past, a little uncertain about the future and very uncomfortable about the present. He was, however, extremely orthodox, and devoted to gardening. He used to drive a fat pony hitched to a low basket chaise. Sometimes he would come back from the woods with the chaise filled with moss and lichens and branches of flowering thorn, while he walked beside the pony. I believe that Aunt Katherine was fond of him more for his love of gardens than for his love of God. He did seem to have more positiveness in his feeling for hardy annuals than for the Law and the Prophets.

The rector is quite inextricably bound up with the earlier phases of my childhood. I remember sitting beside Aunt Katherine in church, looking up at him and saying to myself, "Golly-Golly-Golly" and holding my breath for God to smite me. Then later on when I had learned "Damn" I remember whispering it softly through a prayer, with a lump of excitement in my throat, waiting for a white hot bolt of lightning to break the dim quiet of the church.

And then I can see the rector in Aunt Katherine's front parlour, his hands on his knees, shyly telling Aunt Katherine about the parish, and about the slugs on his tomato vines, and about the imminent dangers of woman suffrage. I sat on a little stool and thought how dull it was to talk about slugs and militant women, when he held the key to so many mysteries. The talk passed to the confirmation class, and dwindled off among the thirty-nine articles. I stopped to meditate on the commandments. The first ones were the most interesting. I had no desire to steal, kill or to commit adultery, but I had an intense, consuming desire to make unto myself a graven image, and to bow down and worship it. The next day on my way to the village I passed the church and I could hear the Confirmation class droning out those alluring and appalling words: "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. . . ."

The tremendous threat at the end left me cold with excitement. I had no particular personal feeling about God. I more than half suspected Him of being a kind of celestial bluff, especially since that unpunished damn episode. I pictured Him as an active, fairly elderly gentleman, a little crotchety like Stebbins, our gardener, when his gout was bad, and His attitude toward other gods reminded me of my father's attitude toward his business competitors.

The desire to transgress the law became stronger within me, and at last I made up my mind to make to myself a god and to worship him. Then I should see how much there was in the threats of the Deity by whom Aunt Katherine set such store. That would give me some data for future transgressions. First I tried making a graven image with one of the cook's kitchen knives. The result was a stupid-looking totem pole toward which I could feel no stirrings of emotion. There was so little that one could feel about a piece of kindling wood, cautiously removed from the basket by the stove and hacked into by an old knife. After that I tried constructing a god out of fruit jars filled with cotton, to which I set fire. The jars cracked miserably and dirtily, filled with a horrid smudge. Then I found a wheel off of one of Aunt

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Katherine's old carriages, and rolled it down to the "river," where I wound it with branches from the willow tree. With an elaborate ritual I set it afloat, but though the branches kept it up for a while it soon sank with a faint gurgle to the botom, where it lay still, inspected by curious little minnows. By this time I was beginning to suspect why there was so little competition to Aunt Katherine's God. At night I lay awake trying to think of a real Divinity that could be made from my rather limited resources. There was the *Boy's Handy Book,* which told you how to make any number of unfamiliar things, but remained non-committal about gods,—except the catamaran, which had a sound of mystery and might about it. I supposed that the author of the *Boy's Handy Book* was, like the rector, under the influence of the threats uttered so sonorously every Sunday. I wondered as I lay there if God would creep out of the darkness and carry me off. I wondered if it would do any good to scream, and whether if I did Aunt Katherine would think she ought to interfere with the course of divine wrath. But nothing came. I was not afraid of the great quiet dark, except when streaks of moonlight fell across it, throwing familiar objects out of focus and sharpening the unknown corners of tall cupboards and bureaus.

So I fell asleep. The next day I went down to the "river" to play in the old tree that swept almost entirely across it. Close up to the shore I could see the smooth round pebbles that formed part of the stream bed. I had always had the keenest delight in little inanimate things, and with a kind of instinctive paganism urging me to worship, I slipped to my knees beside the water. Scooping out a handful of the smoothest stones, I arranged them in a circle, piling one on the other, until I had an altar there by the brook. Then I gathered cowslips and laid them on the stones. There is an odd association of memories about that altar. Years afterward I came across an epigram of Leonidas of Tarentum, which brought a perfectly clear picture to my mind; a pile of round polished stones, a slow little stream, and the fresh wet smell of cowslips strewn about the altar. It was an epitaph of a little girl who had "passed untimely to Hades, in her seventh year, before her many playmates, poor thing, pining for her baby brother, who at twenty months tasted of loveless death. Alas! how near at hand God has set the sorest griefs to man."

For several days after that I brazenly defied the jealous God. I worshipped everything with an unflattering promiscuousness. I worshipped myself in the mirror, though that embarrassed me, for it reminded me of freckles that I had been trying to forget. Besides it is just as unsatisfactory to worship oneself as a jagged totem pole. There was nothing unknown or mysterious about me. Of course there were times when I had been sure that I was a changeling, else why should my parents treat me so unfeelingly when I left the gas burning for a whole night in the attic, or when I shut my grandfather up in the study, in his wheeled chair, and set fire to it while he slept—and no amount of explanation could convince them that only my affection for the old man made me want to send him to heaven like Elijah in a fiery chariot. There was a time, too, when believing that the exchange of children must have caused mother and father much unhappiness, I set about to find their real child. I shall never forget mother's face when I led home an alley child with adenoids, who seemed to me to have the placid and unquestioning qualities she required.

But all this has nothing to do with my following after strangs gods. As I said, for several days I worshipped fruitlessly. God stayed in His heaven and ignored me. Perhaps, I thought, He visited iniquities only on really distinguished persons. Then it occurred to me that if the rector could be induced to worship a graven image, God would be forced to show His hand. The question was how to bring it about.

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The next day I met the rector driving his fat pony hitched to the chaise. He was redder-eyed than usual. I believe that the smell of the clover gave him hay fever. He stopped the pony and I climbed in beside him. We were rather friendly. I told him that there were cowslips and marigolds and blue iris by our stream, and that I had seen a blue heron standing on one leg on the bank. He suggested that we go and look for him. I felt like Delilah. I had a moment of doubt. Perhaps rectors were not distinguished enough. But it was too late to turn back. We tied the pony to the low apple tree by the wall and climbed over into the meadow. There was the altar by the stream, the cowslips lying dry but faintly sweet across it.

"What smooth stones," said the rector. "I believe that it is an altar to Pan." He began to weave a wreath of reedy grass and cowslips. I watched him with terrified fascination. I wanted to tell him that his God was a jealous God. He surely had forgotten. Instead I grew curiously dumb and frightened. I pictured myself dragging the rector's dead body across the meadow and propping it up in the chaise—then the dreary ride back to the village.

Now he stooped, and put the wreath on the altar, smiling a little as he did so and saying some words that I did not understand. He told me afterward that they were

Πὰν φιλε, πηκτίδα μίμνε τεῦις ἐπί χειχεσι συρων,
ἐχὼ γὰρ δήεις τοῖοδ' ἔνι θει λοπέδοις–

and I remember how the scene came back to me when I first saw the lines translated,

Dear Pan, abide here, drawing the pipe over thy lips,
For thou wilt find Echo on these sunny greens.

After that he stood for a long time looking down at the little pile of stones and I noticed that there were tears in his faded eyes. And by and by the strain relaxed and we turned back to the chaise. God had ignored our transgression.

At breakfast the next morning Aunt Katherine said in her dust-to-dust tone, "I want you to take some of our tomato plants over to the rector. The slugs have fairly riddled his vines, Stebbins says. I suppose in this weather there's no stopping them once they've got a start."

Rebecca Lowrie.

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II. THE ROOF-BUILDERS

Man is the roof-builder; and throughout history the best manhood of every tribe and of every nation has risen to the freedom of that service. Here alone has been our salvation and here alone will it continue to be. The roofs we have built, or have dreamed, are the gauges of our amplitude of soul; so that the great upsweeping cathedral lofts are the true symbols of our race's glory, equalled perhaps alone by the low shelter of the cottage roof, the relic and affirmation of a single pair of hands.

And these structures built by the spirit in stone are but counterparts of yet more glorious edifices reared by the spirit in spirit. The latter, built in song, word and deed, are the great roof-ideas of the world, roofs of aspiration, of faith and of desire; for under the great outspreading of their eaves there is a precinct, freed from the alien chaos without, wherein we may take sanctuary and gain for our wearied selves new impulse toward the mastery of life. Each of these structures must have been wrought in the joy and pain of love, for a roof is an act of protective love; and in each there is a living shelter as beneath the wings of love, and in each the gesture of the vigorous upward beat of these very wings themselves.

True, there have been roofs that have crumbled at a touch; there have been faulty roofs; and great roofs that by our very unfaith have been made prisons, in

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that we have failed to dare to gauge their height, and, in our blindness, deemed them low. Before condemning these, however, we should strive to discern the scope of their original purpose; in which search we may penetrate the obscured vastnesses that we have ignored, and with braver vision discern dim trophies of an elder faith, and hear beyond the storming of a greater, bolder life.

Why wonder, then, that there are some of us who refuse to discard old music, old books and stories of old deeds? We cherish them, not because they are old, but because they span experience whose height is a sky as yet unwinged by us. Old ballads, old legends, have at its simplest this quality of the gift of light. Many such we miscall superstitions; yet to unfearful individual acceptance on our part and to the freedom of a creative imagination, what lofty beckoning may not be theirs? To those who have had a great love, to those who would have such an one, is the legend of the Stigmata naught but superstition? Rather is it not of the mysterious heart of love itself the potent expression, instinct with a meaning that will vanquish the dolour of unconsummated longing by beautiful identity in a union of pain?

The mighty roof-idea, under which we of this generation have grown up, that of Evolution, is hope-giving in a sense, but blinding if we lose ourselves in its extent and intricacy. Under its influence let us not ignore the fundamental, innate completedness that abides in the great relationships of life. Evolution, perhaps, is but the slow growth in us of the power to measure these spiritual piers which are coeval with life and which cannot be destroyed even by our gravest malice. The culmination of evolution then may be the sudden realising, on our part, of the integrity and beauty of these yet invisible roofs above us, and the crowning knowledge of the mystery that, although they exist in indestructible reality, we somehow help in their perpetual erection; must in a way create them anew in order that they be complete, infinite, and a part of our spirit, which at the supreme moment will achieve the reality that is theirs and issue forth, free, beneath the ultimate roof, which is God.

If evolution, then, be but the slowly increasing exercise of a power we already possess, its purpose may be to bring us to the denial of evolution and the experience of the immediacy of the spirit; whereby we shall learn that our crumbled roofs, our faulty roofs, are our failures to follow the sanction of our hearts upon whose undying stone the upright timbers of our structure should have been reared.

The idea of education—the leading to the light of the inner spiritual life—is one of the greatest of our lofty structures; yet have we recognised the noble spaciousness of its soaring roof? Have we not been busy rather with its lower corners, filling them with shreds and tatters of thought and unmeaning systems of words? Look dispassionately at the actuality of our modern schooling. It is bad enough for our boys who have an ignorance that will learn from anything, but worse for our girls; for they have a knowledge that must not be violated. Confused by words that are often unfounded and born without travail, they are not left at home with the realities in which they should dwell unafraid. They are beaten upon by a storm of too facile opinions in which the bridges of their mind are shattered so that their spirit becomes a land devoid of highways of communication and life ceases to be an activity of hope. It is as though we made a child afraid of the dark and, putting him in a sombre chamber whose corners were ebon mysteries, worried his mind to analyse the half-seen objects of his fear. Instead of this he needs something that he cannot express: perhaps it is a warm, intimate relation to these causes of his fear, such as may be gained through love alone and may not be attained till he can feel a glow of very guardianship toward the dark corner itself.

The blind would lead those with

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sight; and we elders are the blind for our failure to discern the deep dissatisfaction of the young for what we give them and their hunger for what is not expected of them—which is their tacit and immediate knowledge of spiritual truths, which are known to us through the medium of life. They need that we share with them the simple sight, which not effort, but a gesture of the soul may give us. Instead we impose on them an ignorance of a modern, subtle sort; we are slave-drivers, not apostles bemused with the simplicity of Christ.

And to women, to those our most companions, for whom our roofs should be all high and precious—do we really yield to them the companionship they silently ask for? Do we recognise the sanctity innate in marriage? But, on the other hand, do the most radical of us sincerely believe that marriage can be reduced to a contract? Must it not always be something more to bear the dignity of that name? And can a label of this sort do aught but blind our own eyes? Do not imagine that the partners to such a contract believe it to be so; they will follow to the depths of sorrow or degradation, be dragged helpless through sin and held in a bondage from which they cannot, or will not, escape alone; not because of the legality of the binding, but because of the gift in our hands of the higher spiritual companionship, or because of our very helplessness to proffer this thing that they see smothered in our refusing hands. The denial of this right of companionship is the rejection of them; and we deny it by failure to erect our most spiritual ideal. No political equality for them can be aught but oppressive if this right be denied. Without it their life is like a meadow from whose bed every flower has been uprooted by a wind that has found not the hindrance of protective trees.

You may say—and I have seen it recently stated—that between man and woman there never has been and can never be such a hoped-for union; that they are irrevocably divided from each other by the very gifts they bring, since woman brings the gift of life and man the gift of destruction. War is held to be the final and sufficient proof of this eternal division between them. Yet is not this too easy an explanation and should we abide in it and go no further? War takes hold of the lives of men with startling force and suddenness, drawing from out their deeper selves new selves, translated, it seems, to new spiritual values and attuned to new intensity of pitch. They feel within themselves deeper, calmer assurances than they have ever imagined possible. And war gives this to them; and this that war gives, itself condemns war.

What explanation is there for this tremendous power of war? Few there are who take part in it who think they are not doing something essential, imperative, final. It seems to satisfy not only something material at the base of their being, but something spiritual as well. Do they find complete satisfaction in the thought of this wholesale self-destruction? Or do they not blindly seek death itself, urged on by the mystical knowledge that death is other than it seems, a thing to be sought as unimaginably good? Thus, is it their proclamation that death itself is good, although they are unaware that war is the profoundly wrong method of seeking it? Death should be sought through life. Do not they themselves sometimes feel this, and rather than war itself, do they not wish for a short intensity of life to supplant the long weary round of common days? As we in art shorten the span of events so that we may grasp them as a whole and yet feel their progression, so they would do with the stuff of life itself. Is this right? Rather should not the soul recognise and strive to realise its power to deal with a greater span; to find eternity in this life, not by reducing life to a point, a thrill, but by expanding one point to infinity? Does not the greater spiritual art always try to do this by developing the essentials of life, not by putting a limit to life and reducing it to an arbitrary, graspable circumference? Men who strive thus to do are impa-

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tient with life's inessentials, but long-suffering with life itself; they approach to the infinite time-span; theirs are embracing souls. We feel that the brave partakers in war have such generous souls, for by this act of death they would prove the immortality of that very gift that women bring, which some say they would destroy.

Under the roof of marriage then should we not recognise a necessary union? In the gift of life woman is not alone and her great adventure of motherhood is no lonely separation from man; for he, with her, is shaken to the roots of his being, and in his very daring of death he is in travail with life. He holds to a closer union with her than with aught else on earth; she is closer to him than he is to himself. We prefer here to be high-handed with our thought and to say that the mystery of women is the mystery of an immortal choice. For us it is as though they were sprung from the lineage of beings who had made a primal choice; who from some far angelhood had stepped down to give their fellowship to men that they might be more intimate, more human, in their love. They have placed their fate irrevocably in our hands; and their gift of Hope—which may be a power peculiar to woman—is a ministration to our creative Faith. If faith be "the substance of things hoped for," hope may be no other than life itself, and faith a cherishing of life; so that to create is to protect. We who aspire to be the roof-builders feel this to the fibres of our being, and in marriage we would rear a lofty shelter, strong, spacious, and soaring, where to the dweller within we would give a happiness that is transcendent over pain; where we would give a certain solitude to her soul, a solitude where there is warmth and nourishment for both, and for both, unmistakably, the going forth of God; a solitude where her highest and her lowest become as one, and where, as the withered flower goes back to its root, her fallen vanities will be upgathered, transmuted to the simplicity of a child.

Mothers understand this quality of creative faith—they for whom we would especially rear our shelter. They at times may be timid under our guidance, but they have no fear; or if they have, it may be fear that the shelter we erect prove irreverent; fear that we refuse the hospitality of our hearts to the divinity of motherhood, and give the sacred mother a stable for home and for cradle a manger to her child. This may be their only and great fear.

I say that the mother understands this protection of faith; also in her there is a flowering of a hitherto unopened consciousness. Strangely, at this moment when we need to give her our best shelter, she is mysteriously beyond the sphere of our power, save as we can offer her, like the Kings from the East, the gold of our strength, the incense of our prayers and the myrrh of our tears.

If to the depths of life women have followed us, so they, in the humility of their choice, will be led by us to its heights. Let us not wonder that, although they will be with us at the summit, it shall be with brow as cool as ours is hot and hand as healing as ours is tense; for they are in Being to a degree we do not understand and they have no need of our toil of Becoming.

Here is the paradox; when they need us least, their need has grown greatest—need that we should fulfil the promise of that primal choice by which they are self-bound to us and which they will never unspeak. They are calm with this unrepudiated word; and, although sometimes bewildered by the tumult of earthly events, often unable to bring to consciousness the deeps of their being, they are watchers in an eternal day; they are silent witnesses to our life and give to it a validity and affirmation that abides beneath all; they are sharers to the uttermost in our fate. To us was given the power to sin, to us the need of salvation. If sometimes we deem that this same need is not indwelling in them, we do not thereby detract from their humanity and companionship; it is that we feel deeply, unmistakably, that no

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sin in this life can ever stain them so deeply as to destroy the glory of that original choice.

Let us unfog our minds, and abide by the eternal largesse of our hearts. It is for us to bring to fruition the chosen flower of their souls. The shelter we are building, whether it be the cottage roof of our humblest love or the Gothic loftiness of our highest dreams, shall not fail, for it is founded on the very stuff of our heart and soul. On the tried and tested staunchness of these stones may we not strive for yet more ample roofs that shall aspire to be some day identical with the firmament itself; so that the trees of the forest, whose spirit seems so much mightier than their form, shall rejoice that they once descended "from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves?"

Charles R. Murphy.

G. P. R. JAMES IN AMERICA

BY S. M. ELLIS

PART II*

It was in November, 1852, that G. P. R. James arrived at his new post, as British Consul, in Norfolk, Virginia, to look things over before his family followed. In the later words of his son Charles—a child of six at this period—"Had he understood the southern temper as well then as afterward, he might have looked them over a little longer before sending for us. However, he did so before the winter set in. I remember our descent of Chesapeake Bay in a steamer. For some cause, long since forgotten, I volunteered one of those unmelodious solos with which children of six or less not infrequently entertain their elders. Walter took me up and carried me into the ship's kitchen, prevailingly dark, but lit with a fire of lurid red, around which black figures were moving, all so complete a cyclorama of the orthodox place where bad boys go when they die, that I, being very sensible of deserving it, was awed into silence, though the sceptical side of me was busy inquiring how hell came to be on board a steamboat. . . . I remember coming in sight of the wharf at Norfolk, where we again saw my father waiting for us."

There, on the dreary quay in the dull and dismal December weather, the James family were reunited, and proceeded, no doubt forlornly, to a hotel, whence in a short time they removed, on January 6, 1853, to a house in East Street with surroundings and atmosphere compact of wharves, dead dogs and cats, poor Irish and concomitant pigs—a change indeed from the pleasant home at Stockbridge. But far worse things than these were to come. Poor James soon found that he had been appointed to the most undesirable and unhealthy and depressing station in the States. Although Norfolk was adjacent to the wide mouth of the River Elizabeth and the open sea of Chesapeake Bay, the climate was extremely deleterious owing to the proximity of the Great Dismal Swamp, forcing-pit of fever and ague; and yellow fever was brought every summer by ships from the West Indies, culminating in the terrible epi-

*Part I of Mr. Ellis's article described the first two years in America (1850-52) of the great English romance writer, G. P. R. James. Many of our readers will recall the pleasure of reading some of those great historical romances of James, perhaps the best known of which are *Richelieu, Darnley, The Gipsy, Attila, The Robber* and *Forest Days.*—Editor's Note.

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demic of 1855. In addition, mosquitoes abounded, the streets of Norfolk were very insanitary, and the place was often swept by hurricanes—"they would tear up large trees by the roots, throw down brick walls, suck up and scatter the water, and fill the streets with frogs and fish taken up at the same time." Such was the new home of G. P. R. James, who, bereft of all congenial society, and in failing health himself, had to work hard and late to set in order the affairs of the consulate, much neglected by an incompetent predecessor.

The Great Dismal Swamp, which lay a few miles to the south of Norfolk, had, however, its picturesque and romantic aspects. Its inner mysteries were unexplored, and many were the tales of runaway slaves and murdered maroons attaching to the great marsh. Ghost legends, too, of terrible people of the mist were numerous; and when a heavy fall of rain was impending at night the sky would be lit up by the Wind Lights —exhalations of the swamp. These aspects of the Great Dismal Swamp naturally appealed to the romantic imagination of James, and he fully described the locality in his subsequent tale, *The Old Dominion, or the Southampton Massacre* (1856). His picture of the district is of dense woods, then a track through breaks and fallen trees and mud, leading to the actual swamp—resembling a wild and dismal moor, hemmed in on every side by a belt of lowering forest. In the midst of all, the great lake, seven miles long. Thomas Moore also was much impressed by this weird district, and one of its legends was the basis of his ballad, *The Lake of the Dismal Swamp:*

They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp
She paddles her white canoe.

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake, by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

The summer of 1853 proved to be appallingly hot. James remained in Norfolk some time after he had sent his family away for a sojourn in a more healthy part of the coast. The thermometer in his consulate office stood at 103 degrees for a long number of days in succession. His son relates: "Among our acquaintances was Commodore Barron of the United States Navy. He had been employed on the Guinea coast, under the equator, in stopping the exportation of slaves from Africa, but he said during this season America was the hottest country in the world, and Norfolk the hottest place in America." The great heat naturally increased the diseases rampant in the locality, including a variety peculiar to the Virginian swamps known as "black tongue fever." As a climax to his misfortunes, James had to endure unpopularity and calumny in Norfolk. The great slave agitation was then paramount, and James being reported as in favour of abolition, he was hated and attacked by the slave-owners of this southern town to an extent which culminated in eight incendiary outrages at or near his house. He also received an anonymous letter containing threats to kill him. He was advised to carry a pistol, but replied that his cane was good enough to break an assailant's head—his "cane" being a

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heavy hunting crop, with ivory handle, a relic of his English days.

No wonder that at the end of his first year in Norfolk poor James was quite out of heart, and expressed his feelings thus in a letter to Charles Ollier, dated November 6, 1853:

. . . I cannot feel that an appointment, of very small value, to the dearest and most unhealthy city in the United States (with the exception of New Orleans) is altogether what I had a right to hope for or expect. You must recollect that I never asked for the consulate of Virginia, where there is neither society for my family, resources or companionship for myself, nor education to be procured for my little boy; where I am surrounded by swamps and marsh miasma, eaten up by mosquitoes and black flies, and baked under an atmosphere of molten brass, with the thermometer in the shade at 103; where every article of first necessity, with the exception of meat, is sixty per cent. dearer than in London; where the only literature is the ledger, and the arts only illustrated in the slave market.

I hesitated for weeks ere I accepted; and only did so at length upon the assurances given that this was to be a step to something better, and upon the conviction that I was killing myself by excessive literary labours. Forgive me for speaking somewhat bitterly; but I feel I have not been well used. You have known me more than thirty years, and during that time I do not think you ever before heard a complaint issue from my lips. I am not an habitual grumbler—but "the galled jade will wince."

I am very grateful to Scott for his kind efforts, and perhaps they may be successful; for Lord Clarendon,* who is, I believe, a perfect gentleman himself, when he comes to consider the society in which I have been accustomed to move, my character, my habits of thought, and the sort of place which Norfolk is—if he knows anything about it—must see that I am not in my proper position there. He has no cause of enmity or ill-will toward me, and my worst enemy could not wish me a more unpleasant position. If I thought that I was serving my country better than I could elsewhere, I would remain without asking for a change; but the exact reverse is the case. The slave dealers have got up a sort of outcry against me—I believe because, under Lord Clarendon's own orders, I have successfully prosecuted several cases of kidnapping negroes from the West Indies—and the consequence is that not a fortnight passes but an attempt is made to burn my house down. The respectable inhabitants of Norfolk are indignant at this treatment of a stranger, and the authorities have offered a reward for the apprehension of the offenders; but nothing has proved successful. This outcry is altogether unjust and unreasonable; for I have been perfectly silent upon the question of slavery since I have been here, judging that I had no business to meddle with the institutions of a foreign country in any way. But I will not suffer any men, when I can prevent or punish it, to reduce to slavery British subjects without chastisement.

You will be sorry to hear that this last year in Norfolk has been very injurious to my health; and I am just now recovering from a sharp attack of the fever and ague peculiar to this climate. It seized me just as I set out for the West—the great, the extraordinary West. Quinine had no effect upon it, but I learned a remedy in Wisconsin which has cured the disease entirely, though I am still very weak. What do you think of sulphur and treacle? Each time I felt the fit coming on, and found my fingers and lips turning blue, I took enough sulphur to make me odious to myself, and in ten or fifteen minutes the shivering subsided in gentle perspiration. Charlie has never recovered from the effects of a Norfolk spring, and is very thin, but as active in mind and body as ever. Walter has done all sorts of fine things in engineering and has got a good appointment. But I must end by once more bidding you believe me ever,

Yours faithfully,
G. P. R. James.

*The Fourth Earl, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1853-58.

The real cause of James's unpopularity among the slave-owners of the

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Norfolk locality—in addition to the fact that he was the representative of England, a country opposed to slave traffic—was a curious literary incident, which dated back to his intimacy with Charles Lever. In *The Dublin University Magazine,* 1846,* at a time when there was talk of American interference in Irish affairs, there appeared a mediocre poem purporting to be "Lines by G. P. R. James," prefixed as follows by a note from Lever, who was himself the editor:

MR. EDITOR: The accompanying lines I forward for insertion in your Magazine, exactly as I received them; nor, although not intended for the public eye, do I fear any reproach from their distinguished writer in offering them for publication unauthorised. They are bold, manly, and well-timed.

Yours,

L.

MY DEAR L:—I send you the song you wished to have. The Americans totally forgot when they so insolently calculated upon aid from Ireland in a war with England, that their own apple is rotten at the core. A nation with five or six millions of slaves, who would go to war with an equally strong nation with no slaves, is a mad people.

Yours,

G. P. R. JAMES.

A cloud is on the western sky,
  There's tempest o'er the sea,
And bankrupt States are blustering high,
  But not a whit care we.
Our guns shall roar, our steel shall gleam
Before Columbia's distant stream
  Shall own another's sway.
    We'll take our stand,
    And draw the brand
    As in the ancient day.

They count on feuds within the Isle,
  They think the sword is broke,
They look to Ireland and they smile—
  But let them bide the stroke.
When rendered one in hand and heart,
By robber war and swindler art,
  Home griefs are cast away,
    We take our stand,
    And draw the brand
    As in the ancient day.

Oh, let them look to where in bonds
  For help their bondsmen cry—
Oh, let them look ere British hands
  Wipe out that living lie.
Beneath the flag of Liberty
We'll sweep the wide Atlantic Sea,
  And tear their chains away;
    There take our stand,
    And draw the brand
    As in the ancient day.

Veil, starry banner, veil your pride,
  The blood-red cross before,
Emblem of that by Jordan's side,
  Man's freedom-price that bore.
No land is strong that owns a slave,
Vain is it wealthy, crafty, brave:
  Our freedom for our stay,
    We'll take our stand,
    And draw the brand
    As in the ancient day.

Shout, dusky millions, through the world!
  Ye scourge-driven nations, shout!
The flag of Liberty's unfurled,
  And Freedom's sword is out!
The slaver's boastful thirst of gain,
Tends but to break his bondsman's chain,
  And Britain's on the way
    To take her stand
    And draw the brand
    As in the ancient day.

One can well believe that when some busybody in Norfolk raked out this old volume of *The Dublin University Magazine* and circulated the poem in the district, resentment against James was keen—and justified from the slave-owners' point of view. But a truly Hibernian feature of the incident is that it is doubtful whether poor James wrote the poem, or knew anything at all about its publication in 1846! Both the biographers of Charles Lever, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Edmund Downey, came to the conclusion that the whole affair was a joke of Lever's at the expense of his rather prim friend, James. Mr. Downey has stated to the present writer that "Lever was very fond of this sort of humour, and his manner of introducing it to the Editor of *The D. U. M.*

*Vol. XXVII, pp. 341, 342.

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supports the theory (or fact) that it was one of Lever's jests. He frequently had a dig at America (as Dickens had) in connection with its shrieking about Freedom while it employed slaves."

On the other hand, there is no documentary evidence to prove the poem was written by Lever, for his remark on hearing of the persecution James suffered in Virginia in 1853—"God forgive me, it was my doing," might well refer to his printing lines "not intended for the public eye . . . publication unauthorised." If a joke, it was a pointless one, for Lever could not foresee in 1846 that James would hold an official position in America seven years later. Whatever the solution of the authorship of the poem, the consequences of its publication were very painful, as already related, to James. The situation was not improved by the part he took in another affair dealing with the slave question at this agitated period. A negro sailor was in danger of being hanged at Charleston, South Carolina, for aiding the escape of a fugitive slave. The accused claimed to be a British subject, having been born at St. Thomas, but as that island had been ceded to Denmark the question of the man's nationality was a nice one. The British Consul at Charleston being unable, apparently, to cut the Gordian knot, James was requested to deal with the matter. He was informed by the Governor of South Carolina that if the sailor was convicted in such a rapid city as Charleston his life was doomed, and the only hope for the man was an able lawyer. James at once secured the services of a barrister named Chandler, of Norfolk, who at the trial ably urged the legal point of the accused's nationality and the further fact that he, being a native of the West Indies, would not naturally know that a negro of South Carolina was almost certain to be a slave. He secured an acquittal—a great triumph in view of the fact that the jury was largely composed of slave-owners. James was delighted, though the incident increased the ill-will of his neighbours, the supporters of the slave system that is, in Norfolk. However, as time went on and the new consul's merits both in official and private life were apparent, persecution died down, and even the slave-owners of Norfolk came to like and respect him. Charles James, in his *Autobiography*, often speaks of the slave question, and it seems that his father was not really a keen opposer of the system. He says:

> It was not easy to manage without employing slave labour, but my father did not consider that his official position as agent of a government so anti-slavery as the British would allow of that. My mother, however, with her own money, hired a black cook who was a slave. She was just such another fat old creature as Aunt Chloe. My parents thought a great deal of her. Poor old soul, she died of yellow fever during the great visitation (we were in Wisconsin) and my father said, with tears in his eyes, that he expected nothing else on first hearing of her illness, for she had been taken sick once before since we had her, and nothing would keep up her courage but having "Massa" talk to her—"Massa" being himself; her legal owner, who let her out like a quadruped, was nothing to her.

Charles James also mentions the amazing insolence of the negro waiters at Willard's Hotel, Washington, before the outbreak of war, and how a Southerner shot one of them dead for misbehaviour, the result being a great uproar in the anti-slavery newspapers.

During the first year in Norfolk, James's two elder sons set out to seek their fortune farther afield. The second boy, Courtenay, then aged seventeen, sailed for Labrador (owing to attempted paternal chastisement for the crime of smoking); and Walter went to Wisconsin. He was accompanied thither by his father and sister. G. P. R. James rejoined his wife and youngest son at Winchester in November, 1853. During his Norfolk consulate, James generally had leave for three months, August to November, and he and his family travelled much, in addition to sojourns

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at Old Point Comfort, Baltimore, and Washington. Among other celebrities of those regions, James knew Ole Bull, the violinist, Judge Taney, John Tyler (ex-President), and Madame Jerome Bonaparte, formerly Elizabeth Patterson. American society seems to have been very festive in those early days, and Charles James's account of its spontaneous gaiety and high spirits has been confirmed by the later reminiscences of his namesake, Mr. Henry James. Charles James says: "Dancing was the grown people's chief pleasure, and no lady was so indefatigable as Madame Bonaparte. She had no idea of ever growing old, and would dance off this mortal stage. My father once asked her if she believed in anything else, to which she promptly answered, 'No.' I shall not easily forget the great ballroom at Old Point Comfort on those hot nights, with the windows wide open, the mosquitoes, whom bats followed to devour, the glare of the lights, the fiddlers perched up high, the mint-juleps, the overheated multitude of the brave and fair; those were tremendously décolleté days."

On his return to Norfolk, James moved into a larger and better house in Granly Street, facing the open water, but even this dwelling was infested with the centipedes and rats so horribly numerous in Virginia. Here, on May 24, 1854, James gave his usual dinner in celebration of the Queen's birthday, and decorated his parlour with a huge British flag reaching from ceiling to floor.

Despite his official work, his ill-health and troubles, James continued to write, though in a much lesser degree than in the happy days of leisure and prosperity in England. In 1853 he published *Agnes Sorrel* and *Vicissitudes of a Life* (which contains some autobiographical matter), and in 1854 *Ticonderoga, or The Black Eagle,* a story he had commenced three years earlier. *Prince Life: A Story for My Boy,* 1856, was also belated in its public appearance, for Charles James notes in his copy: "This book was written for me at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, about 1852. I wanted something written for me like *The Wonder Book* for Hawthorne's children. C. L. J."

Unhappily, James's health was ever getting worse and worse, as the following letter shows:

British Consulate,
Norfolk, Virginia,
7th April, 1855.

My dear Ollier:

It has been impossible for me to write to you, and it is now only possible for me to write a few lines, as I have already had to do more than my benumbed and feeble hands could well accomplish. For ten weeks I was nailed to my chair with rheumatic gout in knees, feet, hips, hands, shoulder. For some time I could only sign my despatches with my left hand and to some letters put my mark. Happily my feet, knees, etc., are well, but I cannot get the enemy out of my hands and arms. My shoulder is Sebastopol and will not yield.

I enclose you a cheque upon the Housatonic Bank, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as the only way I have of remitting you the money. Here, that cheque is better than any State Bank Note, but I am afraid neither the Housatonic Bank is well known, nor

Yours ever
G. P. R. James.

In this summer came the terrible epidemic of yellow fever, and—in his later report to the government—James traced its origin to a Yankee vessel called the *Ben Fränklin.* The captain of the ship had called upon James and wanted him to take charge of the effects of a sailor who had died in the hospital, on the plea that the deceased was a British subject. "Did he die of yellow fever?" asked James. "Oh, no," replied the captain, "merely common ship fever" (typhus). The consul said he would inquire at the hospital, and his visitor—an unsuccessful disciple of George Washington, it seems—took a hurried departure. At the hospital, James was informed the sailor had entered his nationality as American in the book, and that the case was a virulent one of yellow fever, for the patient

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was dead in two hours. In spite of James's protestations, the port authorities allowed the *Ben Franklin* to remain for some time under inefficient quarantine regulations, and the result was the pestilence that devastated Norfolk and the surrounding places. Many friends of the Jameses died, including Mrs. and Miss Taney, wife and daughter of the judge of that name, and Mrs. Barron, wife of Commodore Barron. Charles James says: "Hers was a horrible case. A frequent, though not invariable, symptom of yellow fever is hemorrhage. In Mrs. Barron's case, it was stated that blood oozed from the pores of her face. As to the sweat of blood—that narrative about Jesus is among portions of Scripture which have been ridiculed, but apologists have shown similar things to occur in other cases of high nervous irritation, which is very characteristic of yellow fever."

Norfolk became a town of desolation and despair; everyone who could fled from the place, and the conditions were not unlike those that attended the Great Plague of London. James's second-in-command, Frederick Cridland (afterward British Consul at Mobile and Charleston) was stopped one night by a sort of press-gang authorised to secure men for the purpose of burying the dead, and it was only by flaunting the majesty of the British flag that he escaped this most unpleasant duty. After James had started for his annual leave, two of his negro servants had yellow fever,—one of them, Kitty, an old woman previously mentioned, dying very rapidly,—and it was Cridland who himself disinfected the rooms of his chief. He remained in Norfolk till the epidemic had abated, and did his duty very finely.

The James family this summer travelled via Detroit and Chicago to Wiscon and Minnesota, where the novelist and his eldest son, Walter, had invested in land. This was still a very primitive part of America. Charles James relates:

> We ascended from a steamer from Fond du Lac, then a very pretty village trying hard to be a city, even into Menasha. We boarded uncomfortable weeks here at a damnably kept hotel. Menasha was a typical Western village at the back of beyond. Though open on most sides to the prairies, it was also in close contiguity to the pineries. The principal business was lumbering. Neenah already showed signs of outrunning Menasha. Between them was Doty's Island, for aught I know the property of (territorial) Governor Doty, whose house appeared to be the only one there. Doty's Island was quite large. Trees were felled for lumber there: yet it seemed in the main a perfect wilderness. The house, huge and well furnished, received us during a visit of some days' duration, and had a *rus in urbe* atmosphere about it quite delightful after the frontier tavern. The friendship, here cemented, endured.
>
> The climate seemed to me relaxing and depressing, and the barbarism of everything, except on Doty's Island, intolerable. The scenery I thought monotonous except when there were plenty of swamps. About the only occupations were fishing and hunting. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, I had to own some beauties of the Great West. The long, long twilight of the prairies was very agreeable, and the cool nights. There were some really pretty places among the rising towns accessible by buggy-ride.
>
> Appleton, already distinguished as a seat of learning, was one of them. A few civilised people had begun to drift out into the West. There were lots of foreigners belonging to the cruder social grades, and very scantily supplied with English. And everlordly, as throughout the continent, there was the true American of that variety who could read *The Advocate* with time enough to spell the words, but knew all there was to know without. There was an old hunter, a patriarch in woodcraft. Where he lived and how, it is not for such as I to know, but I saw him a few times, clad in buck-skins, paddling the placid surface of the Lake Des Morts in a dugout whose primitiveness entirely defies description, and wearing a venerable growth of grey hair, whiskers, beard, and moustache, which made the existence of osseous or fleshly features a mere question for impertinent curiosity.

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We started at last from Menasha homeward on the Lake Winnebago steamer. Just about sunset I began to shiver. My father was much alarmed, for there was about a good deal of what they call here typhoid. He had almost overstayed his leave and was anxious to get on, but the doctors told him it would be at the risk of my life to move immediately, so he determined to hold back. After lying sick for some days at Fond du Lac, I was pronounced movable. The railroad terminus was at Wausau. To this place from Fond du Lac we had to stage it. Recent rains had brought it to the highest state of perfection. Before we reached Wausau, darkness overtook us. Every few minutes the vehicle sunk over the hubs in a mud hole. At last it became so dark and the holes so fathomless that we concluded it dangerous to attempt proceeding, and stopped at a wayside house which frequently did duty for a tavern. . . . Henceforth we had the railroad, but I was too sick for even railroad travelling when we reached Milwaukee, and lay there for several days more. One of them was my ninth birthday, October 23, 1855. . . . When we left Detroit the slaughter recommenced. It was evening. A violent thunderstorm came on, and being bound in the same direction as ourselves, it accompanied us all along the Lakes with dazzling lightning, pouring rain, and reports like the bursting of cannon. As we crossed the suspension bridge at Niagara, my father saw what must have been the unique spectacle of the Falls revealed by lightning. He asked if I did in a tone of such admiration that, not to disappoint him, I committed the departure from truth involved in saying "Yes."

Thus, after this not unexciting journey from the West, and short sojourns at Albany and Washington, the James family returned once more to Norfolk, where yellow fever had now fortunately abated. But as the disease had been actually in the Granly Street house, the consul established his family at Portsmouth, in the Macon House, a combination of inn and boarding establishment. In the following year the consulate was removed inland to Richmond, after strong representations that a more healthy situation than Norfolk was essential, and the date of the change is given in the following letter:

BRITISH CONSULATE,
Norfolk, Virginia,
3d May, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. KENNEDY:

. . . Lord Clarendon has ordered me to make every preparation for moving the Consulate of Virginia up to Richmond, but not to do so until he has nominated a Vice-Consul for Norfolk. He also wishes me to send him a detailed report regarding the late epidemic here; and what between house hunting, office hunting, and trying to run down those foxes called rumours into their holes, and to draw Truth up from the bottom of her well in a place where people are as fanatical upon contagion and non-contagion as if they were articles of faith, I have had no peace of my life. My book* I would have sent you, but I could not get a copy worth sending. It has found favour in the South and is powerfully abused in the North, both of which circumstances tend to increase the sale, so that it has been wonderfully well read.

I wish you a pleasant time in the Old World, and have the pleasure of enclosing some letters, though you will hardly need any introduction anywhere. You carry your own with you. These are all I have time to write before you go; but I will tell some others of my friends to find you out and call upon you at your hotel. I am sorry I did not think of taking notes of all the evening conversations at Berkeley. We might have made out together some few from the Noctes Berkelianæ.

Yours ever,
G. P. R. JAMES.

In a letter to Commander J. McKeever, a few weeks earlier, he alluded to his press of work and ill-health:

A completely new Code of Instructions were waiting my arrival from the West, and these Instructions have nearly doubled

*_The Old Dominion, or The Southampton Massacre,_ published this year. 1856.

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the former labours of a consul, which were heavy enough before, so that I am quite overworked. I trust, however, in a few days to have finished the innumerable annual reports required at the end of each year, when my first gratification will be that of waiting upon you, although I have been so unwell ever since my return that I never should count upon health enough here to be certain of anything.

James's health was now beyond repair. His constant tendency to lameness, the miseries of suppressed gout, the irregularity of his heart's action, all increased year by year. And now, during his first winter at Richmond, he suffered from the prevailing epidemic of diphtheria—a disease then but little understood by the medical profession—and soon after contracted inflammation of the lungs. The season was exceptionally severe. Richmond was snowed up, there was difficulty in getting fuel, and so scarce were provisions that the negro population indulged largely in a diet of rats. James took an active part in organising measures of relief for the starving poor.

Although Richmond was a great improvement upon Norfolk in matters of health, wealth, and civilisation, possessed handsome Capitol Buildings and a theatre with a stock company (irradiated at times by passing meteors such as Edwin Forrest, in *Richelieu,* and the English actor Loraine), it was still in an elementary state. The population of forty thousand contained many wild elements, and disputes often ended in pistol fusillades in the streets, for Colt revolvers were commonly carried. There were public sales of negro slaves, fugitive and refractory blacks received severe floggings in the calaboose, and there was a slave warehouse—all in the style described by Mrs. Beecher Stowe in her rather too egregious romance. In James's time, Richmond was still unconnected by train with Washington, and the journey had to be made by an inefficient, ill-smelling steamboat service via the James and Potomac rivers to Acquia Creek. Thackeray came to lecture in Richmond early in 1853, and visited James (who was then still at Norfolk).

The James family lived at first at the Exchange Hotel, in Franklin Street, which was connected by a bridge across the street with a sort of annex, called the Ballad House after the name of its proprietors. In the summer of 1856 they moved out to Montgomery Springs, a beautiful place among the mountains, where they adopted the southern practice of living in a rustic cabin and merely going to an hotel for meals. It was a primitive country, surrounded by woodland, and just then the neighbourhood was indulging in one of its frequent scares of a negro insurrection, which was regarded so seriously that even little Charles James was armed with a pistol. In the autumn the family proceeded on a tour through Western Virginia, visiting the Otter Peaks, Lexington, and Liberty, from thence returning to Richmond late in November. Charles James relates an incident which occurred at Lexington illustrative of the summary manner in which the Americans of the fifties settled their quarrels:

> Christian and Blackburn had quarrelled about a girl. It was Sunday evening, and the fight, which had been long pending, began at the church door, under a lofty hill. . . . They went up the hill, sparring with fists, Blackburn driving Christian, who had the advantage of the ground, before him. At the top of the hill, Blackburn, who was now on his own level, knocked him down and piled on to him. After bidding him get off once or twice, Christian stabbed him in the neck with a knife. There were third parties present when the fight began, but none of them seemed to think they ought to interfere with the gentlemen who went off and cut each other's throats in satisfactory privacy.

Christian, when tried for this murder, was acquitted. The following summer, 1857, was spent at Ashland, and after that the Jameses moved into their new house, near the Capitol grounds, at Richmond, where, however, they were des-

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tined to remain but a short time. During this season, James, as British Consul, took part in the unveiling of the equestrian statue of George Washington in Richmond, and at night had the front of his house adorned with an arch of gas jets, which in those days was considered a very gorgeous mode of illumination.

In 1857 James published *Leonora D'Orco,* a romance of Italy in the fifteenth century; in 1858 appeared *Lord Montagu's Page,* and in 1859 a sequel entitled *The Cavalier* when published in America: this was his last work, and the title was changed to *Bernard Marsh* when it was republished posthumously, in 1864, in London.

G. P. R. James had long desired a change of consulate, and urged his claims to promotion. In 1858 he was offered the post of consul-general for the Black Sea with headquarters at Odessa. While he was considering this proposal there came the offer of the similar post for the Adriatic, with residence at Venice, and this he at once accepted. As soon as the news of his impending departure became known in Virginia, regret was expressed on all sides; and the impulsive, warm-hearted southerners—former feuds on the slave question all forgotten—were profuse with compliments and hospitalities. They presented James with a punch bowl at a farewell banquet in Richmond, when the following gracefully complimentary verses by John R. Thompson, the Virginian poet, were read*:

Good-bye! they say the time is up—
The "solitary horseman" leaves us,
We'd like to take a "stirrup cup,"
Though much indeed the parting grieves us:
We'd like to hear the glasses clink
Around a board where none was tipsy,
And with a hearty greeting drink
This toast—The Author of *The Gypsy!*

The maidens fair of many a clime
Have blubbered o'er his tearful pages,
The Ariosto of his time,
Romancist of the Middle Ages:
In fiction's realm a shining star,
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors):
Who would not call our G.P.R.—
"H.B.M.C."—a "Man of Letters"?

But not with us his pen avails
To win our hearts—this English scion,
Though there are not so many tales
To every roaring British Lion—
For he has yet a prouder claim
To praise than dukes and lords inherit,
Or wealth can give, or lettered fame—
His honest heart and modest merit.

An Englishman, whose sense of right
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,
He loves, and loves with all his might,
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Garter;
The last embraces much, 'tis best
To comprehend just what is stated—
For Honi soit—you know the rest
And need not have the French translated.

O! empty bauble of renown,
So quickly lost and won so dearly,
Our Consul wears the Muses' crown,
We love him for his virtues merely;
A Prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,
Then call him George Prince Regent James,
And let his country swell the chorus.

His country! we would gladly pledge
Its living greatness and its glory—
In Peace admired, and "on the edge
Of battle" terrible in story:
A little isle, its cliff it rears
'Gainst wind and waves in wrath united,
And nobly for a thousand years
Has kept the fire of freedom lighted.

A glowing spark in time there came,
Like sunrise o'er the angry water,
And here is fed, an altar flame,
By Britain's democratic daughter—
From land to land a kindred fire
Beneath the billow now is burning,
O! may it thrill the magic wire
With only love and love returning!

But since we cannot meet again
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,
Old friend! this measure take and drain
A brimming health to us in going:

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And far—beneath Italia's sky
Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,—
Bring out the bowl when you are dry
And pledge us by the Adriatic!*

James thus left America with the kindliest feelings. Maunsell B. Field states:

I was with him during the last evening that he spent in America, at the Union Place Hotel, in New York. Washington Irving, between whom and himself there existed a sincere friendship, was also with us. Mr. James was telling about all the kindness which he had received in Virginia. "They're a warm-hearted people—they're a warm-hearted people," he said, while tears came into his eyes. The next morning I accompanied him to the steamer, and took my final leave of him. . . . He was a big-hearted man, too tender, merciful, and full of religious sentiment; a good husband, a devoted father, and a fast friend.

*These verses were published shortly after in *The Southern Literary Messenger.*

So, after eight adventurous years in America, James and his family left the New World for its extreme antithesis—Venice, where the novelist was destined to end life's journey less than two years later. His last days were passed amid the exciting period of the Italian-Austrian war situation, for adventure attended James to the last. He died, after long and acute suffering, on June 9, 1860, aged sixty, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery of St. Michele, on the Island of the Dead, about a mile from the city of Venice.

In the following year, his widow returned to America; she survived until June 9, 1891, dying at Eau Claire, Wisconsin. The surviving children of G. P. R. James also settled in the New World: they are now dead, but their descendants continue there, and are of American nationality.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

William Archer's "God and Mr. Wells"*

Nobody is more orthodox than your orthodox agnostic. When John Stuart Mill left in manuscript *Three Essays on Religion,* whose publication proved to the world that he was not far from the Kindom of God, Herbert Spencer was troubled, and all the agnostics with him. An almost amusing account of this incident is given in Lord Morley's *Recollections.* Morley says the book "dismayed his disciples," and that "it made a sort of intellectual scandal." Morley felt that Mill had somehow been tainted with treason. To see signs of weakness in one who his whole life long had fought the good faith, was indeed disquieting. For if a man like Mill was to show religious conviction, how much greater the danger besetting those less mentally robust!

One feels sorry for both the agnostics and the pessimists; they have such tremendous difficulty in living up to their convictions, in remaining firm in the unfaith. As old Bishop Blougram says, just when they are "safest," something or other happens that whispers in the depths of their hearts the treasonable suggestion that there may be some truth in religion. Christianity, like its Founder, refuses to stay dead. It has been repeatedly and confidently proclaimed a corpse; then suddenly it shows signs of life in the citadel of its enemies, making most unexpected converts. Before the year 1916, it had seemed that if all the world became religious except one man, that man would be H. G. Wells. Then came Mr. Britling, teaching and practising Christianity. At the same moment that *Advocatus Diaboli,* Bernard Shaw, enrolled himself formally under the ban-

*God and Mr. Wells. A Critical Examination of *God the Invisible King.* By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1917.

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ner of Jesus of Nazareth—not as God, but emphatically as the Saviour of the world. Synchronously with these two "testimonies," appeared the arch-Pagan, George Moore, who in a long book full of sacrilege, nevertheless showed that he, too, was captured by the spell of Jesus Christ; had become obsessed by the greatest character in all history. The Hound of Heaven is after big game these days, and is successfully disturbing the converts where the most resourceful foxes had made their nests.

William Archer, like Lord Morley, is an orthodox, stout-hearted, uncompromising agnostic. I admire the serene austerity of such a mind, knowing that it is inspired by two of the noblest passions—love of truth and love of mankind. If I did not find it more reasonable to believe in Christianity than to reject it, I would go over to the high and dry, simon-pure agnostics, and not take refuge in any invisible god-ghost who was just the coinage of my brain. As a rule—Lord Morley and Mr. Archer are exceptions—no persons are more credulous than those who refuse to believe in Christianity; a fresh instance of which is seen in the author of *God the Invisible King*. He is not only the author of the book, but of the Thing. Mr. Archer, in attacking Mr. Wells, makes many palpable hits; and I, who agree with neither of them, find the fight highly entertaining. One remark made by the critic goes to the root of the matter. "It is not quite clear why Mr. Wells should accept so large a part of the Christian ethic and yet refuse to identify his Invisible King with Christ." Mr. Wells will convert no agnostics; and as for me, why on earth or in heaven should I go a-hunting for an Invisible King when I have a better One Who was Visible?

I have heard Mr. Archer's book described as cynically and ironically humourous. I do not find it so. It has flashes of wit and humour, but it is a noble-minded book, coming from a noble-minded man. Nor is his attitude toward Mr. Wells coldly unsympathetic. Mr. Archer knows that the only way to read *God the Invisible King* is with deep sympathy for the author's idealism. The restless, bustling man seems for the moment to have found peace of mind. The only thing I fear for him is his cocksureness. The powerful and splendid novel was called *Mr. Britling Sees It Through;* the treatise on theology might be called *Mr. Britling Sees Through It.* Mr. Wells has once more disproved Maeterlinck's statement that the dog is the only creature that has found his God. And Mr. Wells's God bears such numerous and striking resemblances to Jesus of Nazareth that he may ultimately come to see that the One whom he worships was declared unto us a long time ago by St. Paul. It is vain for him to kick against the pricks.

Mr. Archer has performed some valuable services in this little book. He has once more shown us his own clear, honest mind—and I salute him! He has shown us that Mr. Wells's scheme is nothing but a crude form of pragmatism; and pragmatism, under its very terms, is without absolute value, of no importance except to him who believes in it. It will never overcome the world. And finally, Mr. Archer has shown, perhaps unconsciously, that if you really want to worship God—which he does not—it is better to worship a Person than to worship an insubstantial, baseless fabric of your own social ideas.

William Lyon Phelps.

II

Michael Monahan's "New Adventures"*

Michael Monahan ends *New Adventures* with, "I trust the valiant reader who has come so far with me may reckon not vainly that he has gleaned a few grains of wheat by the way, now that we have reached the end." Undoubtedly there are grains of wheat scattered through the forty-five essays which the book contains, but there is a deal of

*New Adventures. By Michael Monahan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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tares that now and again appears so dominating that it rather overshadows the wheat. Mr. Monahan possesses the sometimes envious quality of putting his reader out of patience owing to convictions he often arrives at, especially in those essays which treat of sex. Was it not Nietzsche who declared, "Convictions are prisons?" Mr. Monahan has actually built up dungeons about himself on more than one topic that he has not sufficiently explored or traversed in an inauspicious manner. Arguing from false premises is the most common fault of the essayist, and why should an essayist argue anyway? Mr. Monahan need not, for he possesses a ripe and mellow style, not too unctuous, and an apt humour that frequently lights up his pages to the great enjoyment of the reader. One suspects that the matter in *New Adventures* originally saw the light in some of the author's little magazines, *The Phoenix,* for instance, and therefore the fact that they treat of all sorts of subjects in an unrelated manner, from Balzac's love-affairs to Bermuda and the lure of the circus, is understandable.

One might ignore the author's paragraphs about sex were they not so frequent and conspicuous. His maudlin sentimentalities about the little white feet on Broadway, his excessive interest in Karin Michaelis—a nine-days' wonder who faded out of the inconstant mind of the world some years ago, his dredgings into the illicit love-affairs of Balzac, and especially the uncalled-for chapter entitled *False Youth,* form too prominent a bulk of the total content of *New Adventures* to be wholly passed over. *False Youth* is inexcusable, for it is, in effect, a warning to all husbands to watch their wives when they reach a certain age. This application of the Dangerous Age in promiscuous fashion to all mankind is less vulgar than silly and far-fetched.

Omitting the lapses, such as the aforementioned subjects which George Jean Nathan could handle with Gallic *esprit* and about as much value, and the banalities and frayed truisms that occasionally pop their smirking faces up, there is much to give genuine pleasure in *New Adventures.* For the most part the essays on *Manahatta* are pregnant with suggestion of both prevailing and vanished atmospheres in New York. Michael Monahan loves the Big City and he views it through a golden glow of appreciation. When a man reaches fifty years the city of his youth takes on a magical colour through the idealising vista of Time. Even for the author ghosts walk the streets as any who read the essay named for that species of supernatural visitant may learn. Only Michael Monahan's ghosts are real people, mere shells of spirits that once roused him to joy and laughter. Which brings us to the suggestive quality of his work.

We find him a lover of mankind except for a slightly jaundiced view of women. He has found Life good in the main, for it has brought him many things. He sighs occasionally, for he suffers as all sensitive spirits do; the nostalgia for youth will not forsake him. His suggestion that life has never brought him friends may be taken as a passing mood, for he refers to more than one person in a loving manner.

Two sketches in the book deserve special attention, *Nocturne* and *Yearnings.* They cannot be called short stories, although the first-named by a stretch of the imagination may be so catalogued. *Nocturne* I consider the best thing in the book. It is just a sketch of a middle-aged husband and wife dreaming before the fire. The old dictum that "we bring our children into the world and they drive us out of it" receives a vivid, though rather sentimental, expression. Things like this were written back in the 1890's. *Yearning* is, for the most part, the rather amusing letter of a great author to a feminine admirer. It presents the old plea, Let me love you at a distance and the ideal will remain unspoiled.

The critical articles scattered throughout the book do not appeal to me as pos-

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sessing any intrinsic value, although the measure of Balzac is taken with some erudition. They are in all cases appreciations and not in reality criticism at all. James Whitcomb Riley and Richard Le Gallienne are among those treated. Mr. Monahan goes on at some length to state how nice they are and purrs about them contentedly. The homely talent of Riley and the lyric quality of Richard Le Gallienne's verse are well known, so much so that chapters of unrestricted laudation cannot either help or injure their fame.

New Adventures finds its chief value in its mellow style and smoothly flowing presentation of the moods of a sensitive and partly dreaming man. Sometimes introspective, often pregnant with thought of social importance, they succeed by their variety.

Herbert S. Gorman.

III

Wolf von Schierbrand's "Austria-Hungary"*

The Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, a factor always of delightful or embarrassing uncertainty to those who play the game of "high" politics in Europe, has in this World-War been assigned, possibly unconsciously, to the ungrateful rôle of the unimportant person who makes the opening speeches in a play, and who then retires, once the audience is seated, in favour of the actors of the leading parts. And yet this unfortunate player usually is obliged to remain until the last curtain falls and to keep occupied without getting much attention from the other side of the footlights. The immediate and direct cause of the explosion, long awaited by those who read history and economics with intelligence, is almost forgotten now. We Americans particularly are so apt to forget what has happened yesterday or the day before and have a happy faculty of pouncing judgment-wise on any event with no hindering sense of its relation to what went before. But there may be some of us who are really interested in the most westerly of Europe's great Eastern problems, that queer seething cauldron, of Balkan and "South-the-Danube" peoples, of which Austria-Hungary is the most coherent expression. To those this stately, painstaking volume will come very welcome, for it gives a vast deal of information, and information, furthermore, which aims to be correct and is quite free from the intentional bias actuating most "war books" on either side. In fact, the writer begins his labour by disclaiming any desire to send out a "war book," and his short remarks on the subject of this sort of literature are justified. His work and the years of study that preceded it were begun before the cloud had settled, and it was an accident of fate that kept him at the heart of the trouble once the storm came on. And yet, naturally, subsequent events have made the book of greater value, and particularly of greater value to those who are trying to get a true line on what has happened, and what is happening, that they may more intelligently await what will happen.

We have the poet's word for it that "East is East and West is West, and never the Twain shall meet." And yet in one of the distinctly European countries, the chief city of which has been for years a second Paris of gay modern life and a second Paris in vanity-creation to deck Europe's daughters, East and West have met and mingled in a way that finally threw the last spark into a powder magazine. Twenty different nationalities, belonging to three or four of the great races, twenty different nationalities, many with an old culture and each with its separate literary tongue, acknowledge a more or less shaky allegiance to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, or rather to the Hapsburg family as Emperors of Austria and Kings of Hungary. Eight of these twenty tongues are recognised official languages and official documents for general consumption, such as paper money for instance, and must have the important notices printed in these

*Austria-Hungary, the Polyglot Empire. By Wolf von Schierbrand. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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eight tongues always. Also, a monarch's life is not a happy one—every member of the reigning family must become familiar with all of these eight languages and must know just when and where to use them. This overtime mental strain may explain some of the oft-mentioned degeneracy of the Hapsburg family. Esperanto would be a Godsend to them!

And not one of these twenty nationalities has ever ceased to agitate for greater political and economic advantages for its own people; not one of them, with very few passing exceptions, has succeeded in living at peace with its immediate neighbours under the flag of the Dual Monarchy. This is partly because of the East and West conflict—the poet may be right—East and West may meet but cannot mingle, at least, under Old-World conditions. The Teuton strain, the Magyar, fragments of the true Celt, the Slav, the Jew, and the Oriental all are represented here, and no condition has yet been reached in the political and economic structure of the empire which could persuade them to lie down at peace with one another.

A noted American ex-president, with his own delightfully characteristic manner of talking before thinking, expressed his astonishment to the author, stating: "It beats me why those people cannot get on together at home—somehow our American theorem of the Melting Pot does not seem to work there"—and more of the same sort. But the author of the book under discussion, who, being compelled to earn his living by his brains, tries to think first and then talk, has realised and made clear to us the political conditions that interfere with the Melting-Pot theory. Were our own country governed more according to the Rooseveltian ideal of a strong central government, with a large standing army and himself as dictator, the Melting-Pot theory would find no easy path here either. But as we have some measure of democracy and some measure of *political* freedom at least, the various races and nationalities that seek shelter with us realise that each and every one of them can enjoy the political freedom and suffer under the lack of economic freedom equally. They understand it, these so-called ignorant foreigners, and the Szech, the Magyar, the Slovene, the Gypsy, the Ruthenian, and all the others who are always at each other's throats under the repressive measures which are the Hapsburg administrative policy, manage to live in comparative peace here—and the Melting Pot *does* work. The racial problem is no more difficult than the problem of religious creeds, or any other similar difference of thought and belief. Under the light of even comparative freedom, the difficulties fade away.

But the difficulties this race problem does present under the Dual Monarchy give sufficient justification for even a larger volume than the one Mr. von Schierbrand has written. For they present, as if mirrored in a tiny drop of water, some of the problems facing a larger world, and after all, it was in the drop of war that the explosion started. With a sympathy born of knowledge for a country of great and varied natural beauty, and for varied types of humanity, Mr. von Schierbrand describes carefully and lucidly the intricate mingling of races in the counties making up Austria proper, then the characteristics of the Magyar Kingdom of Hungary, the food garden of the Dual Monarchy, with its insistence on its own "rights" and its indifference to the rights of non-Magyar races within its own borders. Notable landmarks of history are brought to mind again: the Golden Bull of 1222, a charter of freedom more liberal even than Magna Charta, but soon more honoured in the breach than in the observance; Hungary's many strenuous years of battling as bulwark for all western Europe against Moslem invasion; the rise of the Hapsburg family and their gradual usurpation of imperial power; the kaleidoscopic shifting of frontiers throughout the centuries, and the changing racial types impressing themselves on different localities—all these chapters form the necessary and en-

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lightening background to those which concern themselves with Austria's entrance into the war, and with the story of the Dual Monarchy under war conditions.

Most interesting to those of us who believed that in the strength of the Teuton element in Austria, and the possibilities of its return to the home empire, lay the reason for Germany's fatal delay in restraining Austria's hand, when such restraint might have prevented the war—most interesting is it to read of the gradual absorption of this element even in Vienna itself by the Slav. And indeed to those who remember the slender, graceful, dark-eyed pleasure-loving people of that gay capital city, the Teutonic strain seems to be disappearing even in its physical manifestations. And also to anyone going into Austria from Germany, the general slovenly carelessness, under surface glitter, which is characteristic of Vienna as the stranger sees it, has little of the German qualities of orderliness and attention to detail in it. And yet, from many things Mr. von Schierbrand tells us, we realise Austria's complete and entire dependence on Germany, in spite of under-the-surface dislike, envy and racial antipathy. In all that makes the Dual Monarchy a modern nation and not a mere conglomeration of primitive agricultural tribes, Austria-Hungary has had to rely on Germany, and now, in the conduct of the war, shown just as these lines are written, as well as at other times, Austria-Hungary would have gone under without her powerful ally. Most interesting, in the light of present events, are some things Mr. von Schierbrand says regarding the popular dislike to Germany and fondness for France, as well as for England and America, in many parts of the Dual Monarchy. The possibility that, properly handled, Hungary at least might have been induced to make a separate peace, and how this possibility was not only not utilised but directly prevented by the Entente powers, may or may not be exactly as stated in the book. But there are just as many chances that Mr. von Schierbrand tells the truth as that he does not. Also, as this passage was written before our own entrance into the war, let us hope it will not lead, under our new laws, to the author's arrest.

He makes no effort to conceal Austria's sad blunders, sad and costly in human life, in the conduct of the war, blunders that would many times have led to complete defeat had it not been for German aid, and for some dramatic quality in the varied races of the empire, few of whom knew how to pull together in good team work, but all of whom possess, in the individual, splendid fighting qualities. Stories of romantic heroism will interest lovers of a good fighter—if they are willing to accept these qualities in an official enemy! And for the student of ethnography, there is much that is fascinating in this book. Most interesting of all, possibly, is the description of the Ladiners, a small group of some sixty thousand souls in all of pure Celtic blood and Celtic characteristics, living in the great storm centre Goriza, and the surrounding shore districts. They are now sheltered in a concentration camp in a lovely valley near Marburg.

Possibly most important in historical and economic significance is Mr. von Schierbrand's clear story of the land-question in Austria-Hungary and the part taken by the landlordocracy in further and fatally complicating the racial problem. Austria's serious food problem in war times, the surrogates manufactured with German aid and German machinery for articles of food and clothing now unobtainable, and the political reasons why a country so favoured by Nature and so fitted to be self-supporting should find itself in such straits, are clearly shown. And most welcome of all is the self-restraint shown by the author in dealing with the future, with the possible fate of this loosely tied bundle of combative units, which the present great combat has, for the moment at least, fused into some sort of unity.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavor to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design. By Henery Vincent Hubbard and Theodora Kimball. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated with pen and ink drawings and photographs. $6.00.

A working theory of landscape design, with discussion of its elements and application of its theories.

Biography

Wessel Gansfort. Life and Writings. By Edward Waite Miller, D.D. Principal Works translated by J. W. Scudder. In 2 volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $4.00.

An exhaustive treatment of the life and work of the Dutch scholar of the fifteenth century who anticipated most of the teachings of the Reformers.

The Life and Letters of John Fiske. By John Spencer Clark. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. Two Volumes. $7.50.

An intimate and lively picture, by means of Fiske's own letters and journals, of the great historian and of famous men, such as Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin, who were his friends.

Drama

Pawns of War. By Bosworth Crocker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25.

A play visualising the German invasion of Belgium.

Madam Sand. By Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

A biographical comedy centring about several famous personages.

The Evergreen Tree. A Masque of Christmas Time. By Percy Mackaye. New York: D. Appleton and Company. With scenic and costume designs.

A contribution to the "happy cause of a communal art."

Efficiency. The Greenwich Village edition. By Robert H. Davis and P. P. Sheehan. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

A play in one act setting forth in an unusual manner the machine of Prussian autocracy.

Economics

Our Money and the State. By Hartley Withers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

A discussion of whether or not War-Expenses should be met by loans or by taxes, by the former financial editor of the London *Times*.

The Unmarried Mother. Criminal Science Monograph No. 3. By Percy Gamble Kammerer. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

A study of five hundred cases—authorised by the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

Essays

Immortality. An Essay in Discovery. By Burnett H. Streeter and four other authors. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Essays co-ordinating scientific, psychical, and Biblical research.

The Spring of Joy. A Little Book of Healing. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

Essays "for the weary and wounded."

Fiction

What Never Happened. By "Ropshin" (Boris Savinkov). Translated by Thomas Seltzer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.60.

A "terrorist" tells the story of his experiences in the Russian Revolution.

Cabin Fever. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.

A new story of the West by the author of *The Lookout Man*.

The Cabin [La Barraca]. By V. Blasco Ibanez. Translated from the Spanish by Dr. Francis Haffkine Snow and B. M. Mekota. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A realistic story of Spanish life to-day, dealing with the small farmers and a wealthy usurer.

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The City of the Discreet. By Pio Baroja. Translated by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. $1.50.

An adventurous tale spun around Cordova as she is to-day.

The Winds of the World. By Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A romance of plotting and adventures, dealing with the English in India at the outbreak of the world war.

Bettina Brown, a Little Child. By "One of her subjects." New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 75 cents.

A delightful story of the babyhood and childhood of a little girl of nine.

A Nest of Spies. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. New York: Brentano's. $1.35.

Another of the Fantômas detective novels.

The Big Little Person. By Rebecca Hooper Eastman. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.40.

The story of a brave nature disguised under very feminine qualities.

At the Sign of the Oldest House. By Juliet Wilbor Tomkins. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated by Chase. $1.50.

A characteristic story of this author, with attractive illustrations.

General Literature

Maxims of Le Duc de la Rochefoucauld. Translated by John Heard, Jr. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Some five hundred maxims collected in a limited edition.

Defenders of Democracy. President's Edition. Edited by the Gift Book Committee of the Militia of Mercy. New York: John Lane Company. $2.50.

Contributions from representative men and women of letters and other arts from our allies and our own country.

Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America. By Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D., University of California. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

An argument for the unity of America and Shakespeare's England in institutions, law and liberty, and democracy administered by the fittest.

A History of the French Novel. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Company. Vol. I. $5.50.

The first volume of this scholarly series extends from the beginning to 1800.

Legends and Romances of Brittany. By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With eight illustrations in colour and twenty-four in black-and-white by W. Atway Cannell. $3.50.

An important book developing a phase of Celtic mythology closely allied with British source material.

Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell and others. Edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A literary discovery—letters by the brother of the Autocrat, of whom Emerson said: "While Wendell had wit, John had to a unique degree the possession of humour."

History

Love Stories of Court Beauties. By Franzisca, Baroness von Hedemann. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $3.00.

Intimate pictures of European court life by a court modiste, with interesting photographs.

Paul Jones. His Exploits in English Seas During 1778-1780. By Don C. Seitz. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. With Bibliography. Frontispiece. $3.50.

A collection of newspaper clippings reporting the activities of the hero in European waters.

England's Debt to India. By Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

A historical narrative of Britain's fiscal policy in India.

Memories of Old Salem. By Mary H. Northend. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. With eighty illustrations. $4.00.

Reminiscences from the letters of a great-grandmother.

A History of Poland. By Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton. With three maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fifteen chapters of Poland's history from the earliest times to the present day.

William Claiborne of Virginia. By J. H. Claiborne. Illustrated. $1.75.

The genealogy of the Claibornes together with an authentic account of the dispute between Claiborne and Lord Baltimore regarding the ownership of Kent Island in Chesapeake Bay.

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Juvenile

Adventures in Girlhood. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $1.00.

Helpful talks with girls about their problems.

Twenty-two Goblins. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated by Perham W. Nahl. $3.00.

An attractive collection of goblin stories, with twenty illustrations in colour.

The Girl Beautiful. By Jean K. Baird. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $1.00.

Personal hints to a group of girls for utilising the raw material in each of them.

This Country of Ours. By H. E. Marshall. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

The story of the United States in seven parts, with beautiful pictures in colour.

Prince Melody in Music Land. By Elizabeth Simpson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. $1.25.

Musical fairy tales for musical children, with many amusing illustrations.

The Little Tailor of the Winding Way. By Gertrude Crownfield. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

The story of how a little tailor answered a Lord Chancellor's call, leading to happiness and honour.

The Foundling Prince and Other Tales. Translated and Adapted from the Roumanian of Petre Ispirescu by Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Folk-tales of Roumanian mythology.

Miscellaneous

The Sum of Feminine Achievement. By Dr. W. A. Newman Dorland. Boston: The S. Stratford Company. $1.50.

The most valuable part of the book is an alphabetical appendix of the great women of history, including those living at the present time, with an account of the life work of each.

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25.

A new collection by the popular humourist.

The Undergraduate and His College. By Frederick P. Keppel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.60.

A study of the merits and demerits of the American college system, with special reference to the effect of wartime conditions on higher education.

Divers Proverbs. By Nathan Bailey. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. $1.00.

A collection of proverbs with clever and amusing comments on each.

The Seven Laws of Teaching. By John Milton Gregory. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.

A reliable guide to the teacher, modern and non-technical.

The Book of New York. By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. $2.50.

An informative history in twenty-eight chapters of the city, past and present, with eighty attractive illustrations.

Marketing and Housework Manual. By S. Agnes Donham. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. With numerous tables and charts. $1.50.

Twenty years of study and experiment in scientific household management set forth for the housekeeper.

Furniture of the Olden Time. By Francis Clary Morse. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated new edition. $6.00.

One hundred and twenty new illustrations, a new chapter, and glossary of terms mark this new edition, first popular fifteen years ago.

Chicago. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrations by Lester G. Hornby. $7.50.

A holiday gift book, with sixteen full-page drawings, and many decorative head-pieces, tail-pieces, and other embellishments.

Politics

League of Nations. By Theodore Marburg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A history of the movement in the United States to secure action in this country and abroad, after the war, looking to the establishment of a League to Enforce Peace.

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Young France and New America. By Pierre de Lanux. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

An interesting book for the young people of America who are interested in the life of France—a summing-up of the author's ideas of what the Franco-American relations will offer to-morrow on concrete and on intellectual grounds as well.

National Strength and International Duty. By Theodore Roosevelt. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.00.

A characteristic utterance of the author on national policies.

Our Democracy: Its Origins and Its Tasks. By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

In tracing the origins and significance of the principles of American Government, the author draws upon history, sociology, and politics, in a connected and untechnical fashion, for the general reader and the younger reader; this book will help the citizen and the prospective citizen to understand democracy.

Japan at the Cross Roads. By A. M. Pooley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

A treatment of Japan's political, financial and economic conditions by a former correspondent in Tokio.

Universal Training for Citizenship and Public Service. By William H. Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. With charts. $1.50.

The author aims to formulate for lay students of public affairs certain aims and steps within the reach of the general public.

Philosophy

Platonism. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.75.

A series of studies on the origins and early environment of Christianity, and such more modern movements as the English revival of philosophical religion in the seventeenth century and the rise of Romanticism in the eighteenth.

Poetry

Muffie's Prophecy. By William Wallace Muffie. New York: Oxford University Press.

A prophetic dramatic poem.

Critical Moments. By J. S. M. Tombs. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3/6.

A collection of light verse and prose sketches by a young soldier who previous to his death in France had written for the English press.

Covent Garden and Others. By Guy Rawlence. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1/6.

A collection of imaginative verse dealing with nature and life.

A Banjo at Armageddon. By Berton Braley. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

Poems by the "George Luks" verse, of workaday adventures, city life, and the war.

Songs of a Mother. By Marietta M. Andrews. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A little book of verse by a mother to mothers, embodying common experiences.

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians. By Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $3.50.

A collection of one hundred and twenty-two songs and ballads and three hundred and twenty-three tunes of interest to folklorists.

The Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman. Edited by Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. $5.00.

A complete collection of some three hundred and fifty poems.

At Vesper Time. By Ruth Baldwin Chenery. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Some seventy poems with themes of elevation and dignity—largely classic or historical.

The Kid Has Gone to the Colors. By William Herschell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated with photographs. $1.25.

A collection of verse that has appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Indianapolis News*.

Green Fruit. John Peale Bishop. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. 80 cents.

Poetry of the senses rather than of the emotions.

Somewhere Beyond. A Year Book of Francis Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

A selection of the best lines of this Catholic mystic and seer for every day in the year.

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The Potter's Clay. By Marie Tudor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Some seventy poems of unusually imaginative quality.

Elegy in Autumn. Clinton Scollard. New York: Frederick F. Sherman. $2.50.

A poem in memory of Frank Dempster Sherman.

In Praise of War. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

Lively verses touching many phases of the war.

Renascence and Other Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Poetry primarily of emotion.

Psychology

The Principles of Mental Hygiene. By William A. White, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

An examination of the all-pervasive phenomena of mind in the life of the individual and of society.

The Psychology of Behavior. By Elizabeth Severn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A successful practitioner of psychotherapy presents a systematised, practical psychology for actual use in daily life, telling "why people do things."

Problems of Mysticism and Its Symbolism. By Dr. Herbert Silberer, of Vienna. Translated by Dr. Smith E. Jelliffe, of New York. $3.00.

A book for medical men, educators and serious students of psychoanalysis.

Religion

African Missionary Heroes and Heroines. By H. K. W. Kumm. New York: The Macmillan Company. With maps.

The life stories of Dr. Livingstone and others well told.

The Use of Motives in Teaching Morals and Religion. By Thomas Walton Galloway. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25.

Suggestions made from the standpoint of the natural elements of personality to be developed in religious teaching.

In the Footsteps of St. Paul. By Francis E. Clark. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

An account of the life and labours of the apostle in the light of a personal journey to the cities visited by him.

A Theology for the Social Gospel. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The four Taylor lectures delivered before the Yale School of Religion.

The High Call. By Ernest M. Stires. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A book of essays on current topics, royalties from the sale of which are to be devoted to the fund for equipping chaplains serving with the troops.

The Church and the Man. By Donald Hankey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

A discussion, from the layman's standpoint, of how we can make the church more efficient.

Noontime Messages in a College Chapel. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25.

Sixty-nine short addresses to young people by twenty-five well-known preachers of different denominations.

Protestantism in Germany. By Kerr D. Macmillan. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Lectures delivered on the L. P. Stone Foundation at the invitation of the Faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary.

The Meaning of Faith. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Association Press. $1.00.

Twelve studies in which the author demonstrates the excellence of the everyday method.

Love Stories of the Bible. By Billy Sunday. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Stories told in the inimitable style of the evangelist.

Science

A Short History of Science. By W. T. Sedgwick and H. W. Tyler. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A volume which seeks to furnish the student and the general reader with a concise account of the origin of that scientific knowledge and method which have helped to shape the conditions and direct the activities of human life.

Tropical Wild Life in British Guiana. By William Beebe, G. Inness Hartley and Paul G. Howes. New York: The New York Zoological Society. Illustrated with coloured plates, maps and diagrams. $3.00.

The story of the work and surroundings of the new Research Station of the New York Zoological Society, is of great interest to all naturalists.

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Technic of the Carrel Method. By J. Dumas and Anne Carrel. Translated by A. V. S. Lambert, M.D., of Columbia University. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. With eleven plates. $1.25.

The irrigation treatment of wounds is an important contribution to surgical technic since the beginning of the war.

Baldness. Its Causes, Its Treatment and its Prevention. By Richard W. Müller, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A non-technical discussion, with illustrations, recipes and directions.

Sociology

The Prison and the Prisoner. A Symposium. Edited by Julia K. Jaffray, Secretary National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. $2.50.

The results of seven years of study and personal investigation insuring a broad, scientific background of fact upon which can be based in years to come the training of prison workers.

With Poor Immigrants to America. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.25.

A story of the author's association with immigrants during a voyage overseas, and of subsequent experiences with them in this country.

A New Basis for Social Progress. By William C. White and Louis J. Heath. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A book for social workers and educators, in which the authors—writing from practical experience gained in making the Pittsburgh Survey—suggest the division of cities into population units as a basis for educational and social administration.

Travel and Adventure

The Cruise of the Corwin. By John Muir. Edited by William Frederick Bade. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.75.

The original journals of the author and of his editor as members of the Corwin expedition in search of the lost Arctic explorer De Long.

The Barren Ground of Northern Canada. By Warburton Pike. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A new edition of the story of the author's adventures some thirty years ago in search of the Musk-Ox.

A Trip to Lotus Land. By Archie Bell. New York: John Lane Company. With fifty-six illustrations. $2.50.

An interesting book for the prospective visitor to Japan, giving advice as to where to go, what to see, how much to spend, as learned at first hand by the author in a leisurely pilgrimage.

Tales of an Old Sea Port. By Wilfred Harold Munro. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.50.

Reprint of old letters and ships' logs, dealing with Yankee privateersmen and voyages to the Far North in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Our Hawaii. By Charmian Kittredge London (Mrs. Jack London). Illustrated. $2.25.

Experiences in the island, with intimate sketches and anecdotes of the Londons.

War

The United States and Pangermania. By André Chéradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A warning to America—a revelation of Germany's long-laid scheme for the mastery of the world.

The Story of Ypres. By Capt. Hugh B. Pollard. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A moving story by the captain of the London regiment, with good illustrations and maps.

A Crusader of France. Letters of Captain Ferdinand Belmont (Killed in action 1915). Translated from the French by G. F. Lees. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

In these letters the French novelist Bordeaux finds reflected the spirit of France in war-time.

Harry Butters, R. F. A., Life and Letters. Edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. Twelve photographs. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

War letters of a California boy who was killed fighting on the Somme.

The Flyer's Guide. By Captain N. J. Gill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A handbook for the learner.

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Fighting for France. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

A vivid view of the origin, conditions, and right conclusion of the war, from the standpoint of one who was very close to it and who had intimate personal experiences which illuminate the subject with the light of reality.

Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

A brief and reliable account of the earlier fate of Alsace-Lorraine, lying in a period of European history hazy to most Americans.

Inside the Russian Revolution. By Rheta Childe Dorr. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

An interesting account of the Russian Revolution by one on the inside.

The Journal of Submarine Commander Von Forstner. Translated by Mrs. Russell Codman, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

An inside account of the methods of "German frightfulness," with the author's own experiences while sinking English and neutral merchantmen.

Topography and Strategy in the War. By Douglas Wilson Johnson, Columbia University. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Maps and Illustrations. $1.75.

An analysis of the topography of each of the most important theatres of war, a summary of the principal campaigns, with discussion of how military operations have been influenced by the surface features of the country.

The Crime. By a German. New York: George H. Doran Company. Vol. I. $2.50.

The author of "I Accuse" arraigns the rulers of Germany and Austria, refuting their statements one by one.

The War and the Bagdad Railway. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Fourteen illustrations and map. $1.50.

The story of Asia Minor and its relation to the present conflict.

France Bears the Burden. By Granville Fortescue. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The author's observation and experience enable him to delineate the organization and practice of war as developed in France during three years.

The World's Debate. By William Barry. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

An historical defence of the Allies, by the English scholar and historian.

Small Arms Instructors Manual 1918. Compiled by the Small Arms Instruction Corps. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

An intensive course with many useful diagrams.

Militant America and Jesus Christ. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 65 cents.

A little book to convince those who think that Christ would have been a pacifist in the present crisis, that, on the contrary, He would have resisted German military aggression with the sword.

The Story of the Anzacs. Melbourne: James Ingram and Son. Maps and illustrations.

An historical account of the part taken by Australia and New Zealand in the Great War.

The Ways of War. By Professor T. M. Kettle, with memoir by his wife, Mary S. Kettle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A human document and also one of patriotism, by the Professor-Lieutenant: chapters in this book have appeared in various newspapers and magazines.

We of Italy. By Mrs. K. R. Steege. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Letters of Italian heroes, describing life in the field and the war activities of Italy's patriot king.

War Addresses 1915-1917. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A collection of eighteen war addresses by Mr. Lodge.

Patriotism. National and International. By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00.

An essay in five chapters analysing patriotism, in particular as it is found in Germany as irresponsible for the war, and in general as the international patriotism of the future.

Disasters. Social Work Series. By J. Byron Deacon. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 75 cents.

The first comprehensive account from the original documents of the experience of the American Red Cross in disaster relief work.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of December and the first of January:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	Long Live the King	Missing
New York City	The Dwelling Place of Light	The White Ladies of Worcester
Albany, N. Y.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Atlanta, Ga.	Long Live the King	In Happy Valley
Baltimore, Md.	Salt of the Earth	The Green Mirror
Baltimore, Md.	The Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah
Birmingham, Ala.	The Soul of a Bishop	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.	The Major	Missing
Boston, Mass.	Extricating Obadiah	Christine
Buffalo, N. Y.	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Chicago, Ill.	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Cincinnati, Ohio	Missing	His Last Bow
Cleveland, Ohio	The Dwelling Place of Light	Christine
Dallas, Tex.	Anne's House of Dreams	The Dwelling Place of Light
Denver, Colo.	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Des Moines, Iowa	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Detroit, Mich.	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Major
Indianapolis, Ind.	A Reversible Santa Claus	Under Fire
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Major	The Red Planet
Kansas City, Mo.	The Red Planet	Vanguards of the Plains
Louisville, Ky.	The Dwelling Place of Light	Long Live the King
Milwaukee, Wis.	Christine	The Long Lane's Turning
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Major	Extricating Obadiah
New Haven, Conn.	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Norfolk, Va.	The Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Soul of a Bishop	The White Ladies of Worcester
Portland, Me.	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Portland, Oregon.	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Portland, Oregon.	The Major	Christine
Richmond, Va.	The White Ladies of Worcester	Missing
Providence, R. I.	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Rochester, N. Y.	The Major	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
Seattle, Wash.	The Major	Long Live the King
St. Louis, Mo.	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Light in the Clearing
St. Paul, Minn.	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
Tacoma, Wash.	The Light in the Clearing	The Major
Toronto, Ont.	The Major	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Utica, N. Y.	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Washington, D. C.	The Major	Extricating Obadiah
Worcester, Mass.	Extricating Obadiah	The Major

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Forfeit	The Long Lane's Turning	The Shadow of the Stone	Our Square and the People in It
Extricating Obadiah	Beyond	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	A Nest of Spies
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	Christine	His Last Bow
Ladies Must Live	Conquest	The Soul of a Bishop	We Can't Have Everything
His Last Bow	Missing	The Major	Calvary Alley
The Major	Salt of the Earth	The Wishing-Ring Man	The Green Mirror
The Wanderers	Light in the Clearing	Long Live the King	The Thoroughbred
The Green Mirror	Extricating Obadiah	Abington Abbey	His Last Bow
His Last Bow	Abington Abbey	Missing	Beyond
His Last Bow	The Wishing-Ring Man	Dwelling Place of Light	Great Possessions
Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop	Christine	Fanny Herself
Dwelling Place of Light	Christine	The Major	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object	The Red Planet	A Son of the Middle Border
The Major	In Happy Valley	The Red Planet	Missing
Salt of the Earth	Long Live the King	Anne's House of Dreams	The Forfeit
Light in the Clearing	Fanny Herself	Sunny Slopes	How Could You, Jean?
Anne's House of Dreams	Salt of the Earth	Extricating Obadiah	The Second Fiddle
The Major	Christine	His Last Bow	Dwelling Place of Light
Green Fancy	Anne's House of Dreams	The High Heart	The White Ladies of Worcester
The Definite Object	Dwelling Place of Light	Fanny Herself	Christine
Calvary Alley	The High Heart	The Major	The Secret Witness
Extricating Obadiah	Calvary Alley	In Happy Valley	Long Live the King
Salt of the Earth	Enchanted Hearts	Long Live the King	Understood Betsy
Calvary Alley	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	His Last Bow	The Dwelling Place of Light
The White Ladies of Worcester	The Major	His Last Bow	Anne's House of Dreams
Extricating Obadiah	His Last Bow	The White Ladies of Worcester	Red Pepper's Patients
Extricating Obadiah	Anne's House of Dreams	Salt of the Earth	Dwelling Place of Light
Long Live the King	Calvary Alley	Anne's House of Dreams	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
Christine	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Webster-Man's Man	Wildfire
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dwelling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams	Sube Cane
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	The Soul of a Bishop	The Heart's Kingdom
Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams	A Song of the Middle Border	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Extricating Obadiah	The Wishing-Ring Man	Long Live the King	Salt of the Earth
Calvary Alley	We Can't Have Everything	Salt of the Earth	Missing
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Missing	The Major	His Last Bow
Extricating Obadiah	Anne's House of Dreams	His Own Country	Red Pepper's Patients
Calvary Alley	Winds of the World	Christine	The Broken Gate
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Next of Kin	Missing
The White Ladies of Worcester	Missing	Hist Last Bow	Vanguard of the Plains
His Family	Dwelling Place of Light	Calvary Alley	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Dwelling Place of Light	Anne's House of Dreams	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Hugh Gibson.
All in It. Major I. H. Beith.
Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.
My Home in the Field of Mercy. Frances Wilson Huard.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard.
Under Fire. Henri Barbusse.
Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis. Edited by C. B. Davis.
Recollections. John Morley.
Private Peat. Harold R. Peat.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 736 and 737) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

1. The Major. Connor. (Doran.) $1.40. 263
2. The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.60... 195
3. Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Apton.) $1.50 147
4. Long Live the King. Rinehart. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50..... 75
5. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) $1.25 72
6. Missing. Ward. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50 69

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Abington Abbey. Archibald Marshall.
All in It. Major I. H. Beith.
Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.
Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Beyond. John Galsworthy.
The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.
Calvary Alley. Alice Hegan Rice.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.
Conquest. Olive Wadsley.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
The Dwelling Place of Light. Winston Churchill.
Enchanted Hearts. D. Aldrich.
Extricating Obadiah. Joseph C. Lincoln.
Fanny Herself. Edna Ferber.
Fighting for Peace. Henry Van Dyke.
The Forfeit. Ridgwell Cullum.
Great Possessions. David Grayson.
The Green Mirror. Hugh Walpole.
His Last Bow. A. Conan Doyle.
The High Heart. Basil King.
How Could You, Jean? Eleanor H. Brainerd.
In Happy Valley. John Fox, Jr.
The Heart's Kingdom. Maria T. Davies.
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium. Hugh Gibson.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
The Major. Ralph Connor.
The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.
Ladies Must Live. Alice D. Miller.
Long Live the King. Mary R. Rinehart.
Missing. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
My Home in the Field of Mercy. F. W. Huard.
My Four Years in Germany. J. W. Gerard.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow. A. K. Greene.
Next of Kin. Nellie McClung.
A Nest of Spies. Souvestre and Allain.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Our Square and the People In It. S. H. Adams.
Private Peat. Harold R. Peat.
Recollections. John Morley.
Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
A Reversible Santa Claus. Meredith Nicholson.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
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Understood Betsey. Dorothy Canfield.
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